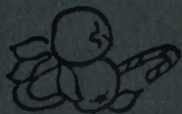


POEMS  
OF  
TO-DAY



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Some wee morsels o' rhyme  
Just to while 'wa' the time  
By the fire o' an evening  
In Scotland's cool clime.

While the wee wifie's knittin',  
'Tis you will be sittin'  
To read what's been written  
And think o' the "Yanks".

To. Alfred

From. Ethel and "Bob".

August 28, 1925.





# THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION

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*President, 1924 : JOHN GALSWORTHY.*

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The aims of the Association are :—

(a) To promote the due recognition of English as an essential element in the national education.

(b) To discuss methods of teaching English and the correlation of School and University work.

(c) To encourage and facilitate advanced study in English literature and language.

(d) To unite all those who are interested in English studies ; to bring teachers into contact with one another and with writers and readers who do not teach ; and to induce those who are not themselves engaged in teaching to use their influence in the cause of English as a part of education.

The Association should therefore appeal :—

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(b) To persons engaged in literary work.

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The Association issues yearly three or more Pamphlets on literary subjects and matters connected with the teaching of English, and three Bulletins containing bibliographies of new publications, together with a report of meetings held, and other information likely to be of interest to members. These publications are issued to members in return for their subscription.

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Poems of To-Day :

First and Second Series



# Poems of To-Day :

First and Second Series

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by Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd., 1925

POEMS OF TO-DAY: FIRST SERIES  
(30 impressions, 1915-1924)

POEMS OF TO-DAY: SECOND SERIES  
(7 impressions, 1922-1924)

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first issued November 1924  
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## PREFATORY NOTE

THIS volume brings together the two series of "Poems of To-day"; the first was originally published in 1915, and the second in 1922.

It may be helpful briefly to indicate the sequence of themes in each series. In the first it is as follows: Man draws his being from the heroic Past and from the Earth his Mother; and in harmony with these he must shape his life to what high purposes he may. Therefore this gathering of poems falls into three groups. First there are poems of History, of the romantic tale of the world, of our own special tradition here in England, and of the inheritance of obligation which that tradition imposes upon us. Then there come poems of the Earth, of England again and the longing of the exile for home, of this and that familiar countryside, of woodland and meadow and garden, of the process of the seasons, of the "open road" and the "wind on the heath," of the city, its deprivations and its consolations. Finally there are poems of Life itself, of the moods in which it may be faced, of religion, of man's excellent virtues, of friendship and childhood, of passion, grief, and comfort. But there is no arbitrary isolation of one theme from another; they mingle and interpenetrate throughout, to the music of Pan's flute, and of Love's viol, and the bugle-call of Endeavour, and the passing-bell of Death.

Already in the first series there were a few poems directly inspired by the war. But the interval

between 1915 and 1922 brought to all experience which the imagination of a few has transmuted into poetry. Naturally therefore, for the second series, the war provides the starting-point. The moods of war are shown, occasionally as they have been realised in the first crude shock of actual encounter, but more often as they have been deepened and stabilised in the impassioned memories of the poet. From the war, men's minds have turned to England, sometimes with pride in her past, sometimes with doubt for her future, but never with despair. The poets have paid tribute to the hold upon them of school and college and home, of green countryside and rolling downland, of heroic memories and well-loved associations. The poetry of nature shows a strength of local feeling that escapes from the limits of provincial sentiment by its unassuming but deep-rooted sincerity. With the love of nature is found a sympathy with animals half-humorous, half tender. The sense of fellowship and the love of life are the more marked because of the events which have threatened both, but love between man and woman is a less distinctive note in the poetry of the day. Romance is blended with realism, and escape is made from modern conventions and modern conditions, sometimes by looking back into the past, more often by way of the sea and far wanderings, sometimes by magic. Finally, the mystery of death has quickened men's perception of the mystery of life and of the immanence of spirit.

*December, 1924.*

# INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
<b>A. E. (GEORGE RUSSELL)</b>	
Carrowmore . . . . .	255
Hope in Failure . . . . .	335
On behalf of some Irishmen . . . . .	206
Shadows and Lights . . . . .	27
The Twilight of Earth . . . . .	333
<b>ABERCROMBIE, LASCELLES</b>	
Margaret's Song . . . . .	36
<b>ASQUITH, HERBERT</b>	
The Volunteer . . . . .	193
War's Cataract . . . . .	182
<b>BARING, MAURICE</b>	
In Memoriam, A. H. . . . .	195
<b>BEECHING, H. C.</b>	
Fatherhood . . . . .	142
Prayers . . . . .	133
<b>BELLOC, HILAIRE</b>	
Courtesy . . . . .	131
Dawn shall over Lethe break . . . . .	287
From "Dedicatory Ode" . . . . .	54
The Night . . . . .	295
The South Country . . . . .	43
<b>BINYON, LAURENCE</b>	
Bab-lock-hythe . . . . .	73
England . . . . .	20
For the Fallen . . . . .	26
In Misty Blue . . . . .	152
O Summer Sun . . . . .	96
Oxford in War-time . . . . .	190
The Little Dancers . . . . .	91
The Roadmenders . . . . .	93
The Unreturning Spring . . . . .	194
<b>BLUNDEN, EDMUND</b>	
The Barn . . . . .	232
The Waggoner . . . . .	223
<b>BLUNT, W. S.</b>	
A Day in Sussex . . . . .	79
Chancebury Ring . . . . .	45
St. Valentine's Day . . . . .	79

	PAGE
BOAS, F. S.	
The Balliol Rooks, 1885 . . . . .	249
BOOTH, EVA GORE-	
The Little Waves of Breffny . . . . .	255
BOTTOMLEY, GORDON	
New Year's Eve, 1913 . . . . .	245
To Iron-founders and Others . . . . .	218
BOURDILLON, F. W.	
Light . . . . .	296
BRIDGES, ROBERT	
A Passer-by . . . . .	306
Awake, my heart, to be loved . . . . .	155
Elegy on a Lady . . . . .	164
Fortunatus Nimium . . . . .	293
I love all beauteous things . . . . .	125
I never shall love the snow again . . . . .	148
I will not let thee go . . . . .	161
London Snow . . . . .	91
On a Dead Child . . . . .	146
Spring goeth all in white . . . . .	78
The Downs . . . . .	239
The hill pines were sighing . . . . .	68
There is a hill . . . . .	70
When June is come . . . . .	152
BROOKE, RUPERT	
The Dead . . . . .	24
The Great Lover . . . . .	288
The Old Vicarage, Grantchester . . . . .	55
The Soldier . . . . .	25
BROWN, T. E.	
Clifton . . . . .	291
My Garden . . . . .	229
The Schooner . . . . .	305
BULLEN, A. H.	
By Avon Stream . . . . .	246
Mid-May, 1918 . . . . .	298
CANTON, WILLIAM	
Heights and Depths . . . . .	34
CHALMERS, P. R.	
Roundabouts and Swings . . . . .	117
CHAMBERS, E. K.	
I like to think of Shakespeare . . . . .	272
Lelant . . . . .	288

	PAGE
CHESTERTON, G. K.	
A Cider Song . . . . .	292
The Donkey . . . . .	264
The Praise of Dust . . . . .	154
COLERIDGE, MARY E.	
A Huguenot . . . . .	8
Chillingham . . . . .	37
Gibberish . . . . .	135
Street Lanterns . . . . .	95
Where a Roman Villa stood, above Freiburg . . . . .	33
COLUM, PADRAIC	
A Ballad-maker . . . . .	283
A Cradle Song . . . . .	146
The Plougher . . . . .	276
CORNFORD, FRANCES	
Pre-existence . . . . .	2
To a Lady seen from the Train . . . . .	85
CREWE, THE MARQUESS OF	
Harrow and Flanders . . . . .	195
CRIPPS, A. S.	
A Lyke-wake Carol . . . . .	32
A Refrain . . . . .	32
Essex . . . . .	48
DAVIDSON, JOHN	
A Cinque Port . . . . .	47
In Romney Marsh . . . . .	45
London . . . . .	96
DAVIES, W. H.	
Days that have been . . . . .	60
Early Morn . . . . .	67
Leisure . . . . .	101
DE LA MARE, WALTER	
All that's past . . . . .	1
An Epitaph . . . . .	167
Martha . . . . .	135
Nod . . . . .	77
The Listeners . . . . .	318
The Scarecrow . . . . .	82
The Scribe . . . . .	210
The Sunken Garden . . . . .	228
The Three Strangers . . . . .	328
DEARMER, GEOFFREY	
The Turkish Trench Dog . . . . .	268

	PAGE
<b>DRINKWATER, JOHN</b>	
A Town Window . . . . .	49
At Grafton . . . . .	251
Blackbird . . . . .	262
Mamble . . . . .	49
Moonlit Apples . . . . .	223
Olton Pools . . . . .	252
The Defenders . . . . .	24
<b>EDMINSON, V. L.</b>	
Temper in October . . . . .	217
<b>FIELD, MICHAEL</b>	
Shepherd Apollo . . . . .	240
Song (from <i>Callirhoë</i> ) . . . . .	268
<b>FLECKER, J. E.</b>	
A ship, an isle, a sickle moon . . . . .	76
Brumana . . . . .	30
Oak and Olive . . . . .	242
The Dying Patriot . . . . .	203
The Old Ships . . . . .	307
The War Song of the Saracens . . . . .	316
<b>FREEMAN, JOHN</b>	
Happy is England now . . . . .	208
The Alde . . . . .	253
<b>FURSE, MARGARET C.</b>	
The Lamp Flower . . . . .	212
<b>GALSWORTHY, JOHN</b>	
The Downs . . . . .	240
<b>GIBSON, WILFRED WILSON</b>	
Lament . . . . .	203
Snug in my easy chair . . . . .	297
<b>GOSSE, EDMUND</b>	
Lying in the Grass . . . . .	102
Philomel in London . . . . .	98
<b>GOULD, GERALD</b>	
Fallen Cities . . . . .	6
Oxford . . . . .	51
'Tis but a week . . . . .	124
<b>GRENFELL, JULIAN</b>	
Into Battle . . . . .	176
To a Black Greyhound . . . . .	266
<b>HARDY, THOMAS</b>	
Friends Beyond . . . . .	273
Men who march away . . . . .	204
The Darkling Thrush . . . . .	261
The Oxen . . . . .	318

	PAGE
HARVEY, F. W.	
Ducks . . . . .	219
The Bugler . . . . .	332
HODGSON, RALPH	
The Bells of Heaven . . . . .	262
The Late, Last Rook . . . . .	228
The Mystery . . . . .	336
Time, you old gipsy man . . . . .	7
HODGSON, W. N.	
Ave, Mater—atque Vale . . . . .	209
Back to Rest . . . . .	189
Before Action . . . . .	175
HOUSMAN, A. E.	
Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries . . . . .	192
HOUSMAN, LAURENCE	
Annus Mirabilis (1902) . . . . .	99
HUXLEY, ALDOUS	
September . . . . .	216
Song of Poplars . . . . .	241
JACOB, VIOLET	
Tam i' the Kirk . . . . .	279
The Gowk . . . . .	280
JOHNSON, LIONEL	
A Friend . . . . .	136
By the Statue of King Charles at Charing Cross . . . . .	10
The Precept of Silence . . . . .	113
KIPLING, RUDYARD	
Sussex . . . . .	39
The Flowers . . . . .	62
LEDWIDGE, FRANCIS	
The Home-coming of the Sheep . . . . .	236
The Wife of Llew . . . . .	317
LESLIE, SHANE	
Fleet Street . . . . .	100
LETTIS, WINIFRED M.	
Tim, an Irish Terrier . . . . .	267
LYSAGHT, S. R.	
A Deserted Home . . . . .	231
The Penalty of Love . . . . .	285
MACAULAY, ROSE	
Driving Sheep . . . . .	237
Many Sisters to Many Brothers . . . . .	23
The Devourers . . . . .	54

	PAGE
MACGREGOR, ALASDAIR	
The Deserted Garden . . . . .	230
MACKAIL, J. W.	
On the Death of Arnold Toynbee . . . . .	139
MACKINTOSH, E. A.	
Cha Till Macceruimein . . . . .	174
MASEFIELD, JOHN	
Beauty . . . . .	157
By a Bier-side . . . . .	123
Cargoes . . . . .	308
Fragments . . . . .	3
I went into the fields . . . . .	286
Laugh and be merry . . . . .	116
Sea-fever . . . . .	310
Tewkesbury Road . . . . .	84
Twilight . . . . .	138
MAYOR, BEATRICE	
Evening over the Forest . . . . .	227
MEREDITH, GEORGE	
Juggling Jerry . . . . .	86
From "Love in the Valley"	158
Lucifer in Starlight . . . . .	128
The Lark Ascending . . . . .	119
MEW, CHARLOTTE	
The Changeling . . . . .	320
MEYNELL, ALICE	
A Dead Harvest . . . . .	90
At Night . . . . .	170
Chimes . . . . .	78
November Blue . . . . .	97
Parted . . . . .	163
Renouncement . . . . .	287
The Lady Poverty . . . . .	131
The Launch . . . . .	339
The Shepherdess . . . . .	134
To a Daisy . . . . .	128
To the Beloved . . . . .	160
MONRO, HAROLD	
Milk for the Cat . . . . .	264
Solitude . . . . .	294
MOORE, T. STURGE	
Idleness . . . . .	111
Lullaby . . . . .	269
Renaissance . . . . .	106
Rower's Chant . . . . .	75
Wind's Work . . . . .	211

	PAGE
MOORMAN, F. W.	
The Two Lamplighters . . . . .	281
MURRAY, GILBERT	
Chorus from <i>Hippolytus</i> . . . . .	311
NEWBOLT, SIR HENRY	
Drake's Drum . . . . .	13
He fell among Thieves . . . . .	17
Messmates . . . . .	309
Minora Sidera . . . . .	15
The Final Mystery . . . . .	337
The Non-combatant . . . . .	192
The Volunteer . . . . .	22
The War-films . . . . .	193
Vitaï Lampada . . . . .	115
NICHOLS, J. B. B.	
On the Toilet Table of Queen Marie-Antoinette . . . . .	9
NICHOLS, ROBERT	
At the Wars . . . . .	185
Farewell to Place of Comfort . . . . .	173
Fulfilment . . . . .	182
The Assault . . . . .	178
NIGHTINGALE, MADELEINE	
A Faery Song . . . . .	322
NOYES, ALFRED	
The Moon is up . . . . .	14
O'NEILL, MOIRA	
Corrymeela . . . . .	256
O'SULLIVAN, SEUMAS	
In Mercer Street . . . . .	299
PLUNKET, JOSEPH M.	
I see His Blood upon the Rose . . . . .	336
QUILLER-COUCH, SIR A. T.	
Alma Mater . . . . .	52
Upon Eckington Bridge, River Avon . . . . .	9
RADFORD, ERNEST	
Plymouth . . . . .	50
ROCK, MADELEINE CARON	
He is the lonely greatness . . . . .	337
SACKVILLE, LADY MARGARET	
Romance . . . . .	302
SASSOON, SIEGFRIED	
Everyone Sang . . . . .	222
SHANKS, EDWARD	
Memory . . . . .	224

	PAGE
SMITH, ADA	
In City Streets . . . . .	35
SORLEY, C. H.	
Marlborough . . . . .	247
The Song of the Ungirt Runners . . . . .	311
SPRING-RICE, SIR CECIL	
Heavy with Thought . . . . .	295
I vow to thee, my Country . . . . .	207
STEPHENS, JAMES	
Merrion Square . . . . .	258
Seumas Beg . . . . .	279
The Market . . . . .	278
The Shell . . . . .	301
The Snare . . . . .	263
STEVENSON, R. L.	
I will make you brooches . . . . .	85
If this were Faith . . . . .	114
In the Highlands . . . . .	34
My Wife . . . . .	157
Requiem . . . . .	90
The Celestial Surgeon . . . . .	129
The House Beautiful . . . . .	65
The Vagabond . . . . .	83
To S. R. Crockett . . . . .	36
To Will H. Low . . . . .	107
Youth and Love . . . . .	113
SYMONS, ARTHUR	
In Fountain Court . . . . .	154
In the Meadows at Mantua . . . . .	101
Montserrat . . . . .	132
TENNANT, E. W.	
Home Thoughts in Laventie . . . . .	187
THOMAS, EDWARD	
Out in the Dark . . . . .	237
Roads . . . . .	233
The Penny Whistle . . . . .	277
THOMPSON, FRANCIS	
All Flesh . . . . .	125
Daisy . . . . .	143
Envoy . . . . .	341
Epilogue to <i>A Judgement in Heaven</i> . . . . .	339
Ex Ore Infantium . . . . .	270
July Fugitive . . . . .	213
Messages . . . . .	168
The Kingdom of God . . . . .	130
To a Snowflake . . . . .	127
To my Godchild . . . . .	149

	PAGE
<b>TRENCH, HERBERT</b>	
Musing on a Great Soldier . . . . .	16
O dreary, gloomy, friendly trees . . . . .	111
Shakespeare . . . . .	272
Song of the Larks at Dawn . . . . .	258
<b>TURNER, W. J.</b>	
Ecstasy . . . . .	314
The Caves of Auvergne . . . . .	312
<b>TYNAN, KATHARINE</b>	
Farewell . . . . .	75
The Choice . . . . .	69
The Old Love . . . . .	66
<b>UNDERHILL, EVELYN</b>	
Immanence . . . . .	331
Uxbridge Road . . . . .	329
<b>WATSON, WILLIAM</b>	
Estrangement . . . . .	142
Ode in May . . . . .	80
<b>WHITMELL, LUCY</b>	
Christ in Flanders . . . . .	183
<b>WILSON, T. P. CAMERON</b>	
Piskies . . . . .	324
<b>WOODS, MARGARET L.</b>	
Gaudeamus Igitur . . . . .	108
To the Forgotten Dead . . . . .	12
<b>YEATS, W. B.</b>	
A Dream of a Blessed Spirit . . . . .	167
A Dream of Death . . . . .	167
Aedh wishes for the Cloths of Heaven . . . . .	156
Down by the salley gardens . . . . .	105
Into the Twilight . . . . .	123
The Fiddler of Dooney . . . . .	275
The Folly of being Comforted . . . . .	189
The Lake Isle of Innisfree . . . . .	61
The Stolen Child . . . . .	325
The Voice . . . . .	327
When you are old . . . . .	161

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# Poems of To-Day :

First Series



# POEMS OF TO-DAY

## 1. ALL THAT'S PAST

VERY old are the woods ;  
And the buds that break  
Out of the briar's boughs,  
When March winds wake,  
So old with their beauty are—  
Oh, no man knows  
Through what wild centuries  
Roves back the rose.

Very old are the brooks ;  
And the rills that rise  
Where snow sleeps cold beneath  
The azure skies  
Sing such a history  
Of come and gone,  
Their every drop is as wise  
As Solomon.

Very old are we men ;  
Our dreams are tales  
Told in dim Eden  
By Eve's nightingales ;

We wake and whisper awhile,  
But, the day gone by,  
Silence and sleep like fields  
Of amaranth lie.

*Walter de la Mare.*

## 2. PRE-EXISTENCE

I LAID me down upon the shore  
And dreamed a little space ;  
I heard the great waves break and roar ;  
The sun was on my face.

My idle hands and fingers brown  
Played with the pebbles grey ;  
The waves came up, the waves went down,  
Most thundering and gay.

The pebbles, they were smooth and round  
And warm upon my hands,  
Like little people I had found  
Sitting among the sands.

The grains of sands so shining-small  
Soft through my fingers ran ;  
The sun shone down upon it all,  
And so my dream began :

How all of this had been before ;  
How ages far away  
I lay on some forgotten shore  
As here I lie to-day.

The waves came shining up the sands,  
As here to-day they shine ;  
And in my pre-pelasgian hands  
The sand was warm and fine.

I have forgotten whence I came,  
Or what my home might be,  
Or by what strange and savage name  
I called that thundering sea.

I only know the sun shone down  
As still it shines to-day,  
And in my fingers long and brown  
The little pebbles lay.

*Frances Cornford.*

### 3. FRAGMENTS

**T**ROY TOWN is covered up with weeds,  
The rabbits and the pismires brood  
On broken gold, and shards, and beads  
Where Priam's ancient palace stood.

The floors of many a gallant house  
Are matted with the roots of grass ;  
The glow-worm and the nimble mouse  
Among her ruins flit and pass.

And there, in orts of blackened bone,  
The widowed Trojan beauties lie,  
And Simois babbles over stone  
And waps and gurgles to the sky.

Once there were merry days in Troy,  
Her chimneys smoked with cooking meals,  
The passing chariots did annoy  
The sunning housewives at their wheels.

And many a lovely Trojan maid  
Set Trojan lads to lovely things ;  
The game of life was nobly played,  
They played the game like Queens and Kings.

So that, when Troy had greatly passed  
In one red roaring fiery coal,  
The courts the Grecians overcast  
Became a city in the soul.

In some green island of the sea,  
Where now the shadowy coral grows  
In pride and pomp and empery  
The courts of old Atlantis rose.

In many a glittering house of glass  
The Atlanteans wandered there ;  
The paleness of their faces was  
Like ivory, so pale they were.

And hushed they were, no noise of words  
In those bright cities ever rang ;  
Only their thoughts, like golden birds,  
About their chambers thrilled and sang.

They knew all wisdom, for they knew  
The souls of those Egyptian Kings

Who learned, in ancient Babilu,  
The beauty of immortal things.

They knew all beauty—when they thought  
The air chimed like a stricken lyre,  
The elemental birds were wrought,  
The golden birds became a fire.

And straight to busy camps and marts  
The singing flames were swiftly gone ;  
The trembling leaves of human hearts  
Hid boughs for them to perch upon.

And men in desert places, men  
Abandoned, broken, sick with fears,  
Rose singing, swung their swords agen,  
And laughed and died among the spears.

The green and greedy seas have drowned  
That city's glittering walls and towers,  
Her sunken minarets are crowned  
With red and russet water-flowers.

In towers and rooms and golden courts  
The shadowy coral lifts her sprays ;  
The scrawl hath gorged her broken orts,  
The shark doth haunt her hidden ways.

But, at the falling of the tide,  
The golden birds still sing and gleam,  
The Atlanteans have not died,  
Immortal things still give us dream.

The dream that fires man's heart to make,  
To build, to do, to sing or say  
A beauty Death can never take,  
An Adam from the crumbled clay.

*John Masefield.*

#### 4. FALLEN CITIES

I GATHERED with a careless hand,  
There where the waters night and day  
Are languid in the idle bay,  
A little heap of golden sand ;  
And, as I saw it, in my sight  
Awoke a vision brief and bright,  
A city in a pleasant land.

I saw no mound of earth, but fair  
Turrets and domes and citadels,  
With murmuring of many bells ;  
The spires were white in the blue air,  
And men by thousands went and came,  
Rapid and restless, and like flame  
Blown by their passions here and there.

With careless hand I swept away  
The little mound before I knew ;  
The visioned city vanished too,  
And fall'n beneath my fingers lay.  
Ah God ! how many hast Thou seen,  
Cities that are not and have been,  
By silent hill and idle bay !

*Gerald Gould.*

## 5. TIME, YOU OLD GIPSY MAN

**T**IME, you old gipsy man,  
Will you not stay,  
Put up your caravan  
Just for one day ?

All things I'll give you,  
Will you be my guest,  
Bells for your jennet  
Of silver the best,  
Goldsmiths shall beat you  
A great golden ring,  
Peacocks shall bow to you,  
Little boys sing,  
Oh, and sweet girls will  
Festoon you with may,  
Time, you old gipsy,  
Why hasten away ?

Last week in Babylon,  
Last night in Rome,  
Morning, and in the crush  
Under Paul's dome ;  
Under Paul's dial  
You tighten your rein—  
Only a moment,  
And off once again ;  
Off to some city  
Now blind in the womb,  
Off to another  
Ere that's in the tomb.

Time, you old gipsy man,  
Will you not stay,  
Put up your caravan  
Just for one day ?

*Ralph Hodgson.*

6. A HUGUENOT

O, a gallant set were they,  
As they charged on us that day,  
A thousand riding like one !  
Their trumpets crying,  
And their white plumes flying,  
And their sabres flashing in the sun.

O, a sorry lot were we,  
As we stood beside the sea,  
Each man for himself as he stood !  
We were scattered and lonely—  
A little force only  
Of the good men fighting for the good.

But I never loved more  
On sea or on shore  
The ringing of my own true blade,  
Like lightning it quivered,  
And the hard helmets shivered,  
As I sang, " None maketh me afraid ! "  
*Mary E. Coleridge.*

## 7. ON THE TOILET TABLE OF QUEEN MARIE-ANTOINETTE

THIS was her table, these her trim outspread  
Brushes and trays and porcelain cups for red ;  
Here sate she, while her women tired and curled  
The most unhappy head in all the world.

*J. B. B. Nichols.*

## 8. UPON ECKINGTON BRIDGE, RIVER AVON

O PASTORAL heart of England ! like a psalm  
Of green days telling with a quiet beat—  
O wave into the sunset flowing calm !  
O tirèd lark descending on the wheat !  
Lies it all peace beyond that western fold  
Where now the lingering shepherd sees his star  
Rise upon Malvern ? Paints an Age of Gold  
Yon cloud with prophecies of linkèd ease—  
Lulling this Land, with hills drawn up like knees,  
To drowse beside her implements of war ?

Man shall outlast his battles. They have swept  
Avon from Naseby Field to Severn Ham ;  
And Evesham's dedicated stones have stepp'd  
Down to the dust with Montfort's oriflamme.  
Nor the red tear nor the reflected tower  
Abides ; but yet these eloquent grooves remain,  
Worn in the sandstone parapet hour by hour  
By labouring bargemen where they shifted ropes.  
E'en so shall man turn back from violent hopes  
To Adam's cheer, and toil with spade again.

Ay, and his mother Nature, to whose lap  
Like a repentant child at length he hies,  
Not in the whirlwind or the thunder-clap  
Proclaims her more tremendous mysteries :  
But when in winter's grave, bereft of light,  
With still, small voice divinelier whispering  
—Lifting the green head of the aconite,  
Feeding with sap of hope the hazel-shoot—  
She feels God's finger active at the root,  
Turns in her sleep, and murmurs of the Spring.  
*Arthur Quiller-Couch.*

9. BY THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES AT CHARING CROSS

SOMBRE and rich, the skies ;  
Great glooms, and starry plains.  
Gently the night wind sighs ;  
Else a vast silence reigns.

The splendid silence clings  
Around me : and around  
The saddest of all kings  
Crowned, and again discrowned.

Comely and calm, he rides  
Hard by his own Whitehall :  
Only the night wind glides :  
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his Court ; and yet,  
The stars his courtiers are :  
Stars in their stations set ;  
And every wandering star.

Alone he rides, alone,  
The fair and fatal king :  
Dark night is all his own,  
That strange and solemn thing.

Which are more full of fate :  
The stars ; or those sad eyes ?  
Which are more still and great :  
Those brows ; or the dark skies ?

Although his whole heart yearn  
In passionate tragedy :  
Never was face so stern  
With sweet austerity.

Vanquished in life, his death  
By beauty made amends :  
The passing of his breath  
Won his defeated ends.

Brief life and hapless ? Nay :  
Through death, life grew sublime.  
*Speak after sentence ?* Yea :  
And to the end of time.

Armoured he rides, his head  
Bare to the stars of doom :  
He triumphs now, the dead,  
Beholding London's gloom.

Our wearier spirit faints,  
Vexed in the world's employ :

His soul was of the saints ;  
And art to him was joy.

King, tried in fires of woe !  
Men hunger for thy grace :  
And through the night I go,  
Loving thy mournful face.

Yet when the city sleeps ;  
When all the cries are still :  
The stars and heavenly deeps  
Work out a perfect will.

*Lionel Johnson.*

#### 10. TO THE FORGOTTEN DEAD

**T**o the forgotten dead,  
Come, let us drink in silence ere we part.  
To every fervent yet resolvèd heart  
That brought its tameless passion and its tears,  
Renunciation and laborious years,  
To lay the deep foundations of our race,  
To rear its stately fabric overhead  
And light its pinnacles with golden grace.  
To the unhonoured dead.

To the forgotten dead,  
Whose dauntless hands were stretched to grasp the  
rein  
Of Fate and hurl into the void again  
Her thunder-hoofèd horses, rushing blind  
Earthward along the courses of the wind.

Among the stars, along the wind in vain  
Their souls were scattered and their blood was shed,  
And nothing, nothing of them doth remain.

To the thrice-perished dead.

*Margaret L. Woods.*

#### 11. DRAKE'S DRUM

**D**RAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile  
away,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)  
Slung atween the round shot in Nombro Dios Bay,  
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,  
Wi' sailor-lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,  
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',  
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon seas,  
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)  
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,  
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,  
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low ;  
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,  
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed  
them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas  
come,  
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)  
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,  
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,  
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;  
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'  
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found  
him long ago !

*Henry Newbolt.*

12. THE MOON IS UP

THE moon is up : the stars are bright :  
The wind is fresh and free !  
We're out to seek for gold to-night  
Across the silver sea !  
The world was growing grey and old :  
Break out the sails again !  
We're out to seek a Realm of Gold  
Beyond the Spanish Main.

We're sick of all the cringing knees,  
The courtly smiles and lies !  
God, let Thy singing Channel breeze  
Lighten our hearts and eyes !  
Let love no more be bought and sold  
For earthly loss or gain ;  
We're out to seek an Age of Gold  
Beyond the Spanish Main.

Beyond the light of far Cathay,  
Beyond all mortal dreams,  
Beyond the reach of night and day  
Our El Dorado gleams,

Revealing—as the skies unfold—  
A star without a stain,  
The Glory of the Gates of Gold  
Beyond the Spanish Main.

*Alfred Noyes.*

### 13. MINORA SIDERA

SITTING at times over a hearth that burns  
With dull domestic glow,  
My thought, leaving the book, gratefully turns  
To you who planned it so.

Not of the great only you deigned to tell—  
The stars by which we steer—  
But lights out of the night that flashed, and fell  
To night again, are here.

Such as were those, dogs of an elder day,  
Who sacked the golden ports,  
And those later who dared grapple their prey  
Beneath the harbour forts :

Some with flag at the fore, sweeping the world  
To find an equal fight,  
And some who joined war to their trade, and hurled  
Ships of the line in flight.

Whether their fame centuries long should ring  
They cared not over-much,  
But cared greatly to serve God and the king,  
And keep the Nelson touch ;

And fought to build Britain above the tide  
 Of wars and windy fate ;  
 And passed content, leaving to us the pride  
 Of lives obscurely great.

*Henry Newbolt*

#### 14. MUSING ON A GREAT SOLDIER

**F**<sup>EAR?</sup> *Yes . . .* I heard you saying  
 In an Oxford common-room  
 Where the hearth-light's kindly raying  
 Stript the empanelled walls of gloom,  
 Silver groves of candles playing  
 In the soft wine turned to bloom—  
 At the word I see you now  
 Blandly push the wine-boat's prow  
 Round the mirror of that scored  
 Yellow old mahogany board—  
*I confess to one fear ; this,*  
*To be buried alive !*

My Lord,  
 Your fancy has played amiss.

Fear not. When in farewell  
 While guns toll like a bell  
 And the bell tolls like a gun  
 Westminster towers call  
 Folk and state to your funeral,  
 And robed in honours won,  
 Beneath the cloudy pall  
 Of the lifted shreds of glory

You lie in the last stall  
Of that grey dormitory—  
Fear not lest mad mischance  
Should find you lapt and shrouded  
Alive in helpless trance  
Though seeming death-beclouded :

For long ere so you rest  
On that transcendent bier  
Shall we not have addressed  
One summons, one last test,  
To your reluctant ear ?  
O believe it ! we shall have uttered  
In ultimate entreaty  
A name your soul would hear  
Howsoever thickly shuttered ;  
We shall have stooped and muttered  
*England !* in your cold ear. . .  
Then, if your great pulse leap  
No more, nor your cheek burn,  
Enough ; then shall we learn  
'Tis time for us to weep.

*Herbert Trench.*

#### 15. HE FELL AMONG THIEVES

“**Y**E have robbed,” said he, “ye have slaughtered  
and made an end,

Take your ill-got plunder, and bury the dead :  
What will ye more of your guest and sometime  
friend ? ”

“ Blood for our blood,” they said.

He laughed: "If one may settle the score for five,  
I am ready; but let the reckoning stand till day:  
I have loved the sunlight as dearly as any alive."  
"You shall die at dawn," said they.

He flung his empty revolver down the slope,  
He climb'd alone to the Eastward edge of the trees;  
All night long in a dream untroubled of hope  
He brooded, clasping his knees.

He did not hear the monotonous roar that fills  
The ravine where the Yassin river sullenly flows;  
He did not see the starlight on the Laspur hills,  
Or the far Afghan snows.

He saw the April noon on his books aglow,  
The wistaria trailing in at the window wide;  
He heard his father's voice from the terrace below  
Calling him down to ride.

He saw the gray little church across the park,  
The mounds that hid the loved and honoured dead;  
The Norman arch, the chancel softly dark,  
The brasses black and red.

He saw the School Close, sunny and green,  
The runner beside him, the stand by the parapet  
wall,  
The distant tape, and the crowd roaring between  
His own name over all.

He saw the dark wainscot and timbered roof,  
The long tables, and the faces merry and keen;  
The College Eight and their trainer dining aloof,  
The Dons on the daïs serene.

He watch'd the liner's stem ploughing the foam,  
He felt her trembling speed and the thrash of her  
screw;  
He heard her passengers' voices talking of home,  
He saw the flag she flew.

And now it was dawn. He rose strong on his feet,  
And strode to his ruin'd camp below the wood;  
He drank the breath of the morning cool and sweet;  
His murderers round him stood.

Light on the Laspur hills was broadening fast,  
The blood-red snow-peaks chilled to a dazzling  
white;  
He turn'd, and saw the golden circle at last,  
Cut by the eastern height.

"O glorious Life, Who dwellest in earth and sun,  
I have lived, I praise and adore Thee."  
A sword swept.

Over the pass the voices one by one  
Faded, and the hill slept.

*Henry Newbolt.*

## 16. ENGLAND

**S**HALL we but turn from braggart pride  
Our race to cheapen and defame ?  
Before the world to wail, to chide,  
And weakness as with vaunting claim ?  
Ere the hour strikes, to abdicate  
The steadfast spirit that made us great,  
And rail with scolding tongues at fate ?

If England's heritage indeed  
Be lost, be traded quite away  
For fatted sloth and fevered greed ;  
If, inly rotting, we decay ;  
Suffer we then what doom we must,  
But silent, as befits the dust  
Of them whose chastisement was just.

But rather, England, rally thou  
Whatever breathes of faith that still  
Within thee keeps the undying vow  
And dedicates the constant will.  
For such yet lives, if not among  
The boasters, or the loud of tongue,  
Who cry that England's knell is rung.

The faint of heart, the small of brain,  
In thee but their own image find :  
Beyond such thoughts as these contain  
A mightier Presence is enshrined.  
Nor meaner than their birthright grown  
Shall these thy latest sons be shown,  
So thou but use them for thine own.

By those great spirits burning high  
In our home's heaven, that shall be stars  
To shine, when all is history  
And rumour of old, idle wars ;  
By all those hearts which proudly bled  
To make this rose of England red ;  
The living, the triumphant dead ;

By all who suffered and stood fast  
That Freedom might the weak uphold,  
And in men's ways of wreck and waste  
Justice her awful flower unfold ;  
By all who out of grief and wrong  
In passion's art of noble song  
Made Beauty to our speech belong ;

By those adventurous ones who went  
Forth overseas, and, self-exiled,  
Sought from far isle and continent  
Another England in the wild,  
For whom no drums beat, yet they fought  
Alone, in courage of a thought  
Which an unbounded future wrought ;

Yea, and yet more by those to-day  
Who toil and serve for naught of gain,  
That in thy purer glory they  
May melt their ardour and their pain ;  
By these and by the faith of these,  
The faith that glorifies and frees,  
Thy lands call on thee, and thy seas.

If thou hast sinned, shall we forsake  
Thee, or the less account us thine ?  
Thy sores, thy shames on us we take.  
Flies not for us thy famed ensign ?  
Be ours to cleanse and to atone ;  
No man this burden bears alone ;  
England, our best shall be thine own.

Lift up thy cause into the light !  
Put all the factious lips to shame !  
Our loves, our faiths, our hopes unite  
And strike into a single flame !  
Whatever from without betide,  
O purify the soul of pride  
In us ; thy slumbers cast aside ;  
And of thy sons be justified !

*Laurence Binyon.*

#### 17. THE VOLUNTEER

“ **H**E leapt to arms unbidden,  
Unneeded, over-bold ;  
His face by earth is hidden,  
His heart in earth is cold.

“ Curse on the reckless daring  
That could not wait the call,  
The proud fantastic bearing  
That would be first to fall ! ”

O tears of human passion,  
Blur not the image true ;  
This was not folly's fashion,  
This was the man we knew.

*Henry Newbolt.*

### 18. MANY SISTERS TO MANY BROTHERS

**W**HEN we fought campaigns (in the long Christmas rains)

With soldiers spread in troops on the floor,  
I shot as straight as you, my losses were as few,  
My victories as many, or more.  
And when in naval battle, amid cannon's rattle,  
Fleet met fleet in the bath,  
My cruisers were as trim, my battleships as grim,  
My submarines cut as swift a path.  
Or, when it rained too long, and the strength of the strong  
Surged up and broke a way with blows,  
I was as fit and keen, my fists hit as clean,  
Your black eye matched my bleeding nose.  
Was there a scrap or ploy in which you, the boy,  
Could better me ? You could not climb higher,  
Ride straighter, run as quick (and to smoke made you sick)  
. . But I sit here, and you're under fire.

Oh, it's you that have the luck, out there in blood  
and muck :

You were born beneath a kindly star ;

All we dreamt, I and you, you can really go and do,  
 And I can't, the way things are.  
 In a trench you are sitting, while I am knitting  
 A hopeless sock that never gets done.  
 Well, here's luck, my dear;—and you've got it, no  
 fear;  
 But for me . . . a war is poor fun.

*Rose Macaulay.*

#### 19. THE DEFENDERS

**H**IS wage of rest at nightfall still  
 He takes, who sixty years has known  
 Of ploughing over Cotsall hill  
 And keeping trim the Cotsall stone.

He meditates the dusk, and sees  
 Folds of his wonted shepherdings  
 And lands of stubble and tall trees  
 Becoming insubstantial things.

And does he see on Cotsall hill—  
 Thrown even to the central shire—  
 The funnelled shapes forbidding still  
 The stranger from his cottage fire?

*John Drinkwater.*

#### 20. THE DEAD

**T**HESE hearts were woven of human joys and cares,  
 Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.  
 The years had given them kindness. Dawn was  
 theirs,  
 And sunset, and the colours of the earth.

These had seen movement, and heard music ; known  
Slumber and waking ; loved ; gone proudly  
friended ;

Felt the quick stir of wonder ; sat alone ;  
Touched flowers and furs, and cheeks. All this is  
ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter  
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,

Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance  
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white

Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,  
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

*Rupert Brooke.*

#### 21. THE SOLDIER

**I**F I should die, think only this of me :

That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England. There shall be

In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;  
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,  
A body of England's, breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,

A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England  
given ;

Her sights and sounds ; dreams happy as her day ;  
And laughter, learnt of friends ; and gentleness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

*Rupert Brooke.*

## 22. FOR THE FALLEN

WITH proud thanksgiving, a mother for her  
children,

England mourns for her dead across the sea.  
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,  
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill : Death august and royal  
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.  
There is music in the midst of desolation  
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,  
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.  
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,  
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old :  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again ;  
They sit no more at familiar tables of home ;  
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time :  
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,  
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,  
To the innermost heart of their own land they are  
known

As the stars are known to the Night ;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust  
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,  
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,  
To the end, to the end, they remain.

*Laurence Binyon.*

### 23. SHADOWS AND LIGHTS

WHAT gods have met in battle to arouse  
This whirling shadow of invisible things,  
These hosts that writhe amid the shattered sods ?  
O Father, and O Mother of the gods,  
Is there some trouble in the heavenly house ?  
We who are captained by its unseen kings  
Wonder what thrones are shaken in the skies,  
What powers who held dominion o'er our will  
Let fall the sceptre, and what destinies  
The younger gods may drive us to fulfil.

Have they not swayed us, earth's invisible lords,  
With whispers and with breathings from the dark ?  
The very border stones of nations mark  
Where silence swallowed some wild prophet's words  
That rang but for an instant and were still,  
Yet were so burthened with eternity,  
They maddened all who heard to work their will,  
To raise the lofty temple on the hill,  
And many a glittering thicket of keen swords  
Flashed out to make one law for land and sea,  
That earth might move with heaven in company.

The cities that to myriad beauty grew  
Were altars raised unto old gods who died,  
And they were sacrificed in ruins to  
The younger gods who took their place of pride ;  
They have no brotherhood, the deified,  
No high companionship of throne by throne,  
But will their beauty still to be alone.

What is a nation but a multitude  
United by some god-begotten mood,  
Some hope of liberty or dream of power  
That have not with each other brotherhood  
But warred in spirit from their natal hour,  
Their hatred god-begotten as their love  
Reverberations of eternal strife ?  
For all that fury breathed in human life,  
Are ye not guilty, answer, ye above ?

Ah, no, the circle of the heavenly ones,  
That ring of burning, grave, inflexible powers,  
Array in harmony amid the deep  
The shining legionaries of the suns,  
That through their day from dawn to twilight keep  
The peace of heaven, and have no feuds like ours.  
The morning Stars their labours of the dawn  
Close at the advent of the Solar Kings,  
And these with joy their sceptres yield, withdrawn  
When the still Evening Stars begin their reign,  
And twilight time is thrilled with homing wings  
To the All-Father being turned again.

No, not on high begin divergent ways,  
The galaxies of interlinked lights  
Rejoicing on each other's beauty gaze,  
'Tis we who do make errant all the rays  
That stream upon us from the astral heights.  
Love in our thickened air too redly burns ;  
And unto vanity our beauty turns ;  
Wisdom, that gently whispers us to part  
From evil, swells to hatred in the heart.  
Dark is the shadow of invisible things  
On us who look not up, whose vision fails.  
The glorious shining of the heavenly kings  
To mould us in their image naught avails,  
They weave a robe of many-coloured fire  
To garb the spirits thronging in the deep,  
And in the upper air its splendours keep  
Pure and unsullied, but below it trails  
Darkling and glimmering in our earthly mire.

With eyes bent ever earthwards we are swayed  
But by the shadows of eternal light,  
And shadow against shadow is arrayed  
So that one dark may dominate the night.  
Though kindred are the lights that cast the shade,  
We look not up, nor see how, side by side,  
The high originals of all our pride  
In crowned and sceptred brotherhood are throned,  
Compassionate of our blindness and our hate  
That own the godship but the love disowned.  
Ah, let us for a little while abate  
The outward roving eye, and seek within

Where spirit unto spirit is allied ;  
There, in our inmost being, we may win  
The joyful vision of the heavenly wise  
To see the beauty in each other's eyes.

A. E.

24. BRUMANA

O shall I never never be home again !  
Meadows of England shining in the rain  
Spread wide your daisied lawns : your ramparts green  
With briar fortify, with blossom screen  
Till my far morning—and O streams that slow  
And pure and deep through plains and playlands go,  
For me your love and all your kingcups store,  
And—dark militia of the southern shore,  
Old fragrant friends—preserve me the last lines  
Of that long saga which you sang me, pines,  
When, lonely boy, beneath the chosen tree  
I listened, with my eyes upon the sea.

O traitor pines, you sang what life has found  
The falsest of fair tales.  
Earth blew a far-horn prelude all around,  
That native music of her forest home,  
While from the sea's blue fields and syren dales  
Shadows and light noon spectres of the foam  
Riding the summer gales  
On aery viols plucked an idle sound.

Hearing you sing, O trees,  
Hearing you murmur, " There are older seas,  
That beat on vaster sands,

Where the wise snailfish move their pearly towers  
To carven rocks and sculptured promont'ries,"  
Hearing you whisper, "Lands  
Where blaze the unimaginable flowers."

Beneath me in the valley waves the palm,  
Beneath, beyond the valley, breaks the sea ;  
Beneath me sleep in mist and light and calm  
Cities of Lebanon, dream-shadow-dim,  
Where Kings of Tyre and Kings of Tyre did rule  
In ancient days in endless dynasty,  
And all around the snowy mountains swim  
Like mighty swans afloat in heaven's pool.

But I will walk upon the wooded hill  
Where stands a grove, O pines, of sister pines,  
And when the downy twilight droops her wing  
And no sea glimmers and no mountain shines  
My heart shall listen still.  
For pines are gossip pines the wide world through  
And full of runic tales to sigh or sing.  
'Tis ever sweet through pines to see the sky  
Blushing a deeper gold or darker blue.  
'Tis ever sweet to lie  
On the dry carpet of the needles brown,  
And though the fanciful green lizard stir  
And windy odours light as thistledown  
Breathe from the lavdanon and lavender,  
Half to forget the wandering and pain,  
Half to remember days that have gone by,  
And dream and dream that I am home again !

*James Elroy Flecker.*

## 25. A LYKE-WAKE CAROL

GROW old and die, rich Day,  
Over some English field—  
Chartered to come away  
What time to Death you yield !  
Pass, frost-white ghost, and then  
Come forth to banish'd men !

I see the stubble's sheen,  
The mist and ruddled leaves,  
Here where the new Spring's green  
For her first rain-drops grieves.  
Here beechen leaves drift red  
Last week in England dead.

For English eyes' delight  
Those Autumn ghosts go free—  
Ghost of the field hoar-white,  
Ghost of the crimson tree.  
Grudge them not, England dear,  
To us thy banished here !

*Arthur Shearly Cripps.*

## 26. A REFRAIN

TELL the tune his feet beat  
On the ground all day—  
Black-burnt ground and green grass  
Seamed with rocks of grey—  
“ England,” “ England,” “ England,”  
That one word they say.

Now they tread the beech-mast,  
Now the ploughland's clay,  
Now the faëry ball-floor of her fields in May.  
Now her red June sorrel, now her new-turned hay,  
Now they keep the great road, now by sheep-path  
    stray,  
Still it's "England," "England,"  
"England" all the way!

*Arthur Shearly Cripps.*

27. WHERE A ROMAN VILLA STOOD, ABOVE FREIBURG

ON alien ground, breathing an alien air,  
    A Roman stood, far from his ancient home,  
And gazing, murmured, "Ah, the hills are fair,  
    But not the hills of Rome!"

Descendant of a race to Romans kin,  
    Where the old son of Empire stood, I stand.  
The self-same rocks fold the same valley in,  
    Untouched of human hand.

Over another shines the self-same star,  
    Another heart with nameless longing fills,  
Crying aloud, "How beautiful they are,  
    But not our English hills!"

*Mary E. Coleridge.*

## 28. HEIGHTS AND DEPTHS

**H**E walked in glory on the hills ;  
We dalesmen envied from afar  
The heights and rose-lit pinnacles  
Which placed him nigh the evening star.

Upon the peaks they found him dead ;  
And now we wonder if he sighed  
For our low grass beneath his head,  
For our rude huts, before he died.

*William Canton.*

## 29. IN THE HIGHLANDS

**I**N the highlands, in the country places,  
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,  
And the young fair maidens  
Quiet eyes ;  
Where essential silence cheers and blesses,  
And for ever in the hill-recesses  
*Her* more lovely music  
Broods and dies.

O to mount again where erst I haunted ;  
Where the old red hills are bird-enchanted,  
And the low green meadows  
Bright with sward ;  
And when even dies, the million-tinted,  
And the night has come, and planets glinted,  
Lo, the valley hollow  
Lamp-bestarred !

O to dream, O to awake and wander  
There, and with delight to take and render,  
Through the trance of silence,  
Quiet breath ;  
Lo ! for there, among the flowers and grasses,  
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes ;  
Only winds and rivers,  
Life and death.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

### 30. IN CITY STREETS

**Y**ONDER in the heather there's a bed for sleeping,  
Drink for one athirst, ripe blackberries to eat ;  
Yonder in the sun the merry hares go leaping,  
And the pool is clear for travel-wearied feet.

Sorely throb my feet, a-tramping London highways,  
(Ah ! the springy moss upon a northern moor !)  
Through the endless streets, the gloomy squares and  
byways,  
Homeless in the City, poor among the poor !

London streets are gold—ah, give me leaves a-glinting  
'Midst grey dykes and hedges in the autumn sun !  
London water's wine, poured out for all unstinting—  
God ! For the little brooks that tumble as they run !

Oh, my heart is fain to hear the soft wind blowing,  
Souging through the fir-tops up on northern fells !  
Oh, my eye's an ache to see the brown burns flowing  
Through the peaty soil and tinkling heather-bells.

*Ada Smith.*

## 31. MARGARET'S SONG

Too soothe and mild your lowland airs  
For one whose hope is gone :  
I'm thinking of a little tarn,  
Brown, very lone.

Would now the tall swift mists could lay  
Their wet grasp on my hair,  
And the great natures of the hills  
Round me friendly were.

In vain !—For taking hills your plains  
Have spoilt my soul, I think,  
But would my feet were going down  
Towards the brown tarn's brink.

*Lascelles Abercrombie.*

## 32. TO S. R. CROCKETT

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain  
are flying,

Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,  
Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are  
crying,

My heart remembers how !

Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,  
Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor,  
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished  
races,  
And winds, austere and pure :

Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,  
Hills of home ! and to hear again the call ;  
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees  
crying,  
And hear no more at all.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

### 33. CHILLINGHAM

#### I

THROUGH the sunny garden  
The humming bees are still ;  
The fir climbs the heather,  
The heather climbs the hill.

The low clouds have riven  
A little rift through.  
The hill climbs to heaven,  
Far away and blue.

#### II

O the high valley, the little low hill,  
And the cornfield over the sea,  
The wind that rages and then lies still,  
And the clouds that rest and flee !

O the gray island in the rainbow haze,  
And the long thin spits of land,  
The roughening pastures and the stony ways,  
And the golden flash of the sand !

O the red heather on the moss-wrought rock,  
And the fir-tree stiff and straight,  
The shaggy old sheep-dog barking at the flock,  
And the rotten old five-barred gate!

O the brown bracken, the blackberry bough,  
The scent of the gorse in the air!  
I shall love them ever as I love them now,  
I shall weary in Heaven to be there!

### III

Strike, Life, a happy hour, and let me live  
But in that grace!  
I shall have gathered all the world can give,  
Unending Time and Space!

Bring light and air—the thin and shining air  
Of the North land,  
The light that falls on tower and garden there,  
Close to the gold sea-sand.

Bring flowers, the latest colours of the earth,  
Ere nun-like frost  
Lay her hard hand upon this rainbow mirth,  
With twinkling emerald crossed.

The white star of the traveller's joy, the deep  
Empurpled rays that hide the smoky stone,  
The dahlia rooted in Egyptian sleep,  
The last frail rose alone.

Let music whisper from a casement set  
By them of old,  
Where the light smell of lavender may yet  
Rise from the soft loose mould.

Then shall I know, with eyes and ears awake,  
Not in bright gleams,  
The joy my Heavenly Father joys to make  
For men who grieve, in dreams !  
*Mary E. Coleridge.*

## 34. SUSSEX

**G**OD gave all men all earth to love,  
But since our hearts are small,  
Ordained for each one spot should prove  
Beloved over all ;  
That as He watched Creation's birth  
So we, in godlike mood,  
May of our love create our earth  
And see that it is good.

So one shall Baltic pines content,  
As one some Surrey glade,  
Or one the palm-grove's droned lament  
Before Levuka's trade.  
Each to his choice, and I rejoice  
The lot has fallen to me  
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—  
Yea, Sussex by the sea !

No tender-hearted garden crowns,  
No bosomed woods adorn  
Our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs,  
But gnarled and writhen thorn—  
Bare slopes where chasing shadows skim,  
And through the gaps revealed  
Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim  
Blue goodness of the Weald.

Clean of officious fence or hedge,  
Half-wild and wholly tame,  
The wise turf cloaks the white cliff edge  
As when the Romans came.  
What sign of those that fought and died  
At shift of sword and sword ?  
The barrow and the camp abide,  
The sunlight and the sward.

Here leaps ashore the full Sou'west  
All heavy-winged with brine,  
Here lies above the folded crest  
The Channel's leaden line ;  
And here the sea-fogs lap and cling,  
And here, each warning each,  
The sheep-bells and the ship-bells ring  
Along the hidden beach.

We have no waters to delight  
Our broad and brookless vales—  
Only the dewpond on the height  
Unfed, that never fails,

Whereby no tattered herbage tells  
Which way the season flies—  
Only our close-bit thyme that smells  
Like dawn in Paradise.

Here through the strong unhampered days  
The tinkling silence thrills ;  
Or little, lost, Down churches praise  
The Lord who made the hills :  
But here the Old Gods guard their round,  
And, in her secret heart,  
The heathen kingdom Wilfrid found  
Dreams, as she dwells, apart.

Though all the rest were all my share,  
With equal soul I'd see  
Her nine-and-thirty sisters fair,  
Yet none more fair than she.  
Choose ye your need from Thames to Tweed,  
And I will choose instead  
Such lands as lie 'twixt Rake and Rye,  
Black Down and Beachy Head.

I will go out against the sun  
Where the rolled scarp retires,  
And the Long Man of Wilmington  
Looks naked toward the shires ;  
And east till doubling Rother crawls  
To find the fickle tide,  
By dry and sea-forgotten walls,  
Our ports of stranded pride.

I will go north about the shaws  
And the deep ghylls that breed  
Huge oaks and old, the which we hold  
No more than "Sussex weed";  
Or south where windy Piddinghoe's  
Begilded dolphin veers,  
And black beside wide-bankèd Ouse  
Lie down our Sussex steers.

So to the land our hearts we give  
Till the sure magic strike,  
And Memory, Use, and Love make live  
Us and our fields alike—  
That deeper than our speech and thought,  
Beyond our reason's sway,  
Clay of the pit whence we were wrought  
Yearns to its fellow-clay.

God gives all men all earth to love,  
But since man's heart is small  
Ordains for each one spot shall prove  
Beloved over all.  
Each to his choice, and I rejoice  
The lot has fallen to me  
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—  
Yea, Sussex by the sea!

*Rudyard Kipling.*

## 35. THE SOUTH COUNTRY

WHEN I am living in the Midlands,  
That are sodden and unkind,  
I light my lamp in the evening :  
My work is left behind ;  
And the great hills of the South Country  
Come back into my mind.

The great hills of the South Country  
They stand along the sea,  
And it's there, walking in the high woods,  
That I could wish to be,  
And the men that were boys when I was a boy  
Walking along with me.

The men that live in North England  
I saw them for a day :  
Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,  
Their skies are fast and grey ;  
From their castle-walls a man may see  
The mountains far away.

The men that live in West England  
They see the Severn strong,  
A-rolling on rough water brown  
Light aspen leaves along.  
They have the secret of the Rocks,  
And the oldest kind of song.

But the men that live in the South Country  
Are the kindest and most wise,  
They get their laughter from the loud surf,  
And the faith in their happy eyes

Comes surely from our Sister the Spring  
When over the sea she flies ;  
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,  
She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines  
But I smell the Sussex air ;  
Nor I never come on a belt of sand  
But my home is there.  
And along the sky the line of the Downs  
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,  
Nor a broken thing mend :  
And I fear I shall be all alone  
When I get towards the end.  
Who will there be to comfort me  
Or who will be my friend ?

I will gather and carefully make my friends  
Of the men of the Sussex Weald,  
They watch the stars from silent folds,  
They stiffly plough the field.  
By them and the God of the South Country  
My poor soul shall be healed.

If I ever become a rich man,  
Or if ever I grow to be old,  
I will build a house with deep thatch  
To shelter me from the cold,  
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung  
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood,  
Within a walk of the sea,  
And the men that were boys when I was a boy  
Shall sit and drink with me.

*Hilaire Belloc.*

### 36. CHANCLEBURY RING

SAY what you will, there is not in the world  
A nobler sight than from this upper down.  
No rugged landscape here, no beauty hurled  
From its Creator's hand as with a frown ;  
But a green plain on which green hills look down  
Trim as a garden plot. No other hue  
Can hence be seen, save here and there the brown  
Of a square fallow, and the horizon's blue.  
Dear checker-work of woods, the Sussex weald.  
If a name thrills me yet of things of earth,  
That name is thine ! How often I have fled  
To thy deep hedgerows and embraced each field,  
Each lag, each pasture,—fields which gave me birth  
And saw my youth, and which must hold me dead.

*Wilfrid Blunt.*

### 37. IN ROMNEY MARSH

As I went down to Dymchurch Wall,  
I heard the South sing o'er the land ;  
I saw the yellow sunlight fall  
On knolls where Norman churches stand.

And ringing shrilly, taut and lithe,  
Within the wind a core of sound,  
The wire from Romney town to Hythe  
Alone its airy journey wound.

A veil of purple vapour flowed  
And trailed its fringe along the Straits ;  
The upper air like sapphire glowed ;  
And roses filled Heaven's central gates.

Masts in the offing wagged their tops ;  
The swinging waves pealed on the shore ;  
The saffron beach, all diamond drops  
And beads of surge, prolonged the roar.

As I came up from Dymchurch Wall,  
I saw above the Down's low crest  
The crimson brands of sunset fall,  
Flicker and fade from out the west.

Night sank : like flakes of silver fire  
The stars in one great shower came down ;  
Shrill blew the wind ; and shrill the wire  
Rang out from Hythe to Romney town.

The darkly shining salt sea drops  
Streamed as the waves clashed on the shore ;  
The beach, with all its organ stops  
Pealing again, prolonged the roar.

*John Davidson.*

## 38. A CINQUE PORT

**B**ELOW the down the stranded town  
What may betide forlornly waits,  
With memories of smoky skies,  
When Gallic navies crossed the straits ;  
When waves with fire and blood grew bright,  
And cannon thundered through the night.

With swinging stride the rhythmic tide  
Bore to the harbour barque and sloop ;  
Across the bar the ship of war,  
In castled stern and lanterned poop,  
Came up with conquests on her lee,  
The stately mistress of the sea.

Where argosies have wooed the breeze,  
The simple sheep are feeding now ;  
And near and far across the bar  
The ploughman whistles at the plough  
Where once the long waves washed the shore,  
Larks from their lowly lodgings soar.

Below the down the stranded town  
Hears far away the rollers beat ;  
About the wall the seabirds call ;  
The salt wind murmurs through the street ;  
Forlorn the sea's forsaken bride  
Awaits the end that shall betide.

*John Davidson.*

## 39. ESSEX

I go through the fields of blue water  
On the South road of the sea.  
High to North the East-Country  
Holds her green fields to me—  
For she that I gave over,  
Gives not over me.

Last night I lay at Good Easter  
Under a hedge I knew,  
Last night beyond High Easter  
I trod the May-floors blue—  
Till from the sea the sun came  
Bidding me wake and rue.

Roding (that names eight churches)--  
Banks with the paigles dight—  
Chelmer whose mill and willows  
Keep one red tower in sight—  
Under the Southern Cross run  
Beside the ship to-night.

Ah ! I may not seek back now,  
Neither be turned nor stayed.  
Yet should I live, I'd seek her,  
Once that my vows are paid !  
And should I die I'd haunt her—  
I being what God made !

England has greater counties—  
Their peace to hers is small.

Low hills, rich fields, calm rivers,  
In Essex seek them all,—  
Essex, where I that found them  
Found to lose them all !

*Arthur Shearly Cripps.*

#### 40. A TOWN WINDOW

**B**EYOND my window in the night  
Is but a drab inglorious street,  
Yet there the frost and clean starlight  
As over Warwick woods are sweet.

Under the grey drift of the town  
The crocus works among the mould  
As eagerly as those that crown  
The Warwick spring in flame and gold.

And when the tramway down the hill  
Across the cobbles moans and rings,  
There is about my window-sill  
The tumult of a thousand wings.  
*John Drinkwater.*

#### 41. MAMBLE

**I** NEVER went to Mamble  
That lies above the Teme,  
So I wonder who's in Mamble,  
And whether people seem  
Who breed and brew along there  
As lazy as the name,  
And whether any song there  
Sets alehouse wits aflame.

The finger-post says Mamble,  
And that is all I know  
Of the narrow road to Mamble,  
And should I turn and go  
To that place of lazy token,  
That lies above the Teme,  
There might be a Mamble broken  
That was lissom in a dream.

So leave the road to Mamble  
And take another road  
To as good a place as Mamble  
Be it lazy as a toad ;  
Who travels Worcester county  
Takes any place that comes  
When April tosses bounty  
To the cherries and the plums.

*John Drinkwater.*

#### 42. PLYMOUTH HARBOUR

O<sup>H</sup>, what know they of harbours  
Who toss not on the sea !  
They tell of fairer havens,  
But none so fair there be

As Plymouth town outstretching  
Her quiet arms to me ;  
Her breast's broad welcome spreading  
From Mewstone to Penlee.

Ah, with this home-thought, darling,  
Come crowding thoughts of thee.  
Oh, what know they of harbours  
Who toss not on the sea !

*Ernest Radford.*

#### 43. OXFORD

I CAME to Oxford in the light  
Of a spring-coloured afternoon ;  
Some clouds were grey and some were white,  
And all were blown to such a tune  
Of quiet rapture in the sky,  
I laughed to see them laughing by.

I had been dreaming in the train  
With thoughts at random from my book ;  
I looked, and read, and looked again,  
And suddenly to greet my look  
Oxford shone up with every tower  
Aspiring sweetly like a flower.

Home turn the feet of men that seek,  
And home the hearts of children turn,  
And none can teach the hour to speak  
What every hour is free to learn ;  
And all discover, late or soon,  
Their golden Oxford afternoon.

*Gerald Gould.*

## 44. ALMA MATER

**K** NOW you her secret none can utter ?  
Hers of the Book, the tripled Crown ?  
Still on the spire the pigeons flutter,  
Still by the gateway flits the gown ;  
Still on the street, from corbel and gutter,  
Faces of stone look down.

Faces of stone, and stonier faces—  
Some from library windows wan  
Forth on her gardens, her green spaces,  
Peer and turn to their books anon.  
Hence, my Muse, from the green oases  
Gather the tent, begone !

Nay, should she by the pavement linger  
Under the rooms where once she played,  
Who from the feast would rise to fling her  
One poor *sou* for her serenade ?  
One short laugh for the antic finger  
Thrumming a lute-string frayed ?

Once, my dear—but the world was young then—  
Magdalen elms and Trinity limes—  
Lissom the blades and the backs that swung then,  
Eight good men in the good old times—  
Careless we, and the chorus flung then  
Under St. Mary's chimes !

Reins lay loose and the ways led random—  
Christ Church meadow and Iffley track,

“ Idleness horrid and dog-cart ” (tandem),  
Aylesbury grind and Bicester pack—  
Pleasant our lines, and faith ! we scanned 'em ;  
Having that artless knack.

Come, old limmer, the times grow colder ;  
Leaves of the creeper redden and fall.  
Was it a hand then clapped my shoulder ?—  
Only the wind by the chapel wall !  
Dead leaves drift on the lute . . . So fold her  
Under the faded shawl.

Never we wince, though none deplore us,  
We who go reaping that we sowed ;  
Cities at cockcrow wake before us—  
Hey, for the lilt of the London road !  
One look back, and a rousing chorus !  
Never a palinode !

Still on her spire the pigeons hover ;  
Still by her gateway haunts the gown.  
Ah, but her secret ? You, young lover,  
Drumming her old ones forth from town,  
Know you the secret none discover ?  
Tell it—when *you* go down.

Yet if at length you seek her, prove her,  
Lean to her whispers never so nigh ;  
Yet if at last not less her lover  
You in your hansom leave the High ;  
Down from her towers a ray shall hover—  
Touch you, a passer-by.

*Arthur Quiller-Couch.*

## 45. FROM "DEDICATORY ODE"

I WILL not try the reach again,  
I will not set my sail alone,  
To moor a boat bereft of men  
At Yarnton's tiny docks of stone.

But I will sit beside the fire,  
And put my hand before my eyes,  
And trace, to fill my heart's desire,  
The last of all our Odysseys.

The quiet evening kept her tryst:  
Beneath an open sky we rode,  
And passed into a wandering mist  
Along the perfect Evenlode.

The tender Evenlode that makes  
Her meadows hush to hear the sound  
Of waters mingling in the brakes,  
And binds my heart to English ground.

A lovely river, all alone,  
She lingers in the hills and holds  
A hundred little towns of stone,  
Forgotten in the western wolds.

*Hilaire Belloc.*

## 46. THE DEVOURERS

CAMBRIDGE town is a beleaguered city;  
For south and north, like a sea,  
There beat on its gates, without haste or pity,  
The downs and the fen country.

Cambridge towers, so old, so wise,  
They were builded but yesterday,  
Watched by sleepy gray secret eyes  
That smiled as at children's play.

Roads south of Cambridge run into the waste,  
Where learning and lamps are not,  
And the pale downs tumble, blind, chalk-faced,  
And the brooding churches squat.

Roads north of Cambridge march through a plain  
Level like the traitor sea.  
It will swallow its ships, and turn and smile again—  
The insatiable fen country.

Lest the downs and the fens should eat Cambridge up,  
And its towers be tossed and thrown,  
And its rich wine drunk from its broken cup,  
And its beauty no more known—

Let us come, you and I, where the roads run blind,  
Out beyond the transient city,  
That our love, mingling with earth, may find  
Her imperishable heart of pity.

*Rose Macaulay.*

#### 47. THE OLD VICARAGE, GRANTCHESTER

*Café des Westens, Berlin*

JUST now the lilac is in bloom,  
All before my little room ;  
And in my flower-beds, I think,

Smile the carnation and the pink ;  
 And down the borders, well I know,  
 The poppy and the pansy blow . . .  
 Oh ! there the chestnuts, summer through,  
 Beside the river make for you  
 A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep  
 Deeply above ; and green and deep  
 The stream mysterious glides beneath,  
 Green as a dream and deep as death.—  
 Oh, damn ! I know it ! and I know  
 How the May fields all golden show,  
 And when the day is young and sweet,  
 Gild gloriously the bare feet  
 That run to bathe . . .

*Du lieber Gott !*

Here am I, sweating, sick, and hot,  
 And there the shadowed waters fresh  
 Lean up to embrace the naked flesh.  
*Temperamentvoll* German Jews  
 Drink beer around ; and *there* the dews  
 Are soft beneath a morn of gold.  
 Here tulips bloom as they are told ;  
 Unkempt about those hedges blows  
 An English unofficial rose ;  
 And there the unregulated sun  
 Slopes down to rest when day is done,  
 And wakes a vague unpunctual star,  
 A slippered Hesper ; and there are  
 Meads towards Haslingfield and Coton  
 Where *das Betreten's* not *verboten*. . .

*εἴθε γενόμεν* . . . would I were  
In Grantchester, in Grantchester !—  
Some, it may be, can get in touch  
With Nature there, or Earth, or such.  
And clever modern men have seen  
A Faun a-peeping through the green,  
And felt the Classics were not dead,  
To glimpse a Naiad's reedy head,  
Or hear the Goat-foot piping low . . .  
But these are things I do not know.  
I only know that you may lie  
Day long and watch the Cambridge sky,  
And, flower-lulled in sleepy grass,  
Hear the cool lapse of hours pass,  
Until the centuries blend and blur  
In Grantchester, in Grantchester . . .  
Still in the dawnlit waters cool  
His ghostly Lordship swims his pool,  
And tries the strokes, essays the tricks,  
Long learnt on Hellespont, or Styx ;  
Dan Chaucer hears his river still  
Chatter beneath a phantom mill ;  
Tennyson notes, with studious eye,  
How Cambridge waters hurry by . . .  
And in that garden, black and white  
Creep whispers through the grass all night ;  
And spectral dance, before the dawn,  
A hundred Vicars down the lawn ;  
Curates, long dust, will come and go  
On lissom, clerical, printless toe ;  
And oft between the boughs is seen

The sly shade of a Rural Dean . . .  
Till, at a shiver in the skies,  
Vanishing with Satanic cries,  
The prim ecclesiastic rout  
Leaves but a startled sleeper-out,  
Grey heavens, the first bird's drowsy calls,  
The falling house that never falls.

God ! I will pack, and take a train,  
And get me to England once again !  
For England's the one land, I know,  
Where men with Splendid Hearts may go ;  
And Cambridgeshire, of all England,  
The shire for Men who Understand ;  
And of *that* district I prefer  
The lovely hamlet Grantchester.  
For Cambridge people rarely smile,  
Being urban, squat, and packed with guile ;  
And Royston men in the far South  
Are black and fierce and strange of mouth ;  
At Over they fling oaths at one,  
And worse than oaths at Trumpington,  
And Ditton girls are mean and dirty,  
And there's none in Harston under thirty,  
And folks in Shelford and those parts,  
Have twisted lips and twisted hearts,  
And Barton men make cockney rhymes,  
And Coton's full of nameless crimes,  
And things are done you'd not believe  
At Madingley on Christmas Eve.  
Strong men have run for miles and miles

When one from Cherry Hinton smiles ;  
Strong men have blanched and shot their wives  
Rather than send them to St. Ives ;  
Strong men have cried like babes, bydam,  
To hear what happened at Babraham.  
But Grantchester ! ah, Grantchester !  
There's peace and holy quiet there,  
Great clouds along pacific skies,  
And men and women with straight eyes,  
Lithe children lovelier than a dream,  
A bosky wood, a slumbrous stream,  
And little kindly winds that creep  
Round twilight corners, half asleep.  
In Grantchester their skins are white,  
They bathe by day, they bathe by night ;  
The women there do all they ought ;  
The men observe the Rules of Thought.  
They love the Good ; they worship Truth ;  
They laugh uproariously in youth ;  
(And when they get to feeling old,  
They up and shoot themselves, I'm told). . .

Ah God ! to see the branches stir  
Across the moon at Grantchester !  
To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten,  
Unforgettable, unforgotten  
River smell, and hear the breeze  
Sobbing in the little trees.  
Say, do the elm-clumps greatly stand,  
Still guardians of that holy land ?  
The chestnuts shade, in reverend dream,

The yet unacademic stream ?  
 Is dawn a secret shy and cold  
 Anadyomene, silver-gold ?  
 And sunset still a golden sea  
 From Haslingfield to Madingley ?  
 And after, ere the night is born,  
 Do hares come out about the corn ?  
 Oh, is the water sweet and cool  
 Gentle and brown, above the pool ?  
 And laughs the immortal river still  
 Under the mill, under the mill ?  
 Say, is there Beauty yet to find ?  
 And Certainty ? and Quiet kind ?  
 Deep meadows yet, for to forget  
 The lies, and truths, and pain ? . . . oh ! yet  
 Stands the Church clock at ten to three ?  
 And is there honey still for tea ?

*Rupert Brooke.*

#### 48. DAYS THAT HAVE BEEN

**C**AN I forget the sweet days that have been,  
 When poetry first began to warm my blood ;  
 When from the hills of Gwent I saw the earth  
 Burned into two by Severn's silver flood :

When I would go alone at night to see  
 The moonlight, like a big white butterfly,  
 Dreaming on that old castle near Caerleon,  
 While at its side the Usk went softly by :

When I would stare at lovely clouds in Heaven,  
Or watch them when reported by deep streams ;  
When feeling pressed like thunder, but would not  
Break into that grand music of my dreams ?

Can I forget the sweet days that have been,  
The villages so green I have been in ;  
Llantarnam, Magor, Malpas, and Llanwern,  
Liswery, old Caerleon, and Alteryu ?

Can I forget the banks of Malpas Brook,  
Or Ebbw's voice in such a wild delight,  
As on he dashed with pebbles in his throat,  
Gurgling towards the sea with all his might ?

Ah, when I see a leafy village now  
I sigh and ask it for Llantarnam's green ;  
I ask each river where is Ebbw's voice—  
In memory of the sweet days that have been.  
*William H. Davies.*

#### 49. THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

**I** WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and  
wattles made ;  
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey  
bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes  
dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the  
cricket sings ;  
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple  
glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the  
shore ;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements  
gray,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

*W. B. Yeats.*

#### 50. THE FLOWERS

*BUY my English posies !  
Kent and Surrey may—  
Violets of the Undercliff  
Wet with Channel spray ;  
Cowslips from a Devon combe—  
Midland furze afire—  
Buy my English posies,  
And I'll sell your heart's desire !*

Buy my English posies !  
You that scorn the may,  
Won't you greet a friend from home  
Half the world away ?

Green against the draggled drift,  
Faint and frail and first—  
Buy my Northern blood-root  
And I'll know where you were nursed :

Robin down the logging-road whistles, "Come to  
me !"

Spring has found the maple-grove, the sap is running  
free ;

All the winds of Canada call the ploughing-rain.

Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love  
again !

Buy my English posies !  
Here's to match your need—  
Buy a tuft of royal heath,  
Buy a bunch of weed  
White as sand of Muysenberg  
Spun before the gale—  
Buy my heath and lilies  
And I'll tell you whence you hail !

Under hot Constantia broad the vineyards lie—  
Throned and thorned the aching berg props the speck-  
less sky—

Slow below the Wynberg firs trails the tilted wain—  
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love  
again.

Buy my English posies !  
You that will not turn—  
Buy my hot-wood clematis  
Buy a frond o' fern

Gather'd where the Erskine leaps  
Down the road to Lorne—  
Buy my Christmas creeper  
And I'll say where you were born !

West away from Melbourne dust holidays begin—  
They that mock at Paradise woo at Cora Lynn—  
Through the great South Otway gums sings the great  
South Main—  
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love  
again.

Buy my English posies !  
Here's your choice unsold !  
Buy a blood-red myrtle-bloom,  
Buy the kowhai's gold  
Flung for gift on Taupo's face,  
Sign that spring is come—  
Buy my clinging myrtle  
And I'll give you back your home !

Broom behind the windy town ; pollen o' the pine—  
Bell-bird in the leafy deep where the *ratas* twine—  
Fern above the saddle-bow, flax upon the plain—  
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love  
again.

Buy my English posies !  
Ye that have your own  
Buy them for a brother's sake  
Overseas, alone.

Weed ye trample underfoot  
Floods his heart abrim—  
Bird ye never heeded,  
O, she calls his dead to him.

Far and far our homes are set round the Seven Seas ;  
Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by these !  
Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird and  
land—  
Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand.  
*Rudyard Kipling.*

#### 51. THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

*A NAKED house, a naked moor,  
A shivering pool before the door,  
A garden bare of flowers and fruit  
And poplars at the garden foot :  
Such is the place that I live in,  
Bleak without and bare within.*

Yet shall your ragged moor receive  
The incomparable pomp of eve,  
And the cold glories of the dawn  
Behind your shivering trees be drawn ;  
And when the wind from place to place  
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,  
Your garden gloom and gleam again,  
With leaping sun, with glancing rain.  
Here shall the wizard moon ascend  
'The heavens, in the crimson end

Of day's declining splendour ; here  
The army of the stars appear.  
The neighbour hollows dry or wet,  
Spring shall with tender flowers beset ;  
And oft the morning muser see  
Larks rising from the broomy lea,  
And every fairy wheel and thread  
Of cobweb dew-bediamonded.  
When daisies go, shall winter time  
Silver the simple grass with rime ;  
Autumnal frosts enchant the pool  
And make the cart-ruts beautiful ;  
And when snow-bright the moor expands,  
How shall your children clap their hands !  
To make this earth our hermitage,  
A cheerful and a changeful page,  
God's bright and intricate device  
Of days and seasons doth suffice.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

## 52. THE OLD LOVE

OUT of my door I step into  
The country, all her scent and dew,  
Nor travel there by a hard road,  
Dusty and far from my abode.

The country washes to my door  
Green miles on miles in soft uproar,  
The thunder of the woods, and then  
The backwash of green surf again.

Beyond the feverfew and stocks,  
The guelder-rose and hollyhocks ;  
Outside my trellised porch a tree  
Of lilac frames a sky for me.

A stretch of primrose and pale green  
To hold the tender Hesper in ;  
Hesper that by the moon makes pale  
Her silver keel and silver sail.

The country silence wraps me quite,  
Silence and song and pure delight ;  
The country beckons all the day  
Smiling, and but a step away.

This is that country seen across  
How many a league of love and loss,  
Prayed for and longed for, and as far  
As fountains in the desert are.

This is that country at my door,  
Whose fragrant airs run on before,  
And call me when the first birds stir  
In the green wood to walk with her.

*Katharine Tynan.*

### 53. EARLY MORN

WHEN I did wake this morn from sleep,  
It seemed I heard birds in a dream ;  
Then I arose to take the air—

The lovely air that made birds scream ;  
Just as a green hill launched the ship  
Of gold, to take its first clear dip.

And it began its journey then,  
As I came forth to take the air ;  
The timid Stars had vanished quite,  
The Moon was dying with a stare ;  
Horses, and kine, and sheep were seen,  
As still as pictures, in fields green.

It seemed as though I had surprised  
And trespassed in a golden world  
That should have passed while men still slept !  
The joyful birds, the ship of gold,  
The horses, kine, and sheep did seem  
As they would vanish for a dream.

*William H. Davies.*

#### 54. THE HILL PINES WERE SIGHING

**T**HE hill pines were sighing,  
O'ercast and chill was the day :  
A mist in the valley lying  
Blotted the pleasant May.

But deep in the glen's bosom  
Summer slept in the fire  
Of the odorous gorse-blossom  
And the hot scent of the brier.

A ribald cuckoo clamoured,  
And out of the copse the stroke  
Of the iron axe that hammered  
The iron heart of the oak.

Anon a sound appalling,  
As a hundred years of pride  
Crashed, in the silence falling :  
And the shadowy pine-trees sighed.

*Robert Bridges.*

55. THE CHOICE

WHEN skies are blue and days are bright  
A kitchen-garden's my delight,  
Set round with rows of decent box  
And blowsy girls of hollyhocks.

Before the lark his Lauds hath done  
And ere the corncrake's southward gone ;  
Before the thrush good-night hath said  
And the young Summer's put to bed.

The currant-bushes' spicy smell,  
Homely and honest, likes me well,  
The while on strawberries I feast,  
And raspberries the sun hath kissed.

Beans all a-blowing by a row  
Of hives that great with honey go,  
With mignonette and heaths to yield  
The plundering bee his honey-field.

Sweet herbs in plenty, blue borage  
And the delicious mint and sage,  
Rosemary, marjoram, and rue,  
And thyme to scent the winter through.

Here are small apples growing round,  
And apricots all golden-gowned,  
And plums that presently will flush  
And show their bush a Burning Bush.

Cherries in nets against the wall,  
Where Master Thrush his madrigal  
Sings, and makes oath a churl is he  
Who grudges cherries for a fee.

Lavender, sweet-briar, orris. Here  
Shall Beauty make her pomander,  
Her sweet-balls for to lay in clothes  
That wrap her as the leaves the rose.

Take roses red and lilies white,  
A kitchen garden's my delight ;  
Its gillyflowers and phlox and cloves,  
And its tall cote of irised doves.

*Katharine Tynan.*

56. THERE IS A HILL

**T**HERE is a hill beside the silver Thames,  
Shady with birch and beech and odorous pine :  
And brilliant underfoot with thousand gems  
Steeply the thickets to his floods decline.  
Straight trees in every place  
Their thick tops interlace,  
And pendent branches trail their foliage fine  
Upon his watery face.

Swift from the sweltering pasturage he flows :  
His stream, alert to seek the pleasant shade,  
Pictures his gentle purpose, as he goes  
Straight to the caverned pool his toil has made.  
    His winter floods lay bare  
    The stout roots in the air :  
His summer streams are cool, when they have played  
    Among their fibrous hair.

A rushy island guards the sacred bower,  
And hides it from the meadow, where in peace  
The lazy cows wrench many a scented flower,  
Robbing the golden market of the bees :  
    And laden barges float  
    By banks of myosote ;  
And scented flag and golden flower-de-lys  
    Delay the loitering boat.

And on this side the island, where the pool  
Eddies away, are tangled mass on mass  
The water-weeds, that net the fishes cool,  
And scarce allow a narrow stream to pass ;  
    Where spreading crowfoot mars  
    The drowning nenuphars,  
Waving the tassels of her silken grass  
    Below her silver stars.

But in the purple pool there nothing grows,  
Not the white water-lily spoked with gold ;

Though best she loves the hollows, and well knows  
On quiet streams her broad shields to unfold :  
    Yet should her roots but try  
    Within these deeps to lie,  
Not her long-reaching stalk could ever hold  
    Her waxen head so high.

Sometimes an angler comes, and drops his hook  
Within its hidden depths, and 'gainst a tree  
Leaning his rod, reads in some pleasant book,  
Forgetting soon his pride of fishery ;  
    And dreams, or falls asleep,  
    While curious fishes peep  
About his nibbled bait, or scornfully  
    Dart off and rise and leap.

And sometimes a slow figure 'neath the trees,  
In ancient-fashioned smock, with tottering care  
Upon a staff propping his weary knees,  
May by the pathway of the forest fare :  
    As from a buried day  
    Across the mind will stray  
Some perishing mute shadow,—and unaware  
    He passeth on his way.

Else, he that wishes solitude is safe,  
Whether he bathe at morning in the stream :  
Or lead his love there when the hot hours chafe  
The meadows, busy with a blurring steam ;  
    Or watch, as fades the light,  
    The gibbous moon grow bright,  
Until her magic rays dance in a dream,  
    And glorify the night.

Where is this bower beside the silver Thames ?  
O pool and flowery thickets, hear my vow !  
O trees of freshest foliage and straight stems,  
No sharer of my secret I allow :  
    Lest ere I come the while  
    Strange feet your shades defile ;  
Or lest the burly oarsman turn his prow  
    Within your guardian isle.

*Robert Bridges.*

57. BAB-LOCK-HYTHE

**I**N the time of wild roses  
    As up Thames we travelled  
Where 'mid water-weeds ravelled  
The lily uncloses,

To his old shores the river  
A new song was singing,  
And young shoots were springing  
On old roots for ever.

Dog-daisies were dancing,  
And flags flamed in cluster,  
On the dark stream a lustre  
Now blurred and now glancing.

A tall reed down-weighing  
The sedge-warbler fluttered ;  
One sweet note he uttered,  
Then left it soft-swaying.

By the bank's sandy hollow  
My dipt oars went beating,  
And past our bows fleeting  
Blue-backed shone the swallow.

High woods, heron-haunted,  
Rose, changed, as we rounded  
Old hills greenly mounded,  
To meadows enchanted.

A dream ever moulded  
Afresh for our wonder,  
Still opening asunder  
For the stream many-folded ;

Till sunset was rimming  
The West with pale flushes ;  
Behind the black rushes  
The last light was dimming ;

And the lonely stream, hiding  
Shy birds, grew more lonely,  
And with us was only  
The noise of our gliding.

In cloud of gray weather  
The evening o'erdarkened,  
In the stillness we hearkened ;  
Our hearts sang together.

*Laurence Binyon.*

## 58. ROWER'S CHANT

Row till the land dip 'neath  
The sea from view.  
Row till a land peep up,  
A home for you.

Row till the mast sing songs  
Welcome and sweet.  
Row till the waves, out-stripped,  
Give up dead beat.

Row till the sea-nymphs rise  
To ask you why  
Rowing you tarry not  
To hear them sigh.

Row till the stars grow bright  
Like certain eyes.  
Row till the noon be high  
As hopes you prize.

Row till you harbour in  
All longing's port.  
Row till you find all things  
For which you sought.

*T. Sturge Moore.*

## 59. FAREWELL

NOT soon shall I forget—a sheet  
Of golden water, cold and sweet,  
The young moon with her head in veils  
Of silver, and the nightingales.

A wain of hay came up the lane—  
O fields I shall not walk again,  
And trees I shall not see, so still  
Against a sky of daffodil!

Fields where my happy heart had rest,  
And where my heart was heaviest,  
I shall remember them at peace  
Drenched in moon-silver like a fleece.

The golden water sweet and cold,  
The moon of silver and of gold,  
The dew upon the gray grass-spears,  
I shall remember them with tears.

*Katharine Tynan.*

60. A SHIP, AN ISLE, A SICKLE MOON

A SHIP, an isle, a sickle moon—  
With few but with how splendid stars  
The mirrors of the sea are strewn  
Between their silver bars!

\* \* \* \* \*

An isle beside an isle she lay,  
The pale ship anchored in the bay,  
While in the young moon's port of gold  
A star-ship—as the mirrors told—  
Put forth its great and lonely light  
To the unreflecting Ocean, Night.

And still, a ship upon her seas,  
The isle and the island cypresses  
Went sailing on without the gale :  
And still there moved the moon so pale,  
A crescent ship without a sail !

*James Elroy Flecker.*

61. NOD

**S**OFTLY along the road of evening,  
In a twilight dim with rose,  
Wrinkled with age, and drenched with dew  
Old Nod, the shepherd, goes.

His drowsy flock streams on before him,  
Their fleeces charged with gold,  
To where the sun's last beam leans low  
On Nod the shepherd's fold.

The hedge is quick and green with briar,  
From their sand the conies creep ;  
And all the birds that fly in heaven  
Flock singing home to sleep.

His lambs outnumber a noon's roses,  
Yet, when night's shadows fall,  
His blind old sheep-dog, Slumber-soon,  
Misses not one of all.

His are the quiet steeps of dreamland,  
The waters of no-more-pain,  
His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars,  
" Rest, rest, and rest again."

*Walter de la Marc.*

## 62. CHIMES

**B**RIEF, on a flying night,  
From the shaken tower,  
A flock of bells take flight,  
And go with the hour.

Like birds from the cote to the gales,  
Abrupt—O hark !  
A fleet of bells set sails,  
And go to the dark.

Sudden the cold airs swing.  
Alone, aloud,  
A verse of bells takes wing  
And flies with the cloud.

*Alice Meynell.*

## 63. SPRING GOETH ALL IN WHITE

**S**PRING goeth all in white,  
Crowned with milk-white may :  
In fleecy flocks of light  
O'er heaven the white clouds stray :

White butterflies in the air ;  
White daisies prank the ground :  
The cherry and hoary pear  
Scatter their snow around.

*Robert Bridges.*

## 64. ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

TO-DAY, all day, I rode upon the down,  
With hounds and horsemen, a brave company.  
On this side in its glory lay the sea,  
On that the Sussex weald, a sea of brown.  
The wind was light, and brightly the sun shone,  
And still we galloped on from gorse to gorse.  
And once, when checked, a thrush sang, and my  
horse  
Pricked his quick ears as to a sound unknown.  
I knew the Spring was come. I knew it even  
Better than all by this, that through my chase  
In bush and stone and hill and sea and heaven  
I seemed to see and follow still your face.  
Your face my quarry was. For it I rode,  
My horse a thing of wings, myself a god.

*Wilfrid Blunt.*

## 65. A DAY IN SUSSEX

THE dove did lend me wings. I fled away  
From the loud world which long had troubled  
me.  
Oh lightly did I flee when hoyden May  
Threw her wild mantle on the hawthorn-tree.  
I left the dusty high-road, and my way  
Was through deep meadows, shut with copses fair.  
A choir of thrushes poured its roundelay  
From every hedge and every thicket there.  
Mild, moon-faced kine looked on, where in the grass  
All heaped with flowers I lay, from noon till eve.

And hares unwitting close to me did pass,  
And still the birds sang, and I could not grieve.  
Oh what a blessed thing that evening was !  
Peace, music, twilight, all that could deceive  
A soul to joy or lull a heart to peace.  
It glimmers yet across whole years like these.  
*Wilfrid Blunt.*

## 66. ODE IN MAY

**L**ET me go forth, and share  
The overflowing Sun  
With one wise friend, or one  
Better than wise, being fair,  
Where the pewit wheels and dips  
On heights of bracken and ling,  
And Earth, unto her leaflet tips,  
Tingles with the Spring.

What is so sweet and dear  
As a prosperous morn in May,  
The confident prime of the day,  
And the dauntless youth of the year,  
When nothing that asks for bliss,  
Asking aright, is denied,  
And half of the world a bridegroom is,  
And half of the world a bride ?

The Song of Mingling flows,  
Grave, ceremonial, pure,  
As once, from lips that endure,  
The cosmic descant rose,

When the temporal lord of life,  
Going his golden way,  
Had taken a wondrous maid to wife  
That long had said him nay.

For of old the Sun, our sire,  
Came wooing the mother of men,  
Earth, that was virginal then,  
Vestal fire to his fire.  
Silent her bosom and coy,  
But the strong god sued and pressed ;  
And born of their starry nuptial joy  
Are all that drink of her breast.

And the triumph of him that begot,  
And the travail of her that bore,  
Behold they are evermore  
As warp and weft in our lot.  
We are children of splendour and flame,  
Of shuddering, also, and tears.  
Magnificent out of the dust we came,  
And abject from the Spheres.

O bright irresistible lord !  
We are fruit of Earth's womb, each one,  
And fruit of thy loins, O Sun,  
Whence first was the seed outpoured.  
To thee as our Father we bow,  
Forbidden thy Father to see,  
Who is older and greater than thou, as thou  
Art greater and older than we.

Thou art but as a word of his speech,  
Thou art but as a wave of his hand ;  
Thou art brief as a glitter of sand  
'Twixt tide and tide on his beach ;  
Thou art less than a spark of his fire,  
Or a moment's mood of his soul :  
Thou art lost in the notes on the lips of his choir  
That chant the chant of the Whole.

*William Watson.*

#### 67. THE SCARECROW

ALL winter through I bow my head  
Beneath the driving rain ;  
The North wind powders me with snow  
And blows me black again ;  
At midnight 'neath a maze of stars  
I flame with glittering rime,  
And stand, above the stubble, stiff  
As mail at morning-prime.  
But when that child, called Spring, and all  
His host of children, come,  
Scattering their buds and dew upon  
These acres of my home,  
Some rapture in my rags awakes ;  
I lift void eyes and scan  
The skies for crows, those ravening foes,  
Of my strange master, Man.  
I watch him striding lank behind  
His clashing team, and know  
Soon will the wheat swish body high  
Where once lay sterile snow ;

Soon shall I gaze across a sea  
Of sun-begotten grain,  
Which my unflinching watch hath sealed  
For harvest once again.

*Walter de la Mare.*

68. THE VAGABOND

GIVE to me the life I love,  
Let the lave go by me,  
Give the jolly heaven above  
And the byway nigh me.  
Bed in the bush with stars to see,  
Bread I dip in the river—  
There's the life for a man like me,  
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,  
Let what will be o'er me ;  
Give the face of earth around  
And the road before me.  
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,  
Nor a friend to know me ;  
All I seek, the heaven above  
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me  
Where afield I linger,  
Silencing the bird on tree,  
Biting the blue finger.  
White as meal the frosty field—  
Warm the fireside haven—  
Not to autumn will I yield,  
Not to winter even !

Let the blow fall soon or late,  
Let what will be o'er me ;  
Give the face of earth around  
And the road before me.  
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,  
Nor a friend to know me ;  
All I ask, the heaven above  
And the road below me.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

#### 69. TEWKESBURY ROAD

**I**T is good to be out on the road, and going one  
knows not where,  
Going through meadow and village, one knows not  
whither nor why ;  
Through the grey light drift of the dust, in the keen  
cool rush of the air,  
Under the flying white clouds, and the broad blue  
lift of the sky.

And to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall green  
fern at the brink  
Where the harebell grows, and the gorse, and the  
foxgloves purple and white ;  
Where the shy-eyed delicate deer come down in a  
troop to drink  
When the stars are mellow and large at the coming  
on of the night.

O, to feel the beat of the rain, and the homely smell  
of the earth,  
Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past power  
of words ;  
And the blessed green comely meadows are all a-ripple  
with mirth  
At the noise of the lambs at play and the dear wild  
cry of the birds.

*John Masefield.*

70. TO A LADY SEEN FROM THE TRAIN

O WHY do you walk through the fields in gloves,  
Missing so much and so much ?  
O fat white woman whom nobody loves,  
Why do you walk through the fields in gloves,  
When the grass is soft as the breast of doves  
And shivering-sweet to the touch ?  
O why do you walk through the fields in gloves,  
Missing so much and so much ?

*Frances Cornford.*

71. I WILL MAKE YOU BROOCHES

I WILL make you brooches and toys for your delight  
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.  
I will make a palace fit for you and me  
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your  
room,  
Where white flows the river and bright blows the  
broom.

And you shall wash your linen and keep your body  
white  
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,  
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear !  
That only I remember, that only you admire,  
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside  
fire.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

#### 72. JUGGLING JERRY

**P**ITCH here the tent, while the old horse grazes :  
By the old hedge-side we'll halt a stage.  
It's nigh my last above the daisies :  
My next leaf 'll be man's blank page.  
Yes, my old girl ! and it's no use crying :  
Juggler, constable, king, must bow.  
One that outjuggles all 's been spying  
Long to have me, and he has me now.

We've travelled times to this old common :  
Often we've hung our pots in the gorse.  
We've had a stirring life, old woman !  
You, and I, and the old grey horse.  
Races, and fairs, and royal occasions,  
Found us coming to their call :  
Now they'll miss us at our stations :  
There's a Juggler outjuggles all !

Up goes the lark, as if all were jolly !

Over the duck-pond the willow shakes.

Easy to think that grieving's folly,

When the hand's firm as driven stakes !

Ay, when we're strong, and braced, and manful,

Life's a sweet fiddle : but we're a batch

Born to become the Great Juggler's han'ful :

Balls he shies up, and is safe to catch.

Here's where the lads of the village cricket :

I was a lad not wide from here :

Couldn't I whip off the bail from the wicket ?

Like an old world those days appear !

Donkey, sheep, geese, and thatched ale-house—I know  
them !

They are old friends of my halts, and seem,

Somehow, as if kind thanks I owe them :

Juggling don't hinder the heart's esteem.

Juggling's no sin, for we must have victual :

Nature allows us to bait for the fool.

Holding one's own makes us juggle no little ;

But, to increase it, hard juggling's the rule.

You that are sneering at my profession,

Haven't you juggled a vast amount ?

There's the Prime Minister, in one Session,

Juggles more games than my sins'll count.

I've murdered insects with mock thunder :

Conscience, for that, in men don't quail.

I've made bread from the bump of wonder :

That's my business, and there's my tale.

Fashion and rank all praised the professor :  
Ay ! and I've had my smile from the Queen :  
Bravo, Jerry ! she meant : God bless her !  
Ain't this a sermon on that scene ?

I've studied men from my topsy-turvy  
Close, and, I reckon, rather true.  
Some are fine fellows : some, right scurvy :  
Most, a dash between the two.  
But it's a woman, old girl, that makes me  
Think more kindly of the race,  
And it's a woman, old girl, that shakes me  
When the Great Juggler I must face.

We two were married, due and legal :  
Honest we've lived since we've been one,  
Lord ! I could then jump like an eagle :  
You danced bright as a bit o' the sun.  
Birds in a May-bush we were ! right merry !  
All night we kiss'd, we juggled all day.  
Joy was the heart of Juggling Jerry !  
Now from his old girl he's juggled away.

It's past parsons to console us :  
No, nor no doctor fetch for me :  
I can die without my bolus ;  
Two of a trade, lass, never agree !  
Parson and Doctor !—don't they love rarely,  
Fighting the devil in other men's fields !  
Stand up yourself and match him fairly,  
Then see how the rascal yields !

I, lass, have lived no gipsy, flaunting  
Finery while his poor helpmate grubs :  
Coin I've stored, and you won't be wanting :  
You shan't beg from the troughs and tubs.  
Nobly you've stuck to me, though in his kitchen  
Many a Marquis would hail you Cook !  
Palaces you could have ruled and grown rich in,  
But your old Jerry you never forsook.

Hand up the chirper ! ripe ale winks in it ;  
Let's have comfort and be at peace.  
Once a stout draught made me light as a linnet.  
Cheer up ! the Lord must have his lease.  
Maybe—for none see in that black hollow—  
It's just a place where we're held in pawn,  
And, when the Great Juggler makes as to swallow,  
It's just the sword-trick—I ain't quite gone !

Yonder came smells of the gorse, so nutty,  
Gold-like and warm : it's the prime of May.  
Better than mortar, brick and putty,  
Is God's house on a blowing day.  
Lean me more up the mound ; now I feel it :  
All the old heath-smells ! Ain't it strange ?  
There's the world laughing, as if to conceal it,  
But He's by us, juggling the change.

I mind it well, by the sea-beach lying,  
Once—it's long gone—when two gulls we beheld,  
Which, as the moon got up, were flying  
Down a big wave that sparked and swelled.

Crack went a gun : one fell : the second  
Wheeled round him twice, and was off for new luck :  
There in the dark her white wing beckon'd :—  
Drop me a kiss—I'm the bird dead-struck !  
*George Meredith.*

## 73. REQUIEM

UNDER the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie.  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me :  
*Here he lies where he longed to be ;*  
*Home is the sailor, home from sea,*  
*And the hunter home from the hill.*  
*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

## 74. A DEAD HARVEST

*In Kensington Gardens*

ALONG the graceless grass of town  
They rake the rows of red and brown—  
Dead leaves, unlike the rows of hay  
Delicate, touched with gold and grey,  
Raked long ago and far away.

A narrow silence in the park,  
Between the lights a narrow dark.  
One street rolls on the north ; and one,  
Muffled, upon the south doth run ;  
Amid the mist the work is done.

A futile crop !—for it the fire  
Smoulders, and, for a stack, a pyre.  
So go the town's lives on the breeze,  
Even as the sheddings of the trees ;  
Bosom nor barn is filled with these.

*Alice Meynell.*

#### 75. THE LITTLE DANCERS

**L**ONELY, save for a few faint stars, the sky  
Dreams ; and lonely, below, the little street  
Into its gloom retires, secluded and shy.  
Scarcely the dumb roar enters this soft retreat ;  
And all is dark, save where come flooding rays  
From a tavern window : there, to the brisk measure  
Of an organ that down in an alley merrily plays,  
Two children, all alone and no one by,  
Holding their tattered frocks, through an airy maze  
Of motion, lightly threaded with nimble feet,  
Dance sedately : face to face they gaze,  
Their eyes shining, grave with a perfect pleasure.

*Laurence Binyon.*

#### 76. LONDON SNOW

**W**HEN men were all asleep the snow came flying,  
In large white flakes falling on the city brown,  
Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely lying,  
Hushing the latest traffic of the drowsy town ;  
Deadening, muffling, stifling its murmurs failing ;  
Lazily and incessantly floating down and down :  
Silently sifting and veiling road, roof and railing ;

Hiding difference, making unevenness even,  
Into angles and crevices softly drifting and sailing.

All night it fell, and when full inches seven  
It lay in the depth of its uncompacted lightness,  
The clouds blew off from a high and frosty heaven ;  
And all woke earlier for the unaccustomed bright-  
ness

Of the winter dawning, the strange unheavenly glare :  
The eye marvelled—marvelled at the dazzling white-  
ness ;

The ear hearkened to the stillness of the solemn air ;  
No sound of wheel rumbling nor of foot falling,  
And the busy morning cries came thin and spare.

Then boys I heard, as they went to school, calling,  
They gathered up the crystal manna to freeze  
Their tongues with tasting, their hands with snow-  
balling ;

Or rioted in a drift, plunging up to the knees ;  
Or peering up from under the white-mossed wonder,  
“ O look at the trees ! ” they cried, “ O look at the  
trees ! ”

With lessened load a few carts creak and blunder,  
Following along the white deserted way,  
A country company long dispersed asunder :

When now already the sun, in pale display  
Standing by Paul's high dome, spread forth below  
His sparkling beams, and awoke the stir of the day.

For now doors open, and war is waged with the  
snow ;

And trains of sombre men, past tale of number,  
Tread long brown paths, as toward their toil they go ;

But even for them awhile no cares encumber  
Their minds diverted ; the daily word is unspoken,  
The daily thoughts of labour and sorrow slumber  
At the sight of the beauty that greets them, for the  
charm they have broken.

*Robert Bridges.*

#### 77. THE ROAD MENDERS

**H**ow solitary gleams the lamplit street  
Waiting the far-off morn !  
How softly from the unresting city blows  
The murmur borne  
Down this deserted way !  
Dim loiterers pass home with stealthy feet.  
Now only, sudden at their interval,  
The lofty chimes awaken and let fall  
Deep thrills of ordered sound ;  
Subsiding echoes gradually drowned  
In a great stillness, that creeps up around,  
And darkly grows  
Profounder over all  
Like a strong frost, hushing a stormy day.

But who is this, that by the brazier red  
Encamped in his rude hut,  
With many a sack about his shoulder spread  
Watches with eyes unshut ?  
The burning brazier flushes his old face,  
Illumining the old thoughts in his eyes.  
Surely the Night doth to her secrecies  
Admit him, and the watching stars attune

To their high patience, who so lightly seems  
To bear the weight of many thousand dreams  
(Dark hosts around him sleeping numberless) ;  
He surely hath unbuilt all walls of thought  
To reach an air-wide wisdom, past access  
Of us, who labour in the noisy noon,  
The noon that knows him not.

For lo, at last the gloom slowly retreats,  
And swiftly, like an army, comes the Day,  
All bright and loud through the awakened streets  
Sending a cheerful hum.  
And he has stolen away.  
Now, with the morning shining round them, come  
Young men, and strip their coats  
And loose the shirts about their throats,  
And lightly up their ponderous hammers lift,  
Each in his turn descending swift  
With triple strokes that answer and begin  
Duly, and quiver in repeated change,  
Marrying the eager echoes that weave in  
A music clear and strange.  
But pausing soon, each lays his hammer down  
And deeply breathing bares  
His chest, stalwart and brown,  
To the sunny airs.  
Laughing one to another, limber hand  
On limber hip, flushed in a group they stand,  
And now untired renew their ringing toil.  
The sun stands high, and ever a fresh throng  
Comes murmuring ; but that eddying turmoil

Leaves many a loiterer, prosperous or unfed,  
On easy or unhappy ways  
At idle gaze,  
Charmed in the sunshine and the rhythm enthralling,  
As of unwearied Fates, for ever young,  
That on the anvil of necessity  
From measureless desire and quivering fear,  
With musical sure lifting and downfalling  
Of arm and hammer driven perpetually,  
Beat out in obscure span  
The fiery destiny of man.

*Laurence Binyon.*

#### 78. STREET LANTERNS

COUNTRY roads are yellow and brown.  
We mend the roads in London town.

Never a hansom dare come nigh,  
Never a cart goes rolling by.

An unwonted silence steals  
In between the turning wheels.

Quickly ends the autumn day,  
And the workman goes his way,

Leaving, midst the traffic rude,  
One small isle of solitude,

Lit, throughout the lengthy night,  
By the little lantern's light.

Jewels of the dark have we,  
Brighter than the rustic's be.

Over the dull earth are thrown  
Topaz, and the ruby stone.

*Mary E. Coleridge.*

#### 79. O SUMMER SUN

O SUMMER sun, O moving trees !  
O cheerful human noise, O busy glittering  
street !

What hour shall Fate in all the future find,  
Or what delights, ever to equal these :  
Only to taste the warmth, the light, the wind,  
Only to be alive, and feel that life is sweet ?

*Laurence Binyon.*

#### 80. LONDON

A THWART the sky a lowly sigh  
From west to east the sweet wind carried ;  
The sun stood still on Primrose Hill ;  
His light in all the city tarried :  
The clouds on viewless columns bloomed  
Like smouldering lilies unconsumed.

“ Oh sweetheart, see ! how shadowy,  
Of some occult magician's rearing,  
Or swung in space of heaven's grace  
Dissolving, dimly reappearing,  
Afloat upon ethereal tides  
St. Paul's above the city rides ! ”

A rumour broke through the thin smoke  
Enwreathing abbey, tower, and palace,  
The parks, the squares, the thoroughfares,  
The million-peopled lanes and alleys,  
An ever-muttering prisoned storm,  
The heart of London beating warm.

*John Davidson.*

### 81. NOVEMBER BLUE

The golden tint of the electric lights seems to give a complementary colour to the air in the early evening.—*Essay on London.*

O HEAVENLY colour, London town  
Has blurred it from her skies ;  
And, hooded in an earthly brown,  
Unheaven'd the city lies.  
No longer standard-like this hue  
Above the broad road flies ;  
Nor does the narrow street the blue  
Wear, slender pennon-wise.

But when the gold and silver lamps  
Colour the London dew,  
And, misted by the winter damp,  
The shops shine bright anew—  
Blue comes to earth, it walks the street,  
It dyes the wide air through ;  
A mimic sky about their feet,  
The throng go crowned with blue.

*Alice Meynell.*

## 82. PHILOMEL IN LONDON

NOT within a granite pass,  
Dim with flowers and soft with grass—  
Nay, but doubly, trebly sweet  
In a poplared London street,  
While below my windows go  
Noiseless barges, to and fro,  
Through the night's calm deep,  
Ah! what breaks the bonds of sleep?

No steps on the pavement fall,  
Soundless swings the dark canal;  
From a church-tower out of sight  
Clangs the central hour of night.  
Hark! the Dorian nightingale!  
Pan's voice melted to a wail!

Such another bird  
Attic Tereus never heard.

Hung above the gloom and stain—  
London's squalid cope of pain—  
Pure as starlight, bold as love,  
Honouring our scant poplar-grove,  
That most heavenly voice of earth  
Thrills in passion, grief or mirth,  
Laves our poison'd air  
Life's best song-bath crystal-fair.

While the starry minstrel sings  
Little matters what he brings,  
Be it sorrow, be it pain,  
Let him sing and sing again,

Till, with dawn, poor souls rejoice,  
Wakening, once to hear his voice,  
Ere afar he flies,  
Bound for purer woods and skies.

*Edmund Gosse.*

83. ANNUS MIRABILIS (1902)

**D**AYLIGHT was down, and up the cool  
Bare heaven the moon, o'er roof and elm,  
Daughter of dusk most wonderful,  
Went mounting to her realm :  
And night was only half begun  
Round Edwardes Square in Kensington.

A Sabbath-calm possessed her face,  
An even glow her bosom filled ;  
High in her solitary place  
The huntress-heart was stilled :  
With bow and arrows all laid down  
She stood and looked on London town.

Nay, how can sight of us give rest  
To that far-travelled heart, or draw  
The musings of that tranquil breast ?  
I thought—and gazing, saw  
Far up above me, high, oh, high,  
From south to north a heron fly !

Oh, swiftly answered ! yonder flew  
The wings of freedom and of hope !  
Little of London town he knew,  
The far horizon was his scope.

High up he sails, and sees beneath  
The glimmering ponds of Hampstead Heath,  
Hendon, and farther out afield  
Low water-meads are in his ken,  
And lonely pools by Harrow Weald,  
And solitudes unloved of men,  
Where he his fisher's spear dips down :  
Little he knows of London town.

So small, with all its miles of sin,  
Is London to the grey-winged bird,  
A cuckoo called at Lincoln's Inn  
Last April ; in Soho was heard  
The missel-thrush with throat of glee,  
And nightingales at Battersea !

*Laurence Housman.*

#### 84. FLEET STREET

I NEVER see the newsboys run  
Amid the whirling street,  
With swift untiring feet,  
To cry the latest venture done,  
But I expect one day to hear  
Them cry the crack of doom  
And risings from the tomb,  
With great Archangel Michael near ;  
And see them running from the Fleet  
As messengers of God,  
With Heaven's tidings shod  
About their brave unwearied feet.

*Shane Leslie.*

## 85. IN THE MEADOWS AT MANTUA

BUT to have lain upon the grass  
One perfect day, one perfect hour,  
Beholding all things mortal pass  
Into the quiet of green grass ;

But to have lain and loved the sun,  
Under the shadow of the trees,  
To have been found in unison,  
Once only, with the blessed sun ;

Ah ! in these flaring London nights,  
Where midnight withers into morn,  
How quiet a rebuke it writes  
Across the sky of London nights !

Upon the grass at Mantua  
These London nights were all forgot.  
They wake for me again : but ah,  
The meadow-grass at Mantua !

*Arthur Symonds.*

## 86. LEISURE

WHAT is this life if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs  
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,  
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,  
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,  
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can  
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.

*William H. Davies.*

#### 87. LYING IN THE GRASS

**B**ETWEEN two russet tufts of summer grass,  
I watch the world through hot air as through  
glass,  
And by my face sweet lights and colours pass.

Before me, dark against the fading sky,  
I watch three mowers mowing, as I lie :  
With brawny arms they sweep in harmony.

Brown English faces by the sun burnt red,  
Rich glowing colour on bare throat and head,  
My heart would leap to watch them, were I dead !

And in my strong young living as I lie,  
I seem to move with them in harmony,—  
A fourth is mowing, and that fourth am I.

The music of the scythes that glide and leap,  
The young men whistling as their great arms sweep,  
And all the perfume and sweet sense of sleep,

The weary butterflies that droop their wings,  
The dreamy nightingale that hardly sings,  
And all the lassitude of happy things

Is mingling with the warm and pulsing blood  
That gushes through my veins a languid flood,  
And feeds my spirit as the sap a bud.

Behind the mowers, on the amber air,  
A dark-green beech-wood rises, still and fair,  
A white path winding up it like a stair.

And see that girl, with pitcher on her head,  
And clean white apron on her gown of red,—  
Her even-song of love is but half-said :

She waits the youngest mower. Now he goes ;  
Her cheeks are redder than the wild blush-rose ;  
They climb up where the deepest shadows close.

But though they pass and vanish, I am there ;  
I watch his rough hands meet beneath her hair,  
Their broken speech sounds sweet to me like prayer

Ah ! now the rosy children come to play,  
And romp and struggle with the new-mown hay ;  
Their clear high voices sound from far away.

They know so little why the world is sad,  
They dig themselves warm graves and yet are glad ;  
Their muffled screams and laughter make me mad !

I long to go and play among them there,  
Unseen, like wind, to take them by the hair,  
And gently make their rosy cheeks more fair.

The happy children ! full of frank surprise,  
And sudden whims and innocent ecstasies ;  
What godhead sparkles from their liquid eyes !

No wonder round those urns of mingled clays  
That Tuscan potters fashion'd in old days,  
And coloured like the torrid earth ablaze,

We find the little gods and loves portray'd  
Through ancient forests wandering undismay'd,  
Or gathered, whispering, in some pleasant glade.

They knew, as I do now, what keen delight  
A strong man feels to watch the tender flight  
Of little children playing in his sight.

I do not hunger for a well-stored mind,  
I only wish to live my life, and find  
My heart in unison with all mankind.

My life is like the single dewy star  
That trembles on the horizon's primrose-bar,—  
A microcosm where all things living are.

And if, among the noiseless grasses, Death  
Should come behind and take away my breath,  
I should not rise as one who sorroweth ;

For I should pass, but all the world would be  
Full of desire and young delight and glee,  
And why should men be sad through loss of me ?

The light is dying ; in the silver-blue  
The young moon shines from her bright window  
through :  
The mowers all are gone, and I go too.

*Edmund Gosse.*

#### 88. DOWN BY THE SALLEY GARDENS

**D**OWN by the salley gardens my love and I did  
meet ;  
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white  
feet.  
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the  
tree ;  
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not  
agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,  
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white  
hand.  
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the  
weirs ;  
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.  
*W. B. Yeats.*

## 89. RENAISSANCE

O HAPPY soul, forget thy self !  
This that has haunted all the past,  
That conjured disappointments fast,  
That never could let well alone ;  
That, climbing to achievement's throne,  
Slipped on the last step ; this that wove  
Dissatisfaction's clinging net,  
And ran through life like squandered pelf :—  
This that till now has been thy self  
Forget, O happy soul, forget.

If ever thou didst aught commence,—  
Set'st forth in springtide woods to rove,—  
Or, when the sun in July throve,  
Didst plunge into calm bay of ocean  
With fine felicity in motion,—  
Or, having climbed some high hill's brow,  
Thy toil behind thee like the night,  
Stoodst in the chill dawn's air intense ;—  
Commence thus now, thus recommence :  
Take to the future as to light.

Not as a bather on the shore  
Strips of his clothes, glad soul, strip thou :  
He throws them off, but folds them now ;  
Although he for the billows yearns,  
To weight them down with stones he turns ;  
To mark the spot he scans the shore ;  
Of his return he thinks before.  
Do thou forget

All that, until this joy franchised thee,  
Tainted thee, stained thee, or disguised thee ;  
For gladness, henceforth without let,  
Be thou a body, naked, fair ;  
And be thy kingdom all the air  
Which the noon fills with light ;  
And be thine actions every one,  
Like to a dawn or set of sun,  
Robed in an ample glory's peace ;  
Since thou hast tasted this great glee  
Whose virtue prophesies in thee  
That wrong is wholly doomed, is doomed and bound  
to cease.

*T. Sturge Moore.*

90. TO WILL. H. LOW

YOUTH now flees on feathered foot  
Faint and fainter sounds the flute,  
Rarer songs of gods ; and still  
Somewhere on the sunny hill,  
Or along the winding stream,  
Through the willows, flits a dream ;  
Flits but shows a smiling face,  
Flees but with so quaint a grace,  
None can choose to stay at home,  
All must follow, all must roam.

This is unborn beauty : she  
Now in air floats high and free,  
Takes the sun and breaks the blue ;—  
Late with stooping pinion flew

Raking hedgerow trees, and wet  
Her wing in silver streams, and set  
Shining foot on temple roof :  
Now again she flies aloof,  
Coasting mountain clouds and kiss't  
By the evening's amethyst.

In wet wood and miry lane,  
Still we pant and pound in vain ;  
Still with leaden foot we chase  
Waning pinion, fainting face ;  
Still with gray hair we stumble on,  
Till, behold, the vision gone !  
Where hath fleeting beauty led ?  
To the doorway of the dead.  
Life is over, life was gay :  
We have come the primrose way.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

#### 91. GAUDEAMUS IGITUR

COME, no more of grief and dying !  
Sing the time too swiftly flying.  
Just an hour

Youth's in flower,  
Give me roses to remember  
In the shadow of December.

Fie on steeds with leaden paces !  
Winds shall bear us on our races,  
Speed, O speed,  
Wind, my steed,  
Beat the lightning for your master,  
Yet my Fancy shall fly faster.

Give me music, give me rapture,  
Youth that's fled can none recapture ;  
    Not with thought  
    Wisdom's bought.  
Out on pride and scorn and sadness !  
Give me laughter, give me gladness.

Sweetest Earth, I love and love thee,  
Seas about thee, skies above thee,  
    Sun and storms,  
    Hues and forms  
Of the clouds with floating shadows  
On thy mountains and thy meadows.

Earth, there's none that can enslave thee,  
Not thy lords it is that have thee ;  
    Not for gold  
    Art thou sold,  
But thy lovers at their pleasure  
Take thy beauty and thy treasure.

While sweet fancies meet me singing,  
While the April blood is springing  
    In my breast,  
    While a jest  
And my youth thou yet must leave me,  
Fortune, 'tis not thou canst grieve me.

When at length the grasses cover  
Me, the world's unwearied lover,  
    If regret  
    Haunt me yet,

It shall be for joys untasted,  
Nature lent and folly wasted.

Youth and jests and summer weather,  
Goods that kings and clowns together  
    Waste or use  
    As they choose,  
These, the best, we miss pursuing  
Sullen shades that mock our wooing.

Feigning Age will not delay it—  
When the reckoning comes we'll pay it,  
    Own our mirth  
    Has been worth  
All the forfeit light or heavy  
Wintry Time and Fortune levy.

Feigning grief will not escape it,  
What though ne'er so well you ape it—  
    Age and care  
    All must share,  
All alike must pay hereafter,  
Some for sighs and some for laughter.

Know, ye sons of Melancholy,  
To be young and wise is folly.  
    'Tis the weak  
    Fear to wreak  
On this clay of life their fancies,  
Shaping battles, shaping dances.

While ye scorn our names unspoken,  
Roses dead and garlands broken,

O ye wise,

We arise,

Out of failures, dreams, disasters,

We arise to be your masters.

*Margaret L. Woods.*

92. O DREAMY, GLOOMY, FRIENDLY TREES !

O DREAMY, gloomy, friendly Trees,  
I came along your narrow track  
To bring my gifts unto your knees  
And gifts did you give back ;  
For when I brought this heart that burns—  
These thoughts that bitterly repine—  
And laid them here among the ferns  
And the hum of boughs divine,  
Ye, vastest breathers of the air,  
Shook down with slow and mighty poise  
Your coolness on the human care,  
Your wonder on its toys,  
Your greenness on the heart's despair,  
Your darkness on its noise.

*Herbert Trench.*

93. IDLENESS

O IDLENESS, too fond of me,  
Begone, I know and hate thee !  
Nothing canst thou of pleasure see  
In one that so doth rate thee ;

For empty are both mind and heart  
While thou with me dost linger ;  
More profit would to thee impart  
A babe that sucks its finger.

I know thou hast a better way  
To spend these hours thou squand'rest ;  
Some lad toils in the trough to-day  
Who groans because thou wand'rest ;

A bleating sheep he dowses now  
Or wrestles with ram's terror ;  
Ah, 'mid the washing's hubbub, how  
His sighs reproach thine error !

He knows and loves thee, Idleness ;  
For when his sheep are browsing,  
His open eyes enchant and bless  
A mind divinely drowsing ;

No slave to sleep, he wills and sees  
From hill-lawns the brown tillage ;  
Green winding lanes and clumps of trees,  
Far town or nearer village,

The sea itself ; the fishing fleet  
Where more, thine idle lovers,  
Heark'ning to sea-mews find thee sweet  
Like him who hears the plovers.

Begone ; those haul their ropes at sea,  
These plunge sheep in yon river :  
Free, free from toil thy friends, and me  
From Idleness deliver !

*T. Sturge Moore.*

## 94. YOUTH AND LOVE

**T**o the heart of youth the world is a highwayside.  
Passing for ever, he fares ; and on either hand,  
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,  
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land  
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as the stars at night when the moon is down,  
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate  
Fares ; and but waves a hand as he passes on,  
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,  
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

## 95. THE PRECEPT OF SILENCE

**I** KNOW you : solitary griefs,  
Desolate passions, aching hours !  
I know you : tremulous beliefs,  
Agonised hopes, and ashen flowers !

The winds are sometimes sad to me ;  
The starry spaces, full of fear :  
Mine is the sorrow on the sea,  
And mine the sigh of places drear.

Some players upon plaintive strings  
Publish their wistfulness abroad :  
I have not spoken of these things,  
Save to one man, and unto God.

*Lionel Johnson.*

## 96. IF THIS WERE FAITH

**G**OD, if this were enough,  
That I see things bare to the buff  
And up to the buttocks in mire ;  
That I ask nor hope nor hire,  
Nut in the husk,  
Nor dawn beyond the dusk,  
Nor life beyond death :  
God, if this were faith ?

Having felt thy wind in my face  
Spit sorrow and disgrace,  
Having seen thine evil doom  
In Golgotha and Khartoum,  
And the brutes, the work of thine hands,  
Fill with injustice lands  
And stain with blood the sea :  
If still in my veins the glee  
Of the black night and the sun  
And the lost battle, run :  
If, an adept,  
The iniquitous lists I still accept  
With joy, and joy to endure and be withstood,  
And still to battle and perish for a dream of good :  
God, if that were enough ?

If to feel, in the ink of the slough,  
And the sink of the mire,  
Veins of glory and fire  
Run through and transpierce and transpire,  
And a secret purpose of glory in every part,

And the answering glory of battle fill my heart ;  
To thrill with the joy of girded men,  
To go on for ever and fail and go on again,  
And be mauled to the earth and arise,  
And contend for the shade of a word and a thing not  
    seen with the eyes :  
With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night  
That somehow the right is the right  
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough :  
Lord, if that were enough ?

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

#### 97. VITAI LAMPADA

THERE'S a breathless hush in the Close to-night—  
    Ten to make and the match to win—  
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,  
    An hour to play and the last man in.  
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,  
    Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,  
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote  
    “ Play up ! play up ! and play the game ! ”

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—  
    Red with the wreck of a square that broke ;—  
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,  
    And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.  
The river of death has brimmed his banks,  
    And England's far, and Honour a name,  
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks :  
    “ Play up ! play up ! and play the game ! ”

This is the word that year by year,  
While in her place the School is set,  
Every one of her sons must hear,  
And none that hears it dare forget.  
This they all with a joyful mind  
Bear through life like a torch in flame,  
And falling fling to the host behind—  
“Play up! play up! and play the game!”  
*Henry Newbolt.*

## 98. LAUGH AND BE MERRY

**L**AUGH and be merry, remember, better the world  
with a song,  
Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong.  
Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length of a  
span.  
Laugh, and be proud to belong to the old proud  
pageant of man.  
Laugh and be merry : remember, in olden time,  
God made Heaven and Earth for joy He took in a  
rhyme,  
Made them, and filled them full with the strong red  
wine of His mirth,  
The splendid joy of the stars : the joy of the earth.  
So we must laugh and drink from the deep blue cup  
of the sky,  
Join the jubilant song of the great stars sweeping by,  
Laugh, and battle, and work, and drink of the wine  
outpoured  
In the dear green earth, the sign of the joy of the  
Lord.

Laugh and be merry together, like brothers akin,  
Guesting awhile in the rooms of a beautiful inn,  
Glad till the dancing stops, and the lilt of the music  
ends.

Laugh till the game is played ; and be you merry,  
my friends.

*John Masefield.*

### 99. ROUNDABOUTS AND SWINGS

**I**T was early last September nigh to Framlin'am-  
on-Sea,

An' 'twas Fair-day come to-morrow, an' the time  
was after tea,

An' I met a painted caravan adown a dusty lane,  
A Pharaoh with his waggons comin' jolt an' creak an'  
strain ;

A cheery cove an' sunburnt, bold o' eye and wrinkled  
up,

An' beside him on the splashboard sat a brindled  
tarrier pup,

An' a lurcher wise as Solomon an' lean as fiddle-  
strings

Was joggin' in the dust along 'is roundabouts and  
swings.

"Goo'-day," said 'e ; "Goo'-day," said I ; "an'  
'ow d'you find things go,

An' what's the chance o' millions when you runs a  
travellin' show ? "

“ I find,” said ’e, “ things very much as ’ow I’ve  
always found,  
For mostly they goes up and down or else goes round  
and round.”  
Said ’e, “ The job’s the very spit o’ what it always  
were,  
It’s bread and bacon mostly when the dog don’t  
catch a ’are ;  
But lookin’ at it broad, an’ while it ain’t no merchant  
king’s,  
What’s lost upon the roundabouts we pulls up on  
the swings ! ”

“ Goo’ luck,” said ’e ; “ Goo’ luck,” said I ; “ you’ve  
put it past a doubt ;  
An’ keep that lurcher on the road, the gamekeepers  
is out ; ”  
’E thumped upon the footboard an’ ’e lumbered on  
again  
To meet a gold-dust sunset down the owl-light in  
the lane ;  
An’ the moon she climbed the ’azels, while a nightjar  
seemed to spin  
That Pharaoh’s wisdom o’er again, ’is sooth of lose-  
and-win ;  
For “ up an’ down an’ round,” said ’e, “ goes all  
appointed things,  
An’ losses on the roundabouts means profits on the  
swings ! ”

*Patrick R. Chalmers.*

## 100. THE LARK ASCENDING

**H**E rises and begins to round,  
He drops the silver chain of sound,  
Of many links without a break,  
In chirrup, whistle, slur and shake,  
All intervolved and spreading wide,  
Like water-dimples down a tide  
Where ripple ripple overcurls  
And eddy into eddy whirls ;  
A press of hurried notes that run  
So fleet they scarce are more than one,  
Yet changeingly the trills repeat  
And linger ringing while they fleet,  
Sweet to the quick o' the ear, and dear  
To her beyond the handmaid ear,  
Who sits beside our inner springs,  
Too often dry for this he brings,  
Which seems the very jet of earth  
At sight of sun, her music's mirth,  
As up he wings the spiral stair,  
A song of light, and pierces air  
With fountain ardour, fountain play,  
To reach the shining tops of day,  
And drink in everything discerned  
An ecstasy to music turned,  
Impelled by what his happy bill  
Disperses ; drinking, showering still,  
Unthinking save that he may give  
His voice the outlet, there to live  
Renewed in endless notes of glee,  
So thirsty of his voice is he,

For all to hear and all to know  
That he is joy, awake, aglow,  
The tumult of the heart to hear  
Through pureness filtered crystal-clear,  
And know the pleasure sprinkled bright  
By simple singing of delight,  
Shrill, irreflective, unrestrained,  
Rapt, ringing, on the jet sustained  
Without a break, without a fall,  
Sweet-silvery, sheer lyrical,  
Perennial, quavering up the chord  
Like myriad dewes of sunny sward  
That trembling into fulness shine,  
And sparkle dropping argentine ;  
Such wooing as the ear receives  
From zephyr caught in choric leaves  
Of aspens when their chattering net  
Is flushed to white with shivers wet ;  
And such the water-spirit's chime  
On mountain heights in morning's prime,  
Too freshly sweet to seem excess,  
Too animate to need a stress ;  
But wider over many heads  
The starry voice ascending spreads,  
Awakening, as it waxes thin,  
The best in us to him akin ;  
And every face, to watch him raised,  
Puts on the light of children praised,  
So rich our human pleasure ripes  
When sweetness on sincereness pipes,  
Though nought be promised from the seas,

But only a soft-ruffling breeze  
Sweep glittering on a still content,  
Serenity in ravishment.

For singing till his heaven fills,  
'Tis love of earth that he instils,  
And ever winging up and up,  
Our valley is his golden cup,  
And he the wine which overflows  
To lift us with him as he goes :  
The woods and brooks, the sheep and kine,  
He is, the hills, the human line,  
The meadows green, the fallows brown,  
The dreams of labour in the town ;  
He sings the sap, the quickened veins ;  
The wedding song of sun and rains  
He is, the dance of children, thanks  
Of sowers, shout of primrose-banks,  
And eye of violets while they breathe ;  
All these the circling song will wreathe,  
And you shall hear the herb and tree,  
The better heart of men shall see,  
Shall feel celestially, as long  
As you crave nothing save the song.

Was never voice of ours could say  
Our inmost in the sweetest way,  
Like yonder voice aloft, and link  
All hearers in the song they drink.  
Our wisdom speaks from failing blood,  
Our passion is too full in flood,

We want the key of his wild note  
Of truthful in a tuneful throat,  
The song seraphically free  
Of taint of personality,  
So pure that it salutes the suns  
The voice of one for millions,  
In whom the millions rejoice  
For giving their one spirit voice

Yet men have we, whom we revere,  
Now names, and men still housing here,  
Whose lives, by many a battle-dint  
Defaced, and grinding wheels on flint,  
Yield substance, though they sing not, sweet  
For song our highest heaven to greet :  
Whom heavenly singing gives us new,  
Enspheres them brilliant in our blue,  
From firmest base to farthest leap,  
Because their love of Earth is deep,  
And they are warriors in accord  
With life to serve, and pass reward,  
So touching purest and so heard  
In the brain's reflex of yon bird :  
Wherefore their soul in me or mine,  
Through self-forgetfulness divine,  
In them, that song aloft maintains  
To fill the sky and thrill the plains  
With showerings drawn from human stores,  
As he to silence nearer soars,  
Extends the world at wings and dome,  
More spacious making more our home,

Till lost on aerial rings  
In light, and then the fancy sings.  
*George Meredith.*

## 101. INTO THE TWILIGHT

OUT-WORN heart, in a time out-worn,  
Come clear of the nets of wrong and right ;  
Laugh, heart, again in the gray twilight ;  
Sigh, heart, again in the dew of the morn.

Your mother Eire is always young,  
Dew ever shining and twilight gray ;  
Though hope fall from you and love decay  
Burning in fires of a slanderous tongue.

Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon hill ;  
For there the mystical brotherhood  
Of sun and moon and hollow and wood  
And river and stream work out their will ;

And God stands winding His lonely horn ;  
And time and the world are ever in flight,  
And love is less kind than the gray twilight,  
And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn.  
*W. B. Yeats.*

## 102. BY A BIER-SIDE

THIS is a sacred city built of marvellous earth.  
Life was lived nobly here to give such beauty  
birth.

Beauty was in this brain and in this eager hand :  
Death is so blind and dumb Death does not under-  
stand.

Death drifts the brain with dust and soils the young  
limbs' glory,

Death makes justice a dream, and strength a traveller's  
story.

Death drives the lovely soul to wander under the sky.  
Death opens unknown doors. It is most grand to die.

*John Masefield.*

### 103. 'TIS BUT A WEEK

'Tis but a week since down the glen  
The trampling horses came  
—Half a hundred fighting men  
With all their spears aflame !  
They laughed and clattered as they went,  
And round about their way  
The blackbirds sang with one consent  
In the green leaves of May.

Never again shall I see them pass ;  
They'll come victorious never ;  
Their spears are withered all as grass,  
Their laughter's laid for ever ;  
And where they clattered as they went,  
And where their hearts were gay,  
The blackbirds sing with one consent  
In the green leaves of May.

*Gerald Gould.*

## 104. I LOVE ALL BEAUTEOUS THINGS

I LOVE all beauteous things,  
I seek and adore them ;  
God hath no better praise,  
And man in his hasty days  
Is honoured for them.

I too will something make  
And joy in the making ;  
Altho' to-morrow it seem  
Like the empty words of a dream  
Remembered on waking.  
*Robert Bridges.*

## 105. ALL FLESH

I do not need the skies'  
Pomp, when I would be wise ;  
For pleasaunce nor to use  
Heaven's champaign when I muse.  
One grass-blade in its veins  
Wisdom's whole flood contains :  
Thereon my foundering mind  
Odyssean fate can find.

O little blade, now vaunt  
Thee, and be arrogant !  
Tell the proud sun that he  
Sweated in shaping thee ;  
Night, that she did unvest  
Her mooned and argent breast  
To suckle thee. Heaven fain

Yearned over thee in rain,  
And with wide parent wing  
Shadowed thee, nested thing,  
Fed thee, and slaved for thy  
Impotent tyranny.  
Nature's broad thews bent  
Meek for thy content.  
Mastering littleness  
Which the wise heavens confess,  
The frailty which doth draw  
Magnipotence to its law—  
These were, O happy one, these  
Thy laughing puissances !

Be confident of thought,  
Seeing that thou art naught ;  
And be thy pride thou'rt all  
Delectably safe and small.  
Epitomized in thee  
Was the mystery  
Which shakes the spheres conjoint—  
God focussed to a point.

All thy fine mouths shout  
Scorn upon dull-eyed doubt.  
Impenetrable fool  
Is he thou canst not school  
To the humility  
By which the angels see !  
Unfathomably framed  
Sister, I am not shamed

Before the cherubin  
To vaunt my flesh thy kin.  
My one hand thine, and one  
Imprisoned in God's own,  
I am as God ; alas,  
And such a god of grass !  
A little root clay-caught,  
A wind, a flame, a thought,  
Inestimably naught !

*Francis Thompson.*

106. TO A SNOWFLAKE

WHAT heart could have thought you ?—  
Past our devisal  
(O filigree petal !)  
Fashioned so purely,  
Fragilely, surely,  
From what Paradisal  
Imagineless metal,  
Too costly for cost ?  
Who hammered you, wrought you,  
From argentine vapour ?—  
“ God was my shaper.  
Passing surmisal,  
He hammered, He wrought me,  
From curled silver vapour,  
To lust of His mind :—  
Thou couldst not have thought me !  
So purely, so palely,  
Tinily, surely,  
Mightily, frailly,

Insculped and embossed,  
With His hammer of wind,  
And His graver of frost."

*Francis Thompson.*

107. TO A DAISY

**S**LIGHT as thou art, thou art enough to hide,  
Like all created things, secrets from me,  
And stand a barrier to eternity.  
And I, how can I praise thee well and wide

From where I dwell—upon the hither side ?  
Thou little veil for so great mystery,  
When shall I penetrate all things and thee,  
And then look back ? For this I must abide,

Till thou shalt grow and fold and be unfurled  
Literally between me and the world.  
Then I shall drink from in beneath a spring,

And from a poet's side shall read his book.  
O daisy mine, what will it be to look  
From God's side even of such a simple thing ?  
*Alice Meynell.*

108. LUCIFER IN STARLIGHT

**O**N a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose.  
Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend  
Above the rolling ball in cloud part screened,  
Where sinners hugged their spectre of repose.

Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.  
And now upon his western wing he leaned,  
Now his huge bulk o'er Afric's sands careened,  
Now the black planet shadowed Arctic snows.  
Soaring through wider zones that pricked his scars  
With memory of the old revolt from Awe,  
He reached a middle height, and at the stars,  
Which are the brain of heaven, he looked, and sank.  
Around the ancient track marched rank on rank,  
The army of unalterable law.

*George Meredith.*

#### 109. THE CELESTIAL SURGEON

**I**F I have faltered more or less  
In my great task of happiness ;  
If I have moved among my race  
And shown no glorious morning face ;  
If beams from happy human eyes  
Have moved me not ; if morning skies,  
Books, and my food, and summer rain  
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain :—  
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take  
And stab my spirit broad awake ;  
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,  
Choose thou, before that spirit die,  
A piercing pain, a killing sin,  
And to my dead heart run them in !

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

## 110. THE KINGDOM OF GOD

*'In no Strange Land'*

O WORLD invisible, we view thee,  
O world intangible, we touch thee,  
O world unknowable, we know thee,  
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee !

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,  
The eagle plunge to find the air—  
That we ask of the stars in motion  
If they have rumour of thee there ?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,  
And our benumbed conceiving soars !—  
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,  
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places ;—  
Turn but a stone, and start a wing !  
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,  
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)  
Cry ;—and upon thy so sore loss  
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder  
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,  
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems ;  
And lo, Christ walking on the water  
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames !

*Francis Thompson.*

## 111. THE LADY POVERTY

**T**HE Lady Poverty was fair :  
But she has lost her looks of late,  
With change of times and change of air.  
Ah slattern ! she neglects her hair,  
Her gown, her shoes ; she keeps no state  
As once when her pure feet were bare.

Or—almost worse, if worse can be—  
She scolds in parlours, dusts and trims,  
Watches and counts. Oh, is this she  
Whom Francis met, whose step was free,  
Who with Obedience carolled hymns,  
In Umbria walked with Chastity ?

Where is her ladyhood ? Not here,  
Not among modern kinds of men ;  
But in the stony fields, where clear  
Through the thin trees the skies appear,  
In delicate spare soil and fen,  
And slender landscape and austere.

*Alice Meynell.*

## 112. COURTESY

**O**F Courtesy it is much less  
Than Courage of Heart or Holiness,  
Yet in my Walks it seems to me  
That the Grace of God is in Courtesy.

On Monks I did in Storrington fall,  
They took me straight into their Hall ;  
I saw Three Pictures on a wall,  
And Courtesy was in them all.

The first the Annunciation ;  
The second the Visitation ;  
The third the Consolation,  
Of God that was Our Lady's Son.

The first was of Saint Gabriel ;  
On Wings a-flame from Heaven he fell ;  
And as he went upon one knee  
He shone with Heavenly Courtesy.

Our Lady out of Nazareth rode—  
It was her month of heavy load ;  
Yet was Her face both great and kind,  
For Courtesy was in Her Mind.

The third, it was our Little Lord,  
Whom all the Kings in arms adored ;  
He was so small you could not see  
His large intent of Courtesy.

Our Lord, that was Our Lady's Son,  
Go bless you, People, one by one ;  
My Rhyme is written, my work is done.

*Hilaire Belloc.*

### 113. MONTSERRAT

PEACE waits among the hills ;  
I have drunk peace,  
Here, where the blue air fills  
The great cup of the hills,  
And fills with peace.

Between the earth and sky,  
I have seen the earth  
Like a dark cloud go by,  
And fade out of the sky ;  
There was no more earth.

Here, where the Holy Graal  
Brought secret light  
Once, from beyond the veil,  
I, seeing no Holy Graal,  
See divine light.

Light fills the hills with God,  
Wind with his breath,  
And here, in his abode,  
Light, wind, and air praise God,  
And this poor breath.

*Arthur Symons.*

#### 114. PRAYERS

**G**OD who created me  
Nimble and light of limb,  
In three elements free,  
To run, to ride, to swim :  
Not when the sense is dim,  
But now from the heart of joy,  
I would remember Him :  
Take the thanks of a boy.

Jesu, King and Lord,  
Whose are my foes to fight,

Gird me with Thy sword,  
Swift and sharp and bright.  
Thee would I serve if I might ;  
And conquer if I can,  
From day-dawn till night,  
Take the strength of a man.

Spirit of Love and Truth,  
Breathing in grosser clay,  
The light and flame of youth,  
Delight of men in the fray,  
Wisdom in strength's decay ;  
From pain, strife, wrong to be free,  
This best gift I pray,  
Take my spirit to Thee.

*Henry Charles Beeching.*

#### 115. THE SHEPHERDESS

**S**HE walks—the lady of my delight—  
A shepherdess of sheep.  
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white ;  
She guards them from the steep ;  
She feeds them on the fragrant height,  
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,  
Dark valleys safe and deep.  
Into that tender breast at night  
The chastest stars may peep.  
She walks—the lady of my delight—  
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,  
Though gay they run and leap.  
She is so circumspect and right ;  
She has her soul to keep.  
She walks—the lady of my delight—  
A shepherdess of sheep.

*Alice Meynell.*

116. GIBBERISH

MANY a flower have I seen blossom,  
Many a bird for me will sing.  
Never heard I so sweet a singer,  
Never saw I so fair a thing.

She is a bird, a bird that blossoms,  
She is a flower, a flower that sings ;  
And I a flower when I behold her,  
And when I hear her, I have wings.

*Mary E. Coleridge.*

117. MARTHA

“ONCE . . . once upon a time . . .”  
Over and over again,  
Martha would tell us her stories,  
In the hazel glen.

Hers were those clear grey eyes  
You watch, and the story seems  
Told by their beautifulness  
Tranquil as dreams.

She'd sit with her two slim hands  
Clasped round her bended knees ;  
While we on our elbows lolled,  
And stared at ease.

Her voice and her narrow chin,  
Her grave small lovely head,  
Seemed half the meaning  
Of the words she said.

"Once . . . once upon a time . . ."  
Like a dream you dream in the night,  
Fairies and gnomes stole out  
In the leaf-green light.

And her beauty far away  
Would fade, as her voice ran on,  
Till hazel and summer sun  
And all were gone :—

All fordone and forgot ;  
And like clouds in the height of the sky,  
Our hearts stood still in the hush  
Of an age gone by.

*Walter de la Mare.*

#### 118. A FRIEND

**A**LL, that he came to give,  
He gave, and went again :  
I have seen one man live,  
I have seen one man reign,  
With all the graces in his train.

---

As one of us, he wrought  
Things of the common hour :  
Whence was the charmed soul brought,  
That gave each act such power ;  
The natural beauty of a flower ?

Magnificence and grace,  
Excellent courtesy :  
A brightness on the face,  
Airs of high memory :  
Whence came all these, to such as he ?

Like young Shakespearian kings,  
He won the adoring throng :  
And, as Apollo sings,  
He triumphed with a song :  
Triumphed, and sang, and passed along.

With a light word, he took  
The hearts of men in thrall :  
And, with a golden look,  
Welcomed them, at his call  
Giving their love, their strength, their all.

No man less proud than he,  
Nor cared for homage less :  
Only, he could not be  
Far off from happiness :  
Nature was bound to his success.

Weary, the cares, the jars,  
The lets, of every day,  
But the heavens filled with stars,  
Chanced he upon the way :  
And where he stayed, all joy would stay.

Now, when sad night draws down,  
When the austere stars burn :  
Roaming the vast live town,  
My thoughts and memories yearn  
Toward him, who never will return.

Yet have I seen him live,  
And owned my friend, a king :  
All that he came to give  
He gave : and I, who sing  
His praise, bring all I have to bring.

*Lionel Johnson.*

#### 119. TWILIGHT

**T**WILIGHT it is, and the far woods are dim, and the  
rooks cry and call.

Down in the valley the lamps, and the mist, and a  
star over all,

There by the rick, where they thresh, is the drone at  
an end,

Twilight it is, and I travel the road with my friend.

I think of the friends who are dead, who were dear  
long ago in the past,

Beautiful friends who are dead, though I know that  
death cannot last ;

Friends with the beautiful eyes that the dust has  
defiled,

Beautiful souls who were gentle when I was a child.

*John Masefield.*

120. ON THE DEATH OF ARNOLD TOYNBEE

GOOD-BYE ; no tears nor cries  
Are fitting here, and long lament were vain.  
Only the last low words be softly said,  
And the last greeting given above the dead ;  
For soul more pure and beautiful our eyes  
Never shall see again.

Alas ! what help is it,  
What consolation in this heavy chance,  
That to the blameless life so soon laid low  
This was the end appointed long ago,  
This the allotted space, the measure fit  
Of endless ordinance ?

Thus were the ancient days  
Made like our own monotonous with grief ;  
From unassuagèd lips even thus hath flown  
Perpetually the immemorial moan  
Of those that weeping went on desolate ways,  
Nor found in tears relief.

For faces yet grow pale,  
Tears rise at fortune, and true hearts take fire  
In all who hear, with quickening pulse's stroke,  
That cry that from the infinite people broke,  
When third among them Helen led the wail  
At Hector's funeral pyre.

And by the Latin beach  
At rise of dawn such piteous tears were shed,  
When Troy and Arcady in long array  
Followed the princely body on its way,  
And Lord Aeneas spoke the last sad speech  
Above young Pallas dead.

Even in this English clime  
The same sweet cry no circling seas can drown,  
In melancholy cadence rose to swell  
Some dirge of Lycidas or Astrophel  
When lovely souls and pure before their time  
Into the dusk went down.

These Earth, the bounteous nurse,  
Hath long ago lapped in deep peace divine.  
Lips that made musical their old-world woe  
Themselves have gone to silence long ago,  
And left a weaker voice and wearier verse,  
O royal soul, for thine.

Beyond our life how far  
Soars his new life through radiant orb and zone,  
While we in impotency of the night  
Walk dumbly, and the path is hard, and light  
Fails, and for sun and moon the single star  
Honour is left alone.

The star that knows no set,  
But circles ever with a fixed desire,  
Watching Orion's armour all of gold ;  
Watching and wearying not, till pale and cold  
Dawn breaks, and the first shafts of morning fret  
The east with lines of fire.

But on the broad low plain  
When night is clear and windy, with hard frost,  
Such as had once the morning in their eyes,  
Watching and wearying, gaze upon the skies,  
And cannot see that star for their great pain  
Because the sun is lost.

Alas, how all our love  
Is scant at best to fill so ample room !  
Image and influence fall too fast away  
And fading memory cries at dusk of day  
*Deem'st thou the dust recks aught at all thereof,*  
*The ghost within the tomb ?*

For even o'er lives like his  
The slumberous river washes soft and slow ;  
The lapping water rises wearily,  
Numbing the nerve and will to sleep ; and we  
Before the goal and crown of mysteries  
Fall back, and dare not know.

Only at times we know,  
In gyres convolved and luminous orbits whirled  
The soul beyond her knowing seems to sweep  
Out of the deep, fire-winged, into the deep ;  
As two, who loved each other here below  
Better than all the world,

Yet ever held apart,  
And never knew their own hearts' deepest things,  
After long lapse of periods, wandering far  
Beyond the pathways of the furthest star,  
Into communicable space might dart  
With tremor of thunderous wings ;

Across the void might call  
Each unto each past worlds that raced and ran,  
And flash through galaxies, and clasp and kiss  
In some slant chasm and infinite abyss  
Far in the faint sidereal interval  
Between the Lyre and Swan.

*J. W. Mackail.*

121. **ESTRANGEMENT**

So, without overt breach, we fall apart,  
Tacitly sunder—neither you nor I  
Conscious of one intelligible Why,  
And both, from severance, winning equal smart.  
So, with resigned and acquiescent heart,  
Whene'er your name on some chance lip may lie,  
I seem to see an alien shade pass by,  
A spirit wherein I have no lot or part.  
Thus may a captive, in some fortress grim,  
From casual speech betwixt his warders, learn  
That June on her triumphant progress goes  
Through arched and bannered woodlands; while for  
him  
She is a legend emptied of concern,  
And idle is the rumour of the rose.

*William Watson.*

122. **FATHERHOOD**

A KISS, a word of thanks, away  
They're gone, and you forsaken learn  
The blessedness of giving; they  
(So Nature bids) forget, nor turn  
To where you sit, and watch, and yearn.

And you (so Nature bids) would go  
Through fire and water for their sake ;  
Rise early, late take rest, to sow  
Their wealth, and lie all night awake  
If but their little finger ache.

The storied prince with wondrous hair  
Which stole men's hearts and wrought his bale,  
Rebelling, since he had no heir,  
Built him a pillar in the vale,  
—Absalom's—lest his name should fail.

It fails not, though the pillar lies  
In dust, because the outraged one,  
His father, with strong agonies  
Cried it until the day was done—  
“ O Absalom, my son, my son ! ”

So Nature bade ; or might it be  
God, who in Jewry once (they say)  
Cried with a great cry, “ Come to me,  
Children,” who still held on their way,  
Though He spread out His hands all day ?  
*Henry Charles Beeching.*

## 123. DAISY

WHERE the thistle lifts a purple crown  
Six foot out of the turf,  
And the harebell shakes on the windy hill—  
O the breath of the distant surf !—

The hills look over on the South,  
And southward dreams the sea ;  
And with the sea-breeze hand in hand  
Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry  
Red for the gatherer springs,  
Two children did we stray and talk  
Wise, idle, childish things.

She listened with big-lipped surprise,  
Breast-deep 'mid flower and spine :  
Her skin was like a grape, whose veins  
Run snow instead of wine.

She knew not those sweet words she spake,  
Nor knew her own sweet way ;  
But there's never a bird, so sweet a song  
Thronged in whose throat that day.

Oh, there were flowers in Storrington  
On the turf and on the spray ;  
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills  
Was the Daisy-flower that day !

Her beauty smoothed earth's furrowed face ;  
She gave me tokens three :—  
A look, a word of her winsome mouth,  
And a wild raspberry.

A berry red, a guileless look,  
A still word,—strings of sand !  
And yet they made my wild, wild heart  
Fly down to her little hand.

For standing artless as the air,  
And candid as the skies,  
She took the berries with her hand,  
And the love with her sweet eyes.

The fairest things have fleetest end,  
Their scent survives their close :  
But the rose's scent is bitterness  
To him that loved the rose.

She looked a little wistfully,  
Then went her sunshine way :—  
The sea's eye had a mist on it,  
And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way,  
She went and left in me  
The pang of all the partings gone,  
And partings yet to be.

She left me marvelling why my soul  
Was sad that she was glad ;  
At all the sadness in the sweet,  
The sweetness in the sad.

Still, still I seemed to see her, still  
Look up with soft replies,  
And take the berries with her hand,  
And the love with her lovely eyes.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,  
That is not paid with moan ;  
For we are born in other's pain,  
And perish in our own.

*Francis Thompson.*

124. A CRADLE SONG

O, MEN from the fields !  
Come gently within.  
Tread softly, softly,  
O ! men coming in.

Mavourneen is going  
From me and from you,  
Where Mary will fold him  
With mantle of blue !

From reek of the smoke  
And cold of the floor,  
And the peering of things  
Across the half-door.

O, men from the fields !  
Soft, softly come thro'.  
Mary puts round him  
Her mantle of blue.

*Padraic Colum.*

125. ON A DEAD CHILD

PERFECT little body, without fault or stain on thee,  
With promise of strength and manhood full  
and fair !

Though cold and stark and bare,  
The bloom and the charm of life doth awhile remain  
on thee.

Thy mother's treasure wert thou ;—alas ! no longer  
To visit her heart with wondrous joy ; to be  
Thy father's pride ;—ah, he  
Must gather his faith together, and his strength make  
stronger.

To me, as I move thee now in the last duty,  
Dost thou with a turn or gesture anon respond ;  
Startling my fancy fond  
With a chance attitude of the head, a freak of beauty.

Thy hand clasps, as 'twas wont, my finger, and  
holds it :  
But the grasp is the clasp of Death, heartbreaking  
and stiff ;  
Yet feels to my hand as if  
'Twas still thy will, thy pleasure and trust that  
enfolds it.

So I lay thee there, thy sunken eyelids closing,—  
Go, lie thou there in thy coffin, thy last little bed !—  
Propping thy wise, sad head,  
Thy firm, pale hands across thy chest disposing.

So quiet ! doth the change content thee ?—Death,  
whither hath he taken thee ?  
To a world, do I think, that rights the disaster of  
this ?

The vision of which I miss,  
Who weep for the body, and wish but to warm thee  
and awaken thee ?

Ah ! little at best can all our hopes avail us  
To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the dark,  
Unwilling, alone we embark,  
And the things we have seen and have known and  
have heard of, fail us.

*Robert Bridges.*

126. I NEVER SHALL LOVE THE SNOW AGAIN

I NEVER shall love the snow again  
Since Maurice died :  
With corniced drift it blocked the lane,  
And sheeted in a desolate plain  
The country side.

The trees with silvery rime bedight  
Their branches bare.  
By day no sun appeared ; by night  
The hidden moon shed thievish light  
In the misty air.

We fed the birds that flew around  
In flocks to be fed :  
No shelter in holly or brake they found.  
The speckled thrush on the frozen ground  
Lay frozen and dead.

We skated on stream and pond ; we cut  
The crinching snow  
To Doric temple or Arctic hut ;  
We laughed and sang at nightfall, shut  
By the fireside glow.

Yet grudged we our keen delights before  
Maurice should come.  
We said, "In-door or out-of-door  
We shall love life for a month or more,  
When he is home."

They brought him home ; 'twas two days late  
For Christmas Day :  
Wrapped in white, in solemn state,  
A flower in his hand, all still and straight  
Our Maurice lay.

And two days ere the year outgave  
We laid him low.  
The best of us truly were not brave,  
When we laid Maurice down in his grave  
Under the snow.

*Robert Bridges.*

#### 127. TO MY GODCHILD

*Francis M. W. M.*

**T**HIS labouring, vast, Tellurian galleon,  
Riding at anchor off the orient sun,  
Had broken its cable, and stood out to space  
Down some froze Arctic of the aërial ways :

And now, back warping from the inclement main,  
Its vaporous shroudage drenched with icy rain,  
It swung into its azure roads again ;  
When, floated on the prosperous sun-gale, you  
Lit, a white halcyon auspice, 'mid our frozen crew.

To the Sun, stranger, surely you belong,  
Giver of golden days and golden song ;  
Nor is it by an all-unhappy plan  
You bear the name of me, his constant Magian.  
Yet ah ! from any other that it came,  
Lest fated to my fate you be, as to my name.  
When at the first those tidings did they bring,  
My heart turned troubled at the ominous thing :  
Though well may such a title him endower,  
For whom a poet's prayer implores a poet's power.  
The Assisian, who kept plighted faith to three,  
To Song, to Sanctitude, and Poverty,  
(In two alone of whom most singers prove  
A fatal faithfulness of during love !)  
He the sweet Sales, of whom we scarcely ken  
How God he could love more, he so loved men ;  
The crown and crowned of Laura and Italy ;  
And Fletcher's fellow—from these, and not from me,  
Take you your name, and take your legacy !

Or, if a right successive you declare  
When worms, for ivies, intertwine my hair,  
Take but this Poesy that now followeth  
My clayey hest with sullen servile breath,  
Made then your happy freedman by testating death.

My song I do but hold for you in trust,  
I ask you but to blossom from my dust.  
When you have compassed all weak I began,  
Diviner poet, and ah ! diviner man ;  
The man at feud with the perduring child  
In you before Song's altar nobly reconciled ;  
From the wise heavens I half shall smile to see  
How little a world, which owned you, needed me.  
If, while you keep the vigils of the night,  
For your wild tears make darkness all too bright,  
Some lone orb through your lonely window peeps,  
As it played lover over your sweet sleeps ;  
Think it a golden crevice in the sky,  
Which I have pierced but to behold you by !

And when, immortal mortal, droops your head,  
And you, the child of deathless song, are dead ;  
Then, as you search with unaccustomed glance  
The ranks of Paradise for my countenance,  
Turn not your tread along the Uranian sod  
Among the bearded counsellors of God ;  
For if in Eden as on earth are we,  
I sure shall keep a younger company :  
Pass where beneath their rangèd gonfalons  
The starry cohorts shake their shielded suns,  
The dreadful mass of their enridgèd spears ;  
Pass where majestical the eternal peers,  
The stately choice of the great Saintdom, meet—  
A silvern segregation, globed complete  
In sandalled shadow of the Triune feet ;  
Pass by where wait, young poet-wayfarer,

Your cousined clusters, emulous to share  
With you the roseal lightnings burning 'mid their  
hair ;

Pass the crystalline sea, the Lampads seven :—  
Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven.

*Francis Thompson.*

#### 128. WHEN JUNE IS COME

**W**HEN June is come, then all the day  
I'll sit with my love in the scented hay :  
And watch the sunshot palaces high,  
That the white clouds build in the breezy sky.

She singeth, and I do make her a song,  
And read sweet poems the whole day long :  
Unseen as we lie in our hay-built home.  
Oh, life is delight when June is come.

*Robert Bridges*

#### 129. IN MISTY BLUE

**I**N misty blue the lark is heard  
Above the silent homes of men ;  
The bright-eyed thrush, the little wren,  
The yellow-billed sweet-voiced blackbird  
Mid sallow blossoms blond as curd  
Or silver oak boughs, carolling  
With happy throat from tree to tree,  
Sing into light this morn of spring  
That sang my dear love home to me.

Be starry, buds of clustered white,  
Around the dark waves of her hair !  
The young fresh glory you prepare  
Is like my ever-fresh delight  
When she comes shining on my sight  
With meeting eyes, with such a cheek  
As colours fair like flushing tips  
Of shoots, and music ere she speak  
Lies in the wonder of her lips.

Airs of the morning, breathe about  
Keen faint scents of the wild wood side  
From thickets where primroses hide  
Mid the brown leaves of winter's rout.  
Chestnut and willow, beacon out  
For joy of her, from far and nigh,  
Your English green on English hills :  
Above her head, song-quivering sky,  
And at her feet, the daffodils.

Because she breathed, the world was more,  
And breath a finer soul to use,  
And life held lovelier hopes to choose :  
But O, to-day my heart brims o'er,  
Earth glows as from a kindled core,  
Like shadows of diviner things  
Are hill and cloud and flower and tree—  
A splendour that is hers and spring's,—  
The day my love came home to me.

*Laurence Binyon.*

## 130. IN FOUNTAIN COURT

THE fountain murmuring of sleep,  
A drowsy tune ;  
The flickering green of leaves that keep  
The light of June ;  
Peace, through a slumbering afternoon,  
The peace of June.

A waiting ghost, in the blue sky,  
The white curved moon ;  
June, hushed and breathless, waits, and I  
Wait, too, with June ;  
Come, through the lingering afternoon,  
Soon, love, come soon.

*Arthur Symons.*

## 131. THE PRAISE OF DUST

“WHAT of vile dust ? ” the preacher said.  
Methought the whole world woke,  
The dead stone lived beneath my foot,  
And my whole body spoke.

“ You that play tyrant to the dust,  
And stamp its wrinkled face,  
This patient star that flings you not  
Far into homeless space,

“ Come down out of your dusty shrine  
The living dust to see,  
The flowers that at your sermon’s end  
Stand blazing silently,

“ Rich white and blood-red blossom ; stones,  
Lichens like fire encrust ;  
A gleam of blue, a glare of gold,  
The vision of the dust.

“ Pass them all by ; till, as you come  
Where, at a city’s edge,  
Under a tree—I know it well—  
Under a lattice ledge,

“ The sunshine falls on one brown head.  
You, too, O cold of clay,  
Eater of stones, may haply hear  
The trumpets of that day

“ When God to all his paladins  
By his own splendour swore  
To make a fairer face than heaven,  
Of dust and nothing more.”

*G. K. Chesterton.*

### 132. AWAKE, MY HEART, TO BE LOVED

**A**WAKE, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake !  
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth  
break,  
It leaps in the sky : unrisen lustres slake  
The o’ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake !

She too that loveth awaketh and hopes for thee ;  
Her eyes already have sped the shades that flee,

Already they watch the path thy feet shall take :  
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake !

And if thou tarry from her,—if this could be,—  
She cometh herself, O heart, to be loved, to thee ;  
For thee would unashamed herself forsake :  
Awake to be loved, my heart, awake, awake !

Awake ! the land is scattered with light, and see,  
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree :  
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake ;  
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake !

Lo all things wake and tarry and look for thee :  
She looketh and saith, “ O sun, now bring him to me.  
Come more adored, O adored, for his coming’s sake,  
And awake my heart to be loved : awake, awake ! ”

*Robert Bridges.*

133. AEDH WISHES FOR THE CLOTHS OF HEAVEN

**H**AD I the heavens’ embroidered cloths,  
Enwrought with golden and silver light,  
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths  
Of night and light and the half light,  
I would spread the cloths under your feet :  
But I, being poor, have only my dreams ;  
I have spread my dreams under your feet ;  
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

*W. B. Yeats.*

## 134. BEAUTY

I HAVE seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills

Coming in solemn beauty like slow old tunes of Spain :  
I have seen the lady April bringing the daffodils,  
Bringing the springing grass and the soft warm April rain.

I have heard the song of the blossoms and the old chant of the sea,  
And seen strange lands from under the arched white sails of ships ;  
But the loveliest things of beauty God ever has showed to me,  
Are her voice, and her hair, and eyes, and the dear red curve of her lips.

*John Masefield.*

## 135. MY WIFE

TRUSTY, dusky, vivid, true,  
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,  
Steel-true and blade-straight,  
The great artificer  
Made my mate.

Honour, anger, valour, fire ;  
A love that life could never tire,  
Death quench or evil stir,  
The mighty master  
Gave to her.

Teacher, tender, comrade, wife,  
 A fellow-farer true through life,  
 Heart-whole and soul-free  
 The august father  
 Gave to me.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

136. FROM "LOVE IN THE VALLEY"

SHY as the squirrel and wayward as the swallow,  
 Swift as the swallow along the river's light  
 Circleting the surface to meet his mirrored winglets,  
 Fleeter she seems in her stay than in her flight.  
 Shy as the squirrel that leaps among the pine-tops,  
 Wayward as the swallow overhead at set of sun,  
 She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer,  
 Hard, but O the glory of the winning were she won !

\* \* \* \* \*

Heartless she is as the shadow in the meadows  
 Flying to the hills on a blue and breezy noon.  
 No, she is athirst and drinking up her wonder :  
 Earth to her is young as the slip of the new moon.  
 Deals she an unkindness, 'tis but her rapid measure,  
 Even as in a dance ; and her smile can heal no less :  
 Like the swinging May-cloud that pelts the flowers  
 with hailstones

Off a sunny border, she was made to bruise and  
 bless.

\* \* \* \* \*

Stepping down the hill with her fair companions,  
 Arm in arm, all against the raying West,

Boldly she sings, to the merry tune she marches,  
Brave is her shape, and sweeter unpossessed.  
Sweeter, for she is what my heart first awaking  
Whispered the world was ; morning light is she.  
Love that so desires would fain keep her changeless ;  
Fain would fling the net, and fain have her free.

\* \* \* \*

Happy, happy time, when the white star hovers  
Low over dim fields fresh with bloomy dew,  
Near the face of dawn, that draws athwart the dark-  
ness,  
Threading it with colour, like yewberries the yew.  
Thicker crowd the shades as the grave East deepens,  
Glowing, and with crimson a long cloud swells.  
Maiden still the morn is ; and strange she is, and  
secret ;  
Strange her eyes ; her cheeks are cold as cold sea-  
shells.

\* \* \* \*

Peering at her chamber the white crowns the red rose,  
Jasmine winds the porch with stars two and three.  
Parted is the window ; she sleeps ; the starry jasmine  
Breathes a falling breath that carries thoughts of  
me.  
Sweeter unpossessed, have I said of her my sweetest ?  
Not while she sleeps : while she sleeps the jasmine  
breathes,  
Luring her to love ; she sleeps ; the starry jasmine  
Bears me to her pillow under white rose-wreaths.

*George Meredith.*

## 137. TO THE BELOVED

OH, not more subtly silence strays  
Amongst the winds, between the voices,  
Mingling alike with pensive lays,  
And with the music that rejoices,  
Than thou art present in my days.

My silence, life returns to thee  
In all the pauses of her breath.  
Hush back to rest the melody  
That out of thee awakeneth ;  
And thou, wake ever, wake for me !

Thou art like silence all unvexed,  
Though wild words part my soul from thee.  
Thou art like silence unperplexed,  
A secret and a mystery  
Between one footfall and the next.

Most dear pause in a mellow lay !  
Thou art inwoven with every air.  
With thee the wildest tempests play,  
And snatches of thee everywhere  
Make little heavens throughout a day.

Darkness and solitude shine, for me.  
For life's fair outward part are rife  
The silver noises ; let them be.  
It is the very soul of life  
Listens for thee, listens for thee.

O pause between the sobs of cares ;  
O thought within all thought that is ;  
Trance between laughters unawares :  
Thou art the shape of melodies,  
And thou the ecstasy of prayers !

*Alice Meynell.*

138. WHEN YOU ARE OLD

WHEN you are old and gray and full of sleep,  
And nodding by the fire, take down this  
book,  
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look  
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep ;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,  
And loved your beauty with love false or true ;  
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,  
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars  
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled  
And paced upon the mountains overhead  
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

*W. B. Yeats.*

139. I WILL NOT LET THEE GO

I WILL not let thee go.  
Ends all our month-long love in this ?  
Can it be summed up so,  
Quit in a single kiss ?  
I will not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.  
If thy words' breath could scare thy deeds,  
As the soft south can blow  
And toss the feathered seeds,  
Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.  
Had not the great sun seen, I might ;  
Or were he reckoned slow  
To bring the false to light,  
Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.  
The stars that crowd the summer skies  
Have watched us so below  
With all their million eyes,  
I dare not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.  
Have we not chid the changeful moon,  
Now rising late, and now  
Because she set too soon,  
And shall I let thee go ?

I will not let thee go.  
Have not the young flowers been content,  
Plucked ere their buds could blow,  
To seal our sacrament ?  
I cannot let thee go.

I will not let thee go.  
I hold thee by too many bands :  
Thou sayest farewell, and lo !  
I have thee by the hands,  
And will not let thee go.

*Robert Bridges.*

140. PARTED

FAREWELL to one now silenced quite,  
Sent out of hearing, out of sight,—  
My friend of friends, whom I shall miss.  
He is not banished, though, for this,—  
Nor he, nor sadness, nor delight.

Though I shall talk with him no more,  
A low voice sounds upon the shore.  
He must not watch my resting-place,  
But who shall drive a mournful face  
From the sad winds about my door ?

I shall not hear his voice complain,  
But who shall stop the patient rain ?  
His tears must not disturb my heart,  
But who shall change the years, and part  
The world from every thought of pain ?

Although my life is left so dim,  
The morning crowns the mountain-rim ;  
Joy is not gone from summer skies,  
Nor innocence from children's eyes,  
And all these things are part of him

He is not banished, for the showers  
Yet wake this green warm earth of ours.  
How can the summer but be sweet ?  
I shall not have him at my feet,  
And yet my feet are on the flowers.

*Alice Meynell.*

141. ELEGY ON A LADY, WHOM GRIEF FOR THE DEATH OF  
HER BETROTHED KILLED

ASSEMBLE, all ye maidens, at the door,  
And all ye loves, assemble ; far and wide  
Proclaim the bridal, that proclaimed before  
Has been deferred to this late eventide :

For on this night the bride,  
The days of her betrothal over,  
Leaves the parental hearth for evermore ;  
To-night the bride goes forth to meet her lover.

Reach down the wedding vesture, that has lain  
Yet all unvisited, the silken gown :  
Bring out the bracelets, and the golden chain  
Her dearer friends provided : sere and brown

Bring out the festal crown,  
And set it on her forehead lightly :  
Though it be withered, twine no wreath again ;  
This only is the crown she can wear rightly.

Cloak her in ermine, for the night is cold,  
And wrap her warmly, for the night is long ;  
In pious hands the flaming torches hold,  
While her attendants, chosen from among

Her faithful virgin throng,  
May lay her in her cedar litter,  
Decking her coverlet with sprigs of gold,  
Roses, and lilies white that best befit her.

Sound flute and tabor, that the bridal be  
Not without music, nor with these alone ;  
But let the viol lead the melody,  
With lesser intervals, and plaintive moan  
Of sinking semitone ;  
And, all in choir, the virgin voices  
Rest not from singing in skilled harmony  
The song that aye the bridegroom's ear rejoices.

Let the priests go before, arrayed in white,  
And let the dark-stoled minstrels follow slow,  
Next they that bear her, honoured on this night,  
And then the maidens, in a double row,  
Each singing soft and low,  
And each on high a torch upstaying :  
Unto her lover lead her forth with light,  
With music, and with singing, and with praying.

'Twas at this sheltering hour he nightly came,  
And found her trusty window open wide,  
And knew the signal of the timorous flame,  
That long the restless curtain would not hide  
Her form that stood beside ;  
As scarce she dared to be delighted,  
Listening to that sweet tale, that is no shame  
To faithful lovers, that their hearts have plighted.

But now for many days the dewy grass  
Has shown no markings of his feet at morn :  
And watching she has seen no shadow pass  
The moonlit walk, and heard no music borne  
    Upon her ear forlorn.

    In vain she has looked out to greet him ;  
    He has not come, he will not come, alas !  
So let us bear her out where she must meet him.

Now to the river bank the priests are come :  
The bark is ready to receive its freight :  
Let some prepare her place therein, and some  
Embark the litter with its slender weight :

    The rest stand by in state,  
    And sing her a safe passage over ;  
    While she is oared across to her new home,  
Into the arms of her expectant lover.

And thou, O lover, that art on the watch,  
Where, on the banks of the forgetful streams,  
The pale indifferent ghosts wander, and snatch  
The sweeter moments of their broken dreams,—

    Thou, when the torchlight gleams,  
    When thou shalt see the slow procession,  
    And when thine ears the fitful music catch,  
Rejoice, for thou art near to thy possession.

*Robert Bridges.*

## 142. AN EPITAPH

HERE lies a most beautiful lady,  
Light of step and heart was she ;  
I think she was the most beautiful lady  
That ever was in the West Country.  
But beauty vanishes ; beauty passes ;  
However rare—rare it be ;  
And when I crumble, who will remember  
This lady of the West Country ?

*Walter de la Mare.*

## 143. A DREAM OF DEATH

I DREAMED that one had died in a strange place  
Near no accustomed hand ;  
And they had nailed the boards above her face,  
The peasants of that land,  
And, wondering, planted by her solitude  
A cypress and a yew :  
I came, and wrote upon a cross of wood,  
Man had no more to do :  
*She was more beautiful than thy first love,*  
*This lady by the trees :*  
And gazed upon the mournful stars above,  
And heard the mournful breeze.

*W. B. Yeats.*

## 144. A DREAM OF A BLESSED SPIRIT

ALL the heavy days are over ;  
Leave the body's coloured pride  
Underneath the grass and clover,  
With the feet laid side by side.

One with her are mirth and duty;  
Bear the gold embroidered dress,  
For she needs not her sad beauty,  
To the scented oaken press.

Hers the kiss of Mother Mary,  
The long hair is on her face;  
Still she goes with footsteps wary,  
Full of earth's old timid grace:

With white feet of angels seven  
Her white feet go glimmering;  
And above the deep of heaven,  
Flame on flame and wing on wing.

*W. B. Yeats.*

#### 145. MESSAGES

**W**HAT shall I your true-love tell,  
Earth-forsaking maid?  
What shall I your true-love tell,  
When life's spectre's laid?

“Tell him that, our side the grave,  
Maid may not conceive  
Life should be so sad to have,  
That's so sad to leave!”

What shall I your true-love tell,  
When I come to him?  
What shall I your true-love tell—  
Eyes growing dim!

“ Tell him this, when you shall part  
From a maiden pined ;  
That I see him with my heart,  
Now my eyes are blind.”

What shall I your true-love tell ?  
Speaking-while is scant.  
What shall I your true-love tell,  
Death's white postulant ?

“ Tell him—love, with speech at strife,  
For last utterance saith :  
I, who loved with all my life,  
Love with all my death.”

*Francis Thompson.*

#### 146. THE FOLLY OF BEING COMFORTED

ONE that is ever kind said yesterday :  
“ Your well-beloved's hair has threads of grey,  
And little shadows come about her eyes ;  
Time can but make it easier to be wise,  
Though now it's hard, till trouble is at an end ;  
And so be patient, be wise and patient, friend.”  
But, heart, there is no comfort, not a grain ;  
Time can but make her beauty over again,  
Because of that great nobleness of hers ;  
The fire that stirs about her, when she stirs  
Burns but more clearly. O she had not these ways,  
When all the wild summer was in her gaze.  
O heart ! O heart ! if she'd but turn her head,  
You'd know the folly of being comforted.

*W. B. Yeats.*

## 147. AT NIGHT

*To W. M.*

**H**OME, home from the horizon far and clear,  
Hither the soft wings sweep ;  
Flocks of the memories of the day draw near  
The dovecote doors of sleep.

Oh, which are they that come through sweetest light  
Of all these homing birds ?  
Which with the straightest and the swiftest flight ?  
Your words to me, your words !

*Alice Meynell.*

Poems of To-Day:

Second Series



# POEMS OF TO-DAY

## SECOND SERIES

### 1. FAREWELL TO PLACE OF COMFORT

**F**OR the last time, maybe, upon the knoll  
I stand. The eve is golden, languid, sad . . .  
Day like a tragic actor plays his rôle  
To the last whispered word, and falls gold-clad.  
I, too, take leave of all I ever had.

They shall not say I went with heavy heart :  
Heavy I am, but soon I shall be free ;  
I love them all, but oh ! I now depart  
A little sadly, strangely, fearfully,  
As one who goes to try a Mystery.

The bell is sounding down in Dedham Vale :  
Be still, O bell ! too often standing here  
When all the air was tremulous, fine, and pale,  
Thy golden note so calm, so still, so clear,  
Out of my stony heart has struck a tear.

And now tears are not mine. I have release  
From all the former and the later pain ;  
Like the mid-sea I rock in boundless peace,

Soothed by the charity of the deep sea rain. . . .  
Calm rain ! Calm sea ! Calm found, long sought in  
vain.

O bronzen pines, evening of gold and blue,  
Steep mellow slope, brimmed twilit pools below,  
Hushed trees, still vale dissolving in the dew,  
Farewell ! Farewell ! There is no more to do.  
We have been happy. Happy now I go.

*Robert Nichols.*

## 2. CHA TILL MACCRUIMEIN

*(Departure of the 4th Camerons)*

THE pipes in the streets were playing bravely,  
The marching lads went by,  
With merry hearts and voices singing  
My friends marched out to die ;  
But I was hearing a lonely pibroch  
Out of an older war,  
“ Farewell, farewell, farewell, MacCrimmon,  
MacCrimmon comes no more.”

And every lad in his heart was dreaming  
Of honour and wealth to come,  
And honour and noble pride were calling  
To the tune of the pipes and drum ;  
But I was hearing a woman singing  
On dark Dunvegan shore,  
“ In battle or peace, with wealth or honour,  
MacCrimmon comes no more.”

And there in front of the men were marching,  
With feet that made no mark,  
The grey old ghosts of the ancient fighters  
Come back again from the dark ;  
And in front of them all MacCrimmon piping  
A weary tune and sore,  
“ On the gathering day, for ever and ever,  
MacCrimmon comes no more.”

*Ewart Alan Mackintosh.*

### 3. BEFORE ACTION

**B**Y all the glories of the day  
And the cool evening's benison,  
By that last sunset touch that lay  
Upon the hills when day was done,  
By beauty lavishly outpoured  
And blessings carelessly received,  
By all the days that I have lived,  
Make me a soldier, Lord.

By all of all man's hopes and fears,  
And all the wonders poets sing,  
The laughter of unclouded years,  
And every sad and lovely thing ;  
By the romantic ages stored  
With high endeavour that was his,  
By all his mad catastrophes,  
Make me a man, O Lord.

I, that on my familiar hill  
Saw with uncomprehending eyes

A hundred of Thy sunsets spill  
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,  
Ere the sun swings his noonday sword  
Must say good-bye to all of this ;—  
By all delights that I shall miss,  
Help me to die, O Lord.

*William Noel Hodgson.*

#### 4. INTO BATTLE

THE naked earth is warm with spring,  
And with green grass and bursting trees  
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,  
And quivers in the sunny breeze ;  
And life is colour and warmth and light,  
And a striving evermore for these ;  
And he is dead who will not fight ;  
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun  
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth ;  
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,  
And with the trees to newer birth ;  
And find, when fighting shall be done,  
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven  
Hold him in their high comradeship,  
The Dog-Star, and the Sisters Seven,  
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,  
They stand to him each one a friend ;  
They gently speak in the windy weather ;  
They guide to valley and ridge's end.

The kestrel hovering by day,  
And the little owls that call by night,  
Bid him be swift and keen as they,  
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, " Brother, brother,  
If this be the last song you shall sing,  
Sing well, for you may not sing another ;  
Brother, sing."

In dreary, doubtful, waiting hours,  
Before the brazen frenzy starts,  
The horses show him nobler powers ;  
O patient eyes, courageous hearts !

And when the burning moment breaks,  
And all things else are out of mind,  
And only joy of battle takes  
Him by the throat, and makes him blind,

Through joy and blindness he shall know,  
Not caring much to know, that still  
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so  
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,  
And in the air death moans and sings ;

But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,  
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

*Julian Grenfell.*

### 5. THE ASSAULT

**T**HE beating of the guns grows louder.  
    *"Not long, boys, now."*  
My heart burns whiter, fearfuller, prouder.  
Hurricanes grow  
As guns redouble their fire.  
Through the shaken periscope peeping,  
I glimpse their wire :  
Black earth, fountains of earth rise, leaping,  
Spouting like shocks of meeting waves,  
Death's fountains are playing,  
Shells like shrieking birds rush over ;  
Crash and din rises higher.  
A stream of lead raves  
Over us from the left . . . (we safe under cover !)  
Crash ! Reverberation ! Crash !  
Acrid smoke billowing. Flash upon flash.  
Black smoke drifting. The German line  
Vanishes in confusion, smoke. Cries, and cry  
Of our men, "*Gah, yer swine !*  
*Ye're for it,"* die  
In a hurricane of shell.

One cry :

*"We're comin' soon ! look out !"*

There is opened hell

Over there ; fragments fly,

Rifles and bits of men whirled at the sky :  
Dust, smoke, thunder ! A sudden bout  
Of machine guns chattering . . .  
And redoubled battering,  
As if in fury at their daring ! . . .

No good staring.  
Time soon now . . . home . . . house on a  
sunny hill . . .  
Gone like a flickered page :  
Time soon now . . . zero . . . will engage . . .

A sudden thrill—  
“ Fix bayonets ! ”  
Gods ! we have our fill  
Of fear, hysteria, exultation, rage,  
Rage to kill.

My heart burns hot, whiter and whiter,  
Contracts tighter and tighter,  
Until I stifle with the will  
Long forged, now used  
(Though utterly strained)—  
O pounding heart,  
Baffled, confused,  
Heart panged, head singing, dizzily pained—  
To do my part.

Blindness a moment. Sick.  
There the men are !  
Bayonets ready : click !  
Time goes quick ;

A stumbled prayer . . . somehow a blazing star  
In a blue night . . . where ?  
Again prayer.  
The tongue trips. Start :  
How's time ? Soon now. Two minutes or less.  
The gun's fury mounting higher . . .  
Their utmost. I lift a silent hand. Unseen I bless  
Those hearts will follow me.  
And beautifully,  
Now beautifully my will grips,  
Soul calm and round and filmed and white !  
A shout : " Men, no such order as retire ! "

I nod.  
The whistle's 'twixt my lips . . .  
I catch  
A wan, worn smile at me.  
Dear men !  
The pale wrist-watch . . .  
The quiet hand ticks on amid the din.  
The guns again  
Rise to a last fury, to a rage, a lust :  
Kill ! Pound ! Kill ! Pound ! Pound !  
Now comes the thrust !  
My part . . . dizziness . . . will . . . but trust  
These men. The great guns rise ;  
Their fury seems to burst the earth and skies !

They lift.

Gather, heart, all thoughts that drift ;  
Be steel, soul,

Compress thyself  
Into a round, bright whole.  
I cannot speak.

Time. Time !

I hear my whistle shriek,  
Between teeth set ;  
I fling an arm up,  
Scramble up the grime  
Over the parapet !

I'm up. Go on.  
Something meets us.  
Head down into the storm that greets us.

A wail.  
Lights. Blurr.  
Gone.  
On, on. Lead. Leäd. Hail.  
Spatter. Whirr ! Whirr !  
“ *Toward that patch of brown ;  
Direction left.*” Bullets a stream.  
Devouring thought crying in a dream.  
Men, crumpled, going down . . .  
Go on. Go.  
Deafness. Numbness. The loudening tornado.  
Bullets. Mud. Stumbling and skating.  
My voice's strangled shout :  
“ *Steady pace, boys !* ”  
The still light : gladness.

“ *Look, sir. Look out !* ”

Ha ! ha ! Bunched figures waiting.

Revolver levelled quick !

Flick ! Flick !

Red as blood.

Germans. Germans.

Good ! O good !

Cool madness.

*Robert Nichols.*

#### 6. WAR'S CATARACT

**I**N this red havoc of the patient earth,  
 Though higher yet the tide of battle rise,  
 Now has the hero cast away disguise,  
 And out of ruin splendour comes to birth.  
 This is the field where Death and Honour meet,  
 And all the lesser company are low :  
 Pale Loveliness has left her mirror now  
 And walks the Court of Pain with silent feet.

From cliff to cliff war's cataract goes down,  
 Hurling its booming waters to the shock ;  
 And, tossing high their manes of gleaming spray,  
 The crested chargers leap from rock to rock,  
 While over all, dark though the thunder frown,  
 The rainbows climb above to meet the day.

*Herbert Asquith.*

#### 7. FULFILMENT

**W**AS there love once ? I have forgotten her.  
 Was there grief once ? Grief yet is mine.  
 Other loves I have, men rough, but men who stir  
 More grief, more joy, than love of thee and thine.

Faces cheerful, full of whimsical mirth,  
Lined by the wind, burned by the sun ;  
Bodies enraptured by the abounding earth,  
As whose children we are brethren : one.

And any moment may descend hot death  
To shatter limbs ! pulp, tear, blast  
Beloved soldiers who love rough life and breath  
Not less for dying faithful to the last.

O the fading eyes, the grimed face turned bony,  
Oped mouth gushing, fallen head,  
Lessening pressure of a hand shrunk, clammed, and  
stony !  
O sudden spasm, release of the dead !

Was there love once ? I have forgotten her.  
Was there grief once ? Grief yet is mine.  
O loved, living, dying, heroic soldier,  
All, all, my joy, my grief, my love, are thine !

*Robert Nichols.*

#### 8. CHRIST IN FLANDERS

**W**E had forgotten You, or very nearly—  
You did not seem to touch us very nearly—  
Of course we thought about You now and then ;  
Especially in any time of trouble—  
We knew that You were good in time of trouble—  
But we are very ordinary men.

And there were always other things to think of—  
There's lots of things a man has got to think of—

His work, his home, his pleasure, and his wife ;  
And so we only thought of You on Sunday—  
Sometimes, perhaps, not even on a Sunday—  
Because there's always lots to fill one's life.

And, all the while, in street or lane or byway—  
In country lane, in city street, or byway—

You walked among us, and we did not see.  
Your feet were bleeding as You walked our pavements—  
How *did* we miss Your footprints on our pavements ?—  
Can there be other folk as blind as we ?

*Now* we remember ; over here in Flanders—  
(It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders)—

This hideous warfare seems to make things clear.  
We never thought about You much in England—  
But now that we are far away from England,  
We have no doubts, we know that You are here.

You helped us pass the jest along the trenches—  
Where, in cold blood, we waited in the trenches—

You touched its ribaldry and made it fine.  
You stood beside us in our pain and weakness—  
We're glad to think You understand our weakness—  
Somehow it seems to help us not to whine.

We think about You kneeling in the Garden—  
Ah ! God ! the agony of that dread Garden—  
We know You prayed for us upon the cross.

If anything could make us glad to bear it—  
'Twould be the knowledge that You willed to bear it—  
Pain—death—the uttermost of human loss.

Though we forgot You—You will not forget us—  
We feel so sure that You will not forget us—  
But stay with us until this dream is past.  
And so we ask for courage, strength, and pardon—  
Especially, I think, we ask for pardon—  
And that You'll stand beside us to the last.  
*Lucy Whitmell.*

#### 9. AT THE WARS

NOW that I am ta'en away  
And may not see another day  
What is it to my eye appears ?  
What sound rings in my stricken ears ?  
Not even the voice of any friend  
Or eyes beloved-world-without-end,  
But scenes and sounds of the country-side  
In far England across the tide :  
An upland field when spring's begun,  
Mellow beneath the evening sun. . . .  
A circle of loose and lichened wall  
Over which seven red pines fall. . . .  
An orchard of wizen blossoming trees  
Wherein the nesting chaffinches  
Begin again the self-same song  
All the late April day-time long. . . .

Paths that lead a shelving course  
Between the chalk scarp and the gorse  
By English downs ; and oh ! too well  
I hear the hidden, clanking bell  
Of wandering sheep. . . . I see the brown  
Twilight of the huge empty down. . . .  
Soon blotted out ! for now a lane  
Glitters with warmth of May-time rain,  
And on a shooting briar I see  
A yellow bird who sings to me.

O yellow-hammer, once I heard  
Thy brief song when no other bird  
Could to my sunk heart comfort bring ;  
But now I would not have thee sing  
So sharp thy note is with the pain  
Of England I may not see again !  
Yet sing thy song : there answereth  
Deep in me a voice which saith :

“ The gorse upon the twilit down,  
The English loam so sunset brown,  
The bowed pines and the sheep-bells' clamour,  
The wet, lit lane and the yellow-hammer,  
The orchard and the chaffinch song  
Only to the Brave belong.  
And he shall lose their joy for aye  
If their price he cannot pay,  
Who shall find them dearer far  
Enriched by blood after long War.”

*Robert Nichols.*

## 10. HOME THOUGHTS IN LAVENTIE

GREEN gardens in Laventie !  
Soldiers only know the street  
Where the mud is churned and splashed about  
By battle-wending feet ;  
And yet beside one stricken house there is a glimpse  
of grass.

Look for it when you pass.

Beyond the church whose pitted spire  
Seems balanced on a strand  
Of swaying stone and tottering brick  
Two roofless ruins stand,  
And here behind the wreckage where the back wall  
should have been  
We found a garden green.

The grass was never trodden on,  
The little path of gravel  
Was overgrown with celandine,  
No other folk did travel  
Along its weedy surface, but the nimble-footed mouse  
Running from house to house.

So all among the vivid blades  
Of soft and tender grass  
We lay, nor heard the limber wheels  
That pass and ever pass  
In noisy continuity until their very rattle  
Seems in itself a battle.

At length we rose up from this ease  
Of tranquil happy mind,  
And searched the garden's little length  
A fresh pleasaunce to find ;  
And there some yellow daffodils and jasmine hanging  
high  
Did rest the tired eye.

The fairest and most fragrant  
Of the many sweets we found,  
Was a little bush of daphne flower  
Upon a grassy mound,  
And so thick were the blossoms set and so divine the  
scent  
That we were well content.

Hungry for spring, I bent my head,  
The perfume fanned my face,  
And all my soul was dancing  
In that little lovely place,  
Dancing with a measured step from wrecked and  
shattered towns  
Away upon the Downs.

I saw green banks of daffodil,  
Slim poplars in the breeze,  
Great tan-brown hares in gusty March  
A-courting on the leas ;  
And meadows with their glittering streams, and silver  
scurrying dace,  
Home—what a perfect place !

*E. Wyndham Tennant.*

## 11. BACK TO REST

A LEAPING wind from England,  
The skies without a stain,  
Clean cut against the morning,  
Slim poplars after rain,  
The foolish noise of sparrows  
And starlings in a wood—  
After the grime of battle  
We know that these are good.

Death whining down from heaven,  
Death roaring from the ground,  
Death stinking in the nostril,  
Death shrill in every sound,  
Doubting we charged and conquered—  
Hopeless we struck and stood.  
Now when the fight is ended  
We know that it was good.

We that have seen the strongest  
Cry like a beaten child,  
The sanest eyes unholy,  
The cleanest hands defiled,  
We that have known the heart-blood  
Less than the lees of wine,  
We that have seen men broken,  
We know man is divine.

*William Noel Hodgson.*

## 12. OXFORD IN WAR-TIME

**W**HAT alters you, familiar lawn and tower,  
Arched alley, and garden green to the grey wall  
With crumbling crevice and the old wine-red flower,  
Solitary in summer sun ? for all

Is like a dream : I tread on dreams ! No stir  
Of footsteps, voices, laughter ! Even the chime  
Of many-remembered bells is lonelier  
In this neglected ghostliness of Time.

What stealing touch of separation numb  
Absents you ? Yet my heart springs up to adore  
The shrining of your soul, that is become  
Nearer and oh ! far dearer than before.

It is as if I looked on the still face  
Of a Mother, musing where she sits alone.  
She is with her sons, she is not in this place ;  
She is gone out into far lands unknown.

Because that filled horizon occupies  
Her heart with mute prayer and divining fear,  
Therefore her hands so calm lie, and her eyes  
See nothing ; and men wonder at her here :

But far in France ; on the torn Flanders plain ;  
By Sinai ; in the Macedonian snows ;  
The fly-plagued sands of Tigris, heat and rain ;  
On wandering water, where the black squall blows

Less danger than the bright wave ambushes,  
She bears it out. All the long day she bears,  
And the sudden hour of instant challenges  
To act, that searches all men, no man spares.

She is with her sons, leaving a virtue gone  
Out of her sacred places : what she bred  
Lives other life than this, that sits alone,  
Though still in dream starrily visited !

For O in youth she lives, not in her age.  
Her soul is with the springtime and the young ;  
And she absents her from the learned page,  
Studious of high histories yet unsung,

More passionately prized than wisdom's book  
Because her own. Her faith is in those eyes  
That clear into the gape of hell can look,  
Putting to proof ancient philosophies

Such as the virgin Muses would rehearse  
Beside the silvery, swallow-haunted stream,  
Under the grey towers. But immortal verse  
Is now exchanged for its immortal theme—

Victory ; proud loss ; and the enduring mind ;  
Youth, that has passed all praises, and has won  
More than renown, being that which faith divined,  
Reality more radiant than the sun.

She gave, she gives, more than all anchored days  
Of dedicated lore, of storied art ;  
And she resigns her beauty to men's gaze  
To mask the riches of her bleeding heart.

*Laurence Binyon.*

### 13. THE NON-COMBATANT

**A**MONG a race high-handed, strong of heart,  
Sea-rovers, conquerors, builders in the waste,  
He had his birth ; a nature too complete,  
Eager and doubtful, no man's soldier sworn  
And no man's chosen captain ; born to fail,  
A name without an echo : yet he too  
Within the cloister of his narrow days  
Fulfilled the ancestral rites, and kept alive  
The eternal fire ; it may be, not in vain ;  
For out of those who dropped a downward glance  
Upon the weakling huddled at his prayers,  
Perchance some looked beyond him, and then first  
Beheld the glory, and what shrine it filled,  
And to what Spirit sacred : or perchance  
Some heard him chanting, though but to himself,  
The old heroic names : and went their way :  
And hummed his music on the march to death.

*Henry Newbolt.*

### 14. EPITAPH ON AN ARMY OF MERCENARIES

**T**HESE, in the day when Heaven was falling,  
The hour when Earth's foundation fled,  
Followed their mercenary calling  
And took their wages and are dead.

Their shoulders held the sky suspended ;  
They stood, and Earth's foundations stay ;  
What God abandoned, these defended  
And saved the sum of things for pay.

*A. E. Housman.*

#### 15. THE VOLUNTEER

**H**ERE lies the clerk who half his life had spent  
Toiling at ledgers in a city grey,  
Thinking that so his days would drift away  
With no lance broken in life's tournament :  
Yet ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes  
The gleaming eagles of the legions came,  
And horsemen, charging under phantom skies,  
Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.

And now those waiting dreams are satisfied ;  
From twilight to the halls of dawn he went ;  
His lance is broken ; but he lies content  
With that high hour, in which he lived and died.  
And falling thus, he wants no recompense,  
Who found his battle in the last resort ;  
Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence,  
Who goes to join the men of Agincourt.

*Herbert Asquith.*

#### 16. THE WAR FILMS

**O** LIVING pictures of the dead,  
O songs without a sound,  
O fellowship whose phantom tread  
Hallows a phantom ground—  
How in a gleam have these revealed  
The faith we had not found.

We have sought God in a cloudy Heaven,  
We have passed by God on earth :  
His seven sins and his sorrows seven,  
His wayworn mood and mirth,  
Like a ragged cloak have hid from us  
The secret of his birth.

Brother of men, when now I see  
The lads go forth in line,  
Thou knowest my heart is hungry in me  
As for thy bread and wine :  
Thou knowest my heart is bowed in me  
To take their death for mine.

*Henry Newbolt.*

#### 17. THE UNRETURNING SPRING

**A** LEAF on the grey sand-path  
Fallen, and fair with rime !  
A yellow leaf, a scarlet leaf,  
And a green leaf ere its time.

Days rolled in blood, days torn,  
Days innocent, days burnt black,  
What is it the wind is sighing  
As the leaves float, swift or slack ?

The year's pale spectre is crying  
For beauty invisibly shed,  
For the things that never were told  
And were killed in the minds of the dead.

*Laurence Binyon.*

## 18. HARROW AND FLANDERS

HERE in the marshland, past the battered bridge,  
One of a hundred grains untimely sown,  
Here, with his comrades of the hard-won ridge,  
He rests, unknown.

His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn—  
School triumphs earned apace in work and play;  
Friendships at will; then love's delightful dawn  
And mellowing day;

Home fostering hope; some service to the State;  
Benignant age; then the long tryst to keep  
Where in the yew-tree shadow congregate  
His fathers sleep.

Was here the one thing needful to distil  
From life's alembic, through this holier fate,  
The man's essential soul, the hero will?  
We ask; and wait.

*Lord Crewe.*

## 19. IN MEMORIAM, A. H.

*(Auberon Herbert, Captain Lord Lucas, R.F.C., killed November 3rd,  
1916)*

THE wind had blown away the rain  
That all day long had soaked the level plain.  
Against the horizon's fiery wrack,  
The sheds loomed black.  
And higher, in their tumultuous concourse met,  
The streaming clouds, shot-riddled banners, wet

With the flickering storm,  
Drifted and smouldered, warm  
With flashes sent  
From the lower firmament.  
And they concealed—  
They only here and there through rifts revealed  
A hidden sanctuary of fire and light,  
A city of chrysolite.

We looked and laughed and wondered, and I said :  
That orange sea, those oriflammes outspread  
Were like the fanciful imaginings  
That the young painter flings  
Upon the canvas bold,  
Such as the sage and the old  
Make mock at, saying it could never be ;  
And you assented also, laughingly.  
I wondered what they meant,  
That flaming firmament,  
Those clouds so grey so gold, so wet so warm,  
So much of glory and so much of storm,  
The end of the world, or the end  
Of the war—remoter still to me and you, my friend.

Alas ! it meant not this, it meant not that :  
It meant that now the last time you and I  
Should look at the golden sky,  
And the dark fields large and flat,  
And smell the evening weather,  
And laugh and talk and wonder both together.

The last, last time. We nevermore should meet  
In France or London street,  
Or fields of home. The desolated space  
Of life shall nevermore  
Be what it was before.  
No one shall take your place.  
No other face  
Can fill that empty frame.  
There is no answer when we call your name.  
We cannot hear your step upon the stair.  
We turn to speak and find a vacant chair.  
Something is broken which we cannot mend.  
God has done more than take away a friend  
In taking you ; for all that we have left  
Is bruised and irremediably bereft.  
There is none like you. Yet not that alone  
Do we bemoan ;  
But this ; that you were greater than the rest,  
And better than the best.  
O liberal heart fast-rooted to the soil,  
O lover of ancient freedom and proud toil,  
Friend of the gipsies and all wandering song,  
The forest's nursling and the favoured child  
Of woodlands wild—  
O brother to the birds and all things free,  
Captain of liberty !

Deep in your heart the restless seed was sown ;  
The vagrant spirit fretted in your feet ;  
We wondered could you tarry long,  
And brook for long the cramping street,

Or would you one day sail for shores unknown,  
And shake from you the dust of towns, and spurn  
The crowded market-place—and not return ?  
You found a sterner guide ;  
You heard the guns. Then, to their distant fire,  
Your dreams were laid aside ;  
And on that day, you cast your heart's desire  
Upon a burning pyre ;  
You gave your service to the exalted need,  
Until at last from bondage freed,  
At liberty to serve as you loved best,  
You chose the noblest way. God did the rest.

So when the spring of the world shall shrive our stain,  
After the winter of war,  
When the poor world awakes to peace once more,  
After such night of ravage and of rain,  
You shall not come again.  
You shall not come to taste the old spring weather,  
To gallop through the soft untrampled heather,  
To bathe and bake your body on the grass.  
We shall be there, alas !  
But not with you. When Spring shall wake the earth,  
And quicken the scarred fields to the new birth,  
Our grief shall grow. For what can Spring renew  
More fiercely for us than the need of you ?

That night I dreamt they sent for me and said  
That you were missing, " missing, missing—dead " :  
I cried when in the morning I awoke,  
And all the world seemed shrouded in a cloak ;

But when I saw the sun,  
And knew another day had just begun,  
I brushed the dream away, and quite forgot  
The nightmare's ugly blot.  
So was the dream forgot. The dream came true.  
Before the night I knew  
That you had flown away into the air  
For ever. Then I cheated my despair.  
I said  
That you were safe—or wounded—but not dead.  
Alas ! I knew  
Which was the false and true.

And after days of watching, days of lead,  
There came the certain news that you were dead.  
You had died fighting, fighting against odds,  
Such as in war the gods  
Aethereal dared when all the world was young ;  
Such fighting as blind Homer never sung,  
Nor Hector nor Achilles never knew,  
High in the empty blue.

High, high, above the clouds, against the setting sun,  
The fight was fought, and your great task was done.

Of all your brave adventures this the last  
The bravest was and best ;  
Meet ending to a long embattled past,  
This swift, triumphant, fatal quest,  
Crowned with the wreath that never perisheth,  
And diadem of honourable death ;

Swift Death aflame with offering supreme  
And mighty sacrifice,  
More than all mortal dream ;  
A soaring death, and near to Heaven's gate ;  
Beneath the very walls of Paradise.  
Surely with soul elate,  
You heard the destined bullet as you flew,  
And surely your prophetic spirit knew  
That you had well deserved that shining fate.

Here is no waste,  
No burning Might-have-been,  
No bitter after-taste,  
None to censure, none to screen,  
Nothing awry, nor anything misspent ;  
Only content, content beyond content,  
Which hath not any room for betterment.

God, Who had made you valiant, strong and swift,  
And maimed you with a bullet long ago,  
And cleft your riotous ardour with a rift,  
And checked your youth's tumultuous overflow,  
Gave back your youth to you,  
And packed in moments rare and few  
Achievements manifold  
And happiness untold,  
And bade you spring to Death as to a bride,  
In manhood's ripeness, power and pride,  
And on your sandals the strong wings of youth.

He let you leave a name  
To shine on the entablatures of truth,  
For ever :  
To sound for ever in answering halls of fame.

For you soared onwards to that world which rags  
Of clouds, like tattered flags,  
Concealed ; you reached the walls of chrysolite,  
The mansions white ;  
And losing all, you gained the civic crown  
Of that eternal town,  
Wherein you passed a rightful citizen  
Of the bright commonwealth ablaze beyond our ken.

Surely you found companions meet for you  
In that high place ;  
You met there face to face  
Those you had never known, but whom you knew :  
Knights of the Table Round,  
And all the very brave, the very true,  
With chivalry crowned ;  
The captains rare,  
Courteous and brave beyond our human air ;  
Those who had loved and suffered overmuch,  
Now free from the world's touch.  
And with them were the friends of yesterday,  
Who went before and pointed you the way ;  
And in that place of freshness, light and rest,

Where Lancelot and Tristram vigil keep  
Over their King's long sleep,

Surely they made a place for you,  
Their long-expected guest,  
Among the chosen few,  
And welcomed you, their brother and their friend,  
To that companionship which hath no end.

And in the portals of the sacred hall  
You hear the trumpet's call,  
At dawn upon the silvery battlement,  
Re-echo through the deep  
And bid the sons of God to rise from sleep,  
And with a shout to hail  
The sunrise on the city of the Grail :  
The music that proud Lucifer in Hell  
Missed more than all the joys that he forwent.  
You hear the solemn bell  
At vespers, when the oriflammes are furled ;  
And then you know that somewhere in the world,  
That shines far-off beneath you like a gem,  
They think of you, and when you think of them  
You know that they will wipe away their tears,  
And cast aside their fears ;  
That they will have it so,  
And in no otherwise ;  
That it is well with them because they know,  
With faithful eyes,  
Fixed forward and turned upwards to the skies,  
That it is well with you,  
Among the chosen few,  
Among the very brave, the very true.

*Maurice Baring.*

## 20. LAMENT

WE who are left, how shall we look again  
Happily on the sun or feel the rain  
Without remembering how they who went  
Ungrudgingly and spent  
Their lives for us loved, too, the sun and rain ?  
A bird among the rain-wet lilac sings—  
But we, how shall we turn to little things  
And listen to the birds and winds and streams  
Made holy by their dreams,  
Nor feel the heart-break in the heart of things ?  
*Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.*

## 21. THE DYING PATRIOT

DAY breaks on England down the Kentish hills,  
Singing in the silence of the meadow-footing rills,  
Day of my dreams, O day !  
I saw them march from Dover, long ago,  
With a silver cross before them, singing low,  
Monks of Rome from their home where the blue seas  
break in foam,  
Augustine with his feet of snow.  
Noon strikes on England, noon on Oxford town,  
—Beauty she was statue cold—there's blood upon her  
gown :  
Noon of my dreams, O noon !  
Proud and godly kings had built her, long ago,  
With her towers and tombs and statues all arow,  
With her fair and floral air and the love that lingers  
there,  
And the streets where the great men go.

Evening on the olden, the golden sea of Wales,  
When the first star shivers and the last wave pales :  
O evening dreams !

There's a house that Britons walked in, long ago,  
Where now the springs of ocean fall and flow,  
And the dead robed in red and sea-lilies overhead  
Sway when the long winds blow.

Sleep not, my country : though night is here, afar  
Your children of the morning are clamorous for war :  
Fire in the night, O dreams !

Though she send you as she sent you, long ago,  
South to desert, east to ocean, west to snow,  
West of these out to seas colder than the Hebrides

I must go

Where the fleet of stars is anchored and the young  
Star-captains glow.

*J. E. Flecker.*

## 22. MEN WHO MARCH AWAY

*(Song of the Soldiers)*

WHAT of the faith and fire within us  
Men who march away  
Ere the barn-cocks say  
Night is growing gray,  
Leaving all that here can win us ;  
What of the faith and fire within us  
Men who march away ?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,  
Friend with the musing eye,  
Who watch us stepping by  
With doubt and dolorous sigh ?  
Can much pondering so hoodwink you !  
Is it a purblind prank, O think you,  
Friend with the musing eye ?

Nay. We well see what we are doing,  
Though some may not see—  
Dalliers as they be—  
England's need are we ;  
Her distress would leave us rueing :  
Nay. We'll see what we are doing,  
Though some may not see.

In our heart of hearts believing  
Victory crowns the just,  
And that braggarts must  
Surely bite the dust,  
Press we to the field ungrieving,  
In our heart of hearts believing  
Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us  
Men who march away  
Ere the barn-cocks say  
Night is growing gray,  
Leaving all that here can win us ;  
Hence the faith and fire within us  
Men who march away.

*Thomas Hardy.*

*September 5, 1914.*

23. ON BEHALF OF SOME IRISHMEN NOT FOLLOWERS  
OF TRADITION

THEY call us aliens, we are told,  
Because our wayward visions stray  
From that dim banner they unfold,  
The dreams of worn-out yesterday.  
The sum of all the past is theirs,  
The creeds, the deeds, the fame, the name,  
Whose death-created glory flares  
And dims the spark of living flame.  
They weave the necromancer's spell,  
And burst the graves where martyrs slept,  
Their ancient story to retell,  
Renewing tears the dead have wept.  
And they would have us join their dirge,  
This worship of an extinct fire  
In which they drift beyond the verge  
Where races all outworn expire.  
The worship of the dead is not  
A worship that our hearts allow,  
Though every famous shade were wrought  
With woven thorns above the brow.

We fling our answer back in scorn :  
" We are less children of this clime  
Than of some nation yet unborn  
Or empire in the womb of time.  
We hold the Ireland in the heart  
More than the land our eyes have seen,  
And love the goal for which we start  
More than the tale of what has been."

The generations as they rise  
May live the life men lived before,  
Still hold the thought once held as wise,  
Go in and out by the same door.  
We leave the easy peace it brings :  
The few we are shall still unite  
In fealty to unseen kings  
Or unimaginable light.  
We would no Irish sign efface,  
But yet our lips would gladlier hail  
The firstborn of the Coming Race  
Than the last splendour of the Gael.  
No blazoned banner we unfold—  
One charge alone we give to youth,  
Against the sceptred myth to hold  
The golden heresy of truth.

*A. E.*

#### 24. I VOW TO THEE, MY COUNTRY

(Written January 12th, 1918, the last night which he spent at the British Embassy at Washington, at the end of his service to England, and hardly more than a month before his death.)

**I** vow to thee, my country—all earthly things  
above—  
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love,  
The love that asks no questions : the love that stands  
the test,  
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best :  
The love that never falters, the love that pays the  
price,  
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago—  
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them  
that know—

We may not count her armies : we may not see her  
king—

Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering—  
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds  
increase,

And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths  
are peace.

*Cecil Spring-Rice.*

#### 25. HAPPY IS ENGLAND NOW

THERE is not anything more wonderful  
Than a great people moving towards the deep  
Of an unguessed and unfear'd future ; nor  
Is aught so dear of all held dear before  
As the new passion stirring in their veins  
When the destroying Dragon wakes from sleep.

Happy is England now, as never yet !  
And though the sorrows of the slow days fret  
Her faithfullest children, grief itself is proud.  
Ev'n the warm beauty of this spring and summer  
That turns to bitterness turns then to gladness,  
Since for this England the beloved ones died.

Happy is England in the brave that die  
For wrongs not hers and wrongs so sternly hers ;

Happy in those that give, give, and endure  
The pain that never the new years may cure ;  
Happy in all her dark woods, green fields, towns,  
Her hills and rivers and her chafing sea.

Whate'er was dear before is dearer now.  
There's not a bird singing upon his bough  
But sings the sweeter in our English ears :  
There's not a nobleness of heart, hand, brain  
But shines the purer ; happiest is England now  
In those that fight, and watch with pride and tears.

*John Freeman.*

26. AVE, MATER—ATQUE VALE

**T**HE deathless mother, grey and battle-scarred,  
Lies in the sanctuary of stately trees,  
Where the deep Northern night is saffron starred  
Above her head, and thro' the dusk she sees  
God's shadowy fortress keep unsleeping guard.

From her full breast we drank of joy and mirth  
And gave to her a boy's unreasoned heart,  
Wherein Time's fullness was to bring to birth  
Such passionate allegiance that to part  
Seemed like the passing of all light on earth.

Now on the threshold of a man's estate,  
With a new depth of love akin to pain  
I ask thy blessing, while I dedicate  
My life and sword, with promise to maintain  
Thine ancient honour yet inviolate.

Last night dream-hearted in the Abbey's spell  
We stood to sing old Simeon's passing hymn,  
When sudden splendour of the sunset fell  
Full on my eyes, and passed and left all dim—  
At once a summons and a deep farewell.

I am content—our life is but a trust  
From the great hand of God, and if I keep  
The immortal Treasure clean of mortal rust  
Against His claim, 'tis well, and let me sleep  
Among the not dishonourable dust.

*William Noel Hodgson.*

#### 27. THE SCRIBE

**W**HAT lovely things  
Thy hand hath made :  
The smooth-plumed bird  
In its emerald shade,  
The seed of the grass,  
The speck of stone  
Which the wayfaring ant  
Stirs—and hastes on !

Though I should sit  
By some tarn in thy hills,  
Using its ink  
As the spirit wills  
To write of Earth's wonders,  
Its live, willed things,  
Flit would the ages  
On soundless wings

Ere unto Z  
My pen drew nigh ;  
Leviathan told,  
And the honey-fly :  
And still would remain  
My wit to try—  
My worn reeds broken,  
The dark tarn dry,  
All words forgotten—  
Thou, Lord, and I.

*Walter de la Mare.*

#### 28. WIND'S WORK

**K**ATE rose up early as fresh as a lark,  
Almost in time to see vanish the dark ;  
Jack rather later, bouncing from bed,  
Saw fade on the dawn's cheek the last flush of red :  
Yet who knows  
When the wind rose ?

Kate went to watch the new lambs at their play  
And stroke the white calf born yesterday ;  
Jack sought the woods where trees grow tall  
As who would learn to swarm them all :  
Yet who knows  
Where the wind goes ?

Kate has sown candy-tuft, lupins and peas,  
Carnations, forget-me-not and heart's ease ;

Jack has sown cherry-pie, marigold,  
Love-that-lies-bleeding and snap-dragons bold :  
But who knows  
What the wind sows ?

Kate knows a thing or two useful at home,  
Darns like a fairy, and churns like a gnome ;  
Jack is a wise man at shaping a stick,  
Once he's in the saddle the pony may kick.  
But hark to the wind how it blows !  
None comes, none goes,  
None reaps or mows,  
No friends turn foes,  
No hedge bears sloes,  
And no cock crows,  
But the wind knows !

*T. Sturge Moore.*

29. THE LAMP FLOWER

THE champion white  
Above the grass  
Her lamps doth light  
Where fairies pass.

Softly they show  
The secret way,  
Unflickering glow  
For elf and fay.

My little thought  
Hath donned her shoe,  
And all untaught  
Gone dancing too.

Sadly I peer  
Among the grass  
And seem to hear  
The fairies pass,  
  
But where they go  
I cannot see,  
Too faintly glow  
The lamps for me.

My thought is gone  
With fay and elf,  
We mope alone,  
I and myself.

*Margaret Cecilia Furse.*

### 30. JULY FUGITIVE

CAN you tell me where has hid her,  
Pretty Maid July ?  
I would swear one day ago  
She passed by,  
I would swear that I do know  
The blue bliss of her eye :  
“ Tarry, maid, maid,” I bid her ;  
But she hastened by.  
Do you know where she has hid her,  
Maid July ?

Yet in truth it needs must be  
The flight of her is old ;  
Yet in truth it needs must be,  
For her nest, the earth, is cold.

No more in the poolèd Even  
Wade her rosy feet,  
Dawn-flakes no more splash from them  
To poppies 'mid the wheat.

She has muddied the day's oozes  
With her petulant feet ;  
Scared the clouds that floated  
As sea-birds they were,  
Slow on the cœrule  
Lulls of the air,  
Lulled on the luminous  
Levels of air :  
She has chidden in a pet  
All her stars from her ;  
Now they wander loose and sigh  
Through the turbid blue,  
Now they wander, weep, and cry—  
Yea, and I too—  
“ Where are you, sweet July,  
Where are you ? ”

Who hath beheld her footprints,  
Or the pathway she goes ?  
Tell me, wind, tell me, wheat,  
Which of you knows ?  
Sleeps she swathed in the flushed Arctic  
Night of the rose ?  
Or lie her limbs like Alp-glow  
On the lily's snows ?

Gales, that are all-visitant,  
Find the runaway ;  
And for him who findeth her  
(I do charge you say)  
I will throw largesse of broom  
Of this summer's mintage,  
I will broach a honey-bag  
Of the bee's best vintage.  
Breezes, wheat, flowers sweet,  
None of them knows !  
How then shall we lure her back  
From the way she goes ?  
For it were a shameful thing,  
Saw we not this comer  
Ere Autumn camp upon the fields  
Red with rout of Summer.

When the bird quits the cage,  
We set the cage outside,  
With seed and with water,  
And the door wide,  
Haply we may win it so  
Back to abide.  
Hang her cage of earth out  
O'er Heaven's sunward wall,  
Its four gates open, winds in watch  
By reinèd cars at all ;  
Relume in hanging hedgerows  
The rain-quenched blossom,  
And roses sob their tears out  
On the gale's warm heaving bosom ;

Shake the lilies till their scent  
Over-drip their rims,  
That our runaway may see  
We do know her whims :  
Sleek the tumbled waters out  
For her travelled limbs ;  
Strew and smooth blue night thereon,  
There will—O not doubt her !—  
The lovely sleepy lady lie,  
With all her stars about her !

*Francis Thompson.*

### 31. SEPTEMBER

**S**PRING is past and over these many days,  
Spring and summer. The leaves of September  
droop,  
Yellowing and all but dead on the patient trees.  
Nor is there any hope in me. I walk  
Slowly homeward. Night is as empty and dark  
Behind my eyes as it is dark without  
And empty round about me and over me.  
But, looking up, suddenly I see  
Leaves in the upthrown light of a street lamp shine  
Clear and luminous, young and so transparent,  
They seem but the coloured foam of air, green fire,  
No more than the scarce embodied thoughts of leaves ;  
And it is spring within that circle of light.  
Oh, magical brightness !—the old leaves are made new.  
In the mind, too, some coloured accident  
Of beauty revives and makes all young again.  
A chance light meaningless shines and it is Spring.

*Aldous Huxley.*

## 32. TEMPER IN OCTOBER

**H**E rode at furious speed to Broken Edge,  
And he was very angry, very small;  
But God was kind, knowing he needed not  
A scolding, nor a swift unpleasant fall,  
Nor any high reproach of soul at all.  
"It matters not," said Reason and Good Sense;  
"Absurd to let a trifle grow immense."  
"It matters very much," said Busy Brain;  
"You cannot be content and calm again,  
For you are angry in a righteous cause."  
"Poor, queer old Waxy!" laughed the hips and haws.  
"God has a sense of humour," said a ball  
Of orange-gold inside a spindle-berry—  
"And 'Christ our Lorde is full exceeding merrie.'"

He lingered in the lane at Broken Edge,  
Bryony berries burned from every hedge;  
Snails in the deep wet grass of fairy rings  
Told him of unimaginable things.  
Love was in all the colours of the sky,  
Love in the folded shadows of the high  
Blue hills, as quiet as any Easter Eve.  
(O fool, O blind and earthbound thus to grieve!)

He turned his horse. Through level sunset-gleams  
He saw a sudden little road that curled  
And climbed elusive to a sky of dreams.  
His anger over Broken Edge was hurled  
To scatter into nothing on a gust  
Of wind which brought the twilight to the trees.

The drifted leaves, the white October dust  
Hiding the beechnuts for the squirrels' store,  
Heard the low whisper spoken on his knees :—  
“ God, You have made a very perfect world,  
Don't let me spoil it ever any more.”

*V. L. Edminson.*

### 33. TO IRON FOUNDERS AND OTHERS

**W**HEN you destroy a blade of grass  
You poison England at her roots :  
Remember no man's foot can pass  
Where evermore no green life shoots.

You force the birds to wing too high  
Where your unnatural vapours creep :  
Surely the living rocks shall die  
When birds no rightful distance keep.

You have brought down the firmament  
And yet no heaven is more near ;  
You shape huge deeds without event,  
And half-made men believe and fear.

Your worship is your furnaces,  
Which, like old idols, lost obscenes,  
Have molten bowels ; your vision is  
Machines for making more machines.

O, you are busied in the night,  
Preparing destinies of rust ;  
Iron misused must turn to blight  
And dwindle to a tetter'd crust.

The grass, forerunner of life, has gone,  
But plants that spring in ruins and shards  
Attend until your dream is done :  
I have seen hemlock in your yards.

The generations of the worm  
Know not your loads piled on their soil ;  
Their knotted ganglions shall wax firm  
Till your strong flagstones heave and toil.

When the old hollow'd earth is crack'd,  
And when, to grasp more power and feasts,  
Its ores are emptied, wasted, lack'd,  
The middens of your burning beasts

Shall be raked over till they yield  
Last priceless slags for fashionings high,  
Ploughs to wake grass in every field,  
Chisels men's hands to magnify.

*Gordon Bottomley.*

#### 34. DUCKS

##### I

FROM troubles of the world  
I turn to ducks,  
Beautiful comical things  
Sleeping or curled  
Their heads beneath white wings  
By water cool,  
Or finding curious things  
To eat in various mucks.  
Beneath the pool,

Tails uppermost, or waddling  
Sailor-like on the shores  
Of ponds, or paddling  
—Left ! right !—with fanlike feet  
Which are for steady oars  
When they (white galleys) float  
Each bird a boat  
Rippling at will the sweet  
Wide waterway . . .  
When night is fallen *you* creep  
Upstairs, but drakes and dillies  
Nest with pale water-stars,  
Moonbeams and shadow bars,  
And water-lilies :  
Fearful too much to sleep  
Since they've no locks  
To click against the teeth  
Of weasel and fox.  
And warm beneath  
Are eggs of cloudy green  
Whence hungry rats and lean  
Would stealthily suck  
New life, but for the mien,  
The bold ferocious mien  
Of the mother-duck.

## II

Yes, ducks are valiant things  
On nests of twigs and straws,  
And ducks are soothy things  
And lovely on the lake

When that the sunlight draws  
Thereon their pictures dim  
In colours cool.  
And when beneath the pool  
They dabble, and when they swim  
And make their rippling rings,  
O ducks are beautiful things !

But ducks are comical things :—  
As comical as you.

Quack !

They waddle round, they do.  
They eat all sorts of things,  
And then they quack.  
By barn and stable and stack  
They wander at their will,  
But if you go too near  
They look at you through black  
Small topaz-tinted eyes  
And wish you ill.  
Triangular and clear  
They leave their curious track  
In mud at the water's edge,  
And there amid the sedge  
And slime they gobble and peer  
Saying " Quack ! quack ! "

### III

When God had finished the stars and whirl of coloured  
suns  
He turned His mind from big things to fashion little  
ones,

Beautiful tiny things (like daisies) He made, and then  
 He made the comical ones in case the minds of men  
     Should stiffen and become  
     Dull, humourless and glum :  
 And so forgetful of their Maker be  
 As to take even themselves—*quite seriously*.  
 Caterpillars and cats are lively and excellent puns :  
 All God's jokes are good—even the practical ones !  
 And as for the duck, I think God must have smiled  
     a bit  
 Seeing those bright eyes blink on the day He fashioned  
     it.  
 And He's probably laughing still at the sound that  
     came out of its bill !

*F. W. Harvey.*

### 35. EVERYONE SANG

**E**VERYONE suddenly burst out singing ;  
 And I was filled with such delight  
 As prisoned birds must find in freedom  
 Winging wildly across the white  
 Orchards and dark green fields ; on ; on ; and out of  
     sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted,  
 And beauty came like the setting sun.  
 My heart was shaken with tears, and horror  
 Drifted away. . . . O, but every one  
 Was a bird ; and the song was wordless ; the singing  
     will never be done.

*Siegfried Sassoon.*

## 36. THE WAGGONER

**T**HE old waggon drudges through the miry lane  
By the skulking pond where the pollards frown,  
Notched, dumb, surly images of pain ;  
On a dulled earth the night droops down.

Wincing to slow and wistful airs  
The leaves on the shrubbed oaks know their hour,  
And the unknown wandering spoiler bares  
The thorned black hedge of a mournful shower.

Small bodies fluster in the dead brown wrack  
As the stumbling shaft-horse jingles past,  
And the waggoner flicks his whip a crack :  
The odd light flares on shadows vast

Over the lodges and oasts and byres  
Of the darkened farm ; the moment hangs wan  
As though nature flagged and all desires.  
But in the dim court the ghost is gone

From the hug-secret yew to the penthouse wall,  
And stooping there seems to listen to  
The waggoner leading the gray to stall,  
As centuries past itself would do.

*Edmund Blunden.*

## 37. MOONLIT APPLES

**A**T the top of the house the apples are laid in rows,  
And the skylight lets the moonlight in, and those  
Apples are deep-sea apples of green. There goes  
A cloud on the moon in the autumn night.

A mouse in the wainscot scratches, and scratches, and  
then

There is no sound at the top of the house of men  
Or mice ; and the cloud is blown, and the moon again  
Dapples the apples with deep-sea light.

They are lying in rows there, under the gloomy beams ;  
On the sagging floor ; they gather the silver streams  
Out of the moon, those moonlit apples of dreams,  
And quiet is the steep stair under.

In the corridors under there is nothing but sleep.  
And stiller than ever on orchard boughs they keep  
Tryst with the moon, and deep is the silence, deep  
On moon-washed apples of wonder.

*John Drinkwater.*

### 38. MEMORY

**I**N silence and in darkness memory wakes  
Her million sheathèd buds and breaks  
That day-long winter when the light and noise  
And hard bleak breath of the outward-looking will  
Made barren her tender soil, when every voice  
Of her million airy birds was muffled or still.

One bud-sheath breaks :

One sudden voice awakes.

What change grew in our hearts seeing one night  
That moth-winged ship drifting across the bay,  
Her broad sail dimly white  
On cloudy waters and hills as vague as they ?

Some new thing touched our spirit with distant  
delight,  
Half-seen, half-noticed, as we loitered down,  
Talking in whispers, to the little town,  
Down from the narrow hill  
Talking in whispers, for the air so still  
Imposed its stillness on our lips and made  
A quiet equal with the equal shade  
That filled the slanting walk. That phantom now  
Slides with slack canvas and unwhispering prow  
Through the dark sea that this dark room has made.  
Or the night of the closed eyes will turn to-day  
And all day's colours start out of the gray.  
The sun burns on the water. The tall hills  
Push up their shady groves into the sky  
And fail and cease where the intense light spills  
Its parching torrent on the gaunt and dry  
Rock of the further mountains, whence the snow  
That softened their harsh edges long is gone.  
And nothing tempers now  
The hot flood falling on the barren stone.

O memory, take and keep  
All that my eyes, your servants, bring you home—  
Those other days beneath the low white dome  
Of smooth-spread clouds that creep  
As slow and soft as sleep,  
When shade grows pale and the cypress stands upright,  
Distinct in the cool light,  
Rigid and solid as a dark, hewn stone;  
And many another night

That melts in darkness on the narrow quays  
And changes every colour and every tone  
And soothes the waters to a softer ease,  
When under constellations coldly bright  
The homeward sailors sing their way to bed  
On ships that motionless in harbour float.  
The circling harbour lights flash green and red ;  
And, out beyond, a steady travelling boat  
Breaking the swell with slow industrious oars

At each stroke pours  
Pale lighted water from the lifted blade.  
Now in the painted houses all around  
Slow darkening windows call  
The empty unwatched middle of the night.  
The tide's few inches rise without a sound.  
On the black promontory's windless head,  
The last awake, the fireflies rise and fall  
And tangle up their dithering skeins of light.

O memory, take and keep  
All that my eyes, your servants, bring you home !  
Thick through the changing year  
The unexpected, rich-charged moments come,  
That you 'twixt wake and sleep  
In the lids of the closed eyes shall make appear.  
This is life's certain good,  
Though in the end it be not good at all  
When the dark end arises  
And the stripped, startled spirit must let fall  
The amulets that could  
Prevail with life's but not death's sad devices.

Then, like a child from whom an older child  
Forces its gathered treasures,  
Its beads and shells and strings of withered flowers,  
Tokens of recent pleasures,  
The soul must lose in eyes weeping and wild  
Those prints of vanished hours.

*Edward Shanks.*

39. EVENING OVER THE FOREST

WATCH.  
What is it you see ?

The stark bough of an oak.  
Beyond it the evening sky.  
Clear, clear the evening sky  
And green like a green pearl.

Did you hear ?  
What did you hear ?

The harsh cry of a bird,  
Beyond it the evening sky.  
Still, still the evening sky  
And green like a green pearl.

Oh, search.  
What is it you see ?

Fiery snowy little cloud  
Sailing to sleep in the sky.

Dim, dim the evening sky  
Like a deep green pearl.

Come away.  
Come away.

*Beatrice Mayor.*

#### 40. THE LATE, LAST ROOK

**T**HE old gilt vane and spire receive  
The last beam eastward striking ;  
The first shy bat to peep at eve  
Has found her to his liking.  
The western heaven is dull and grey,  
The last red glow has followed day.

The late, last rook is housed and will  
With cronies lie till morrow ;  
If there's a rook loquacious still  
In dream he hunts a furrow,  
And flaps behind a spectre team,  
Or ghostly scarecrows walk his dream.

*Ralph Hodgson.*

#### 41. THE SUNKEN GARDEN

**S**PEAK not—whisper not ;  
Here bloweth thyme and bergamot ;  
Softly on the evening hour  
Secret herbs their spices shower,

Dark-spiked rosemary and myrrh,  
Lean-stalked, purple lavender ;  
Hides within her bosom, too,  
All her sorrows, bitter rue.

Breathe not—trespass not ;  
Of this green and darkling spot,  
Latticed from the moon's beams,  
Perchance a distant dreamer dreams ;  
Perchance upon its darkening air,  
The unseen ghosts of children fare,  
Faintly swinging, sway and sweep,  
Like lovely sea-flowers in its deep ;  
While, unmoved, to watch and ward,  
'Mid its gloomed and daisied sward,  
Stands with bowed and dewy head  
That one little leaden lad.

*Walter de la Mare.*

#### 42. MY GARDEN

**A** GARDEN is a lovesome thing, God wot !  
Rose plot,  
Fringed pool,  
Ferned grot—  
The veriest school  
Of peace ; and yet the fool  
Contentends that God is not—  
Not God ! in gardens ! when the eve is cool ?  
Nay, but I have a sign ;  
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

*T. E. Brown.*

## 43. THE DESERTED GARDEN

Ypres, July 1917

**I** LOVE this garden, for you used to play  
About its haunted shadows long ago :  
The years glide by in waves of blossom gay,  
And tides of jewelled snow.

Each summer brings the drowsy bees that doze  
Among the lazy flowers till you return :  
Around your arbour the clematis grows,  
And red carnations burn.

Your spirit ever haunts my memory,  
As some faint echo when the hour is late :  
The tall white hollyhocks wait dreamily  
Beside the crooked gate.

The jessamine that twinkles in the light,  
Still watches idly through the window-pane :  
While scented stocks do weave their spell each night,  
In case you come again.

The silent trees remember, for they cast  
Their form just where your footsteps seem to lag :  
The honeysuckle spreads its trailers fast,  
And the old palings sag.

Nor do the pensive columbines forget,  
Because they still unfold their little flowers :  
The fragrance of devotion lingers yet  
Across the listless hours.

There is no stir ; the eager moments fly,  
Breathless as embers dwindling in the gloom :  
No leaf dare fall ; the shadows loiter by,  
Like gnomes about my room.

Above the lattice where the roses cling,  
The fire-flies dart as they did long ago :  
My heart would break if any bird should sing,  
Or if the wind should blow.

*Alasdair Alpin MacGregor.*

#### 44. A DESERTED HOME

**H**ERE where the fields lie lonely and untended,  
Once stood the old house grey among the trees,  
Once to the hills rolled the waves of the cornland—  
Long waves and golden, softer than the sea's.

Long, long ago has the ploughshare rusted,  
Long has the barn stood roofless and forlorn ;  
But oh ! far away are some who still remember  
The songs of the young girls binding up the corn.

Here where the windows shone across the darkness,  
Here where the stars once watched above the fold,  
Still watch the stars, but the sheepfold is empty ;  
Falls now the rain where the hearth glowed of old.

Here where the leagues of melancholy lough-sedge  
Moan in the wind round the grey forsaken shore,  
Once waved the corn in the mid-month of autumn,  
Once sped the dance when the corn was on the floor.

*Sidney Royse Lysaght.*

## 45. THE BARN

**R**AIN-SUNKEN roof, grown green and thin  
For sparrows' nests and starlings' nests ;  
Dishevelled eaves ; unwieldy doors,  
Cracked rusty pump, and oaken floors,  
And idly-pencilled names and jests  
Upon the posts within.

The light pales at the spider's lust,  
The wind tangs through the shattered pane :  
An empty hop-poke spreads across  
The gaping frame to mend the loss  
And keeps out sun as well as rain,  
Mildewed with clammy dust.

The smell of apples stored in hay  
And homely cattle-cake is there.  
Use and disuse have come to terms,  
The walls are hollowed out by worms,  
But men's feet keep the mid-floor bare  
And free from worse decay.

All merry noise of hens astir  
Or sparrows squabbling on the roof  
Comes to the barn's broad open door ;  
You hear upon the stable floor  
Old hungry Dapple strike his hoof,  
And the blue fan-tail's whirl.

The barn is old, and very old,  
But not a place of spectral fear.  
Cobwebs and dust and speckling sun  
Come to old buildings every one.  
Long since they made their dwelling here,  
And here you may behold

Nothing but simple wane and change ;  
Your tread will wake no ghost, your voice  
Will fall on silence undeterred.  
No phantom wailing will be heard,  
Only the farm's blithe cheerful noise ;  
The barn is old, not strange.

*Edmund Blunden.*

#### 46. ROADS

I LOVE roads :  
The goddesses that dwell  
Far along invisible  
Are my favourite gods.

Roads go on  
While we forget, and are  
Forgotten like a star  
That shoots and is gone.

On this earth 'tis sure  
We men have not made  
Anything that doth fade  
So soon, so long endure :

The hill road wet with rain  
In the sun would not gleam  
Like a winding stream  
If we trod it not again.

They are lonely  
While we sleep, lonelier  
For lack of the traveller  
Who is now a dream only.

From dawn's twilight  
And all the clouds like sheep  
On the mountains of sleep  
They wind into the night.

The next turn may reveal  
Heaven : upon the crest  
The close pine clump, at rest  
And black, may Hell conceal.

Often footsore, never  
Yet of the road I weary,  
Though long and steep and dreary,  
As it winds on for ever.

Helen of the roads,  
The mountain ways of Wales  
And the Mabinogion tales  
Is one of the true gods,

Abiding in the trees,  
The threes and fours so wise,  
The larger companies,  
That by the roadside be,

And beneath the rafter  
Else uninhabited  
Excepting by the dead ;  
And it is her laughter

At morn and night I hear  
When the thrush cock sings  
Bright irrelevant things,  
And when the chanticleer

Calls back to their own night  
Troops that make loneliness  
With their light footsteps' press,  
As Helen's own are light.

Now all roads lead to France  
And heavy is the tread  
Of the living ; but the dead  
Returning lightly dance :

Whatever the road bring  
To me or take from me,  
They keep me company  
With their pattering,

Crowding the solitude  
Of the loops over the downs,  
Hushing the roar of towns  
And their brief multitude.

*Edward Thomas.*

#### 47. THE HOMECOMING OF THE SHEEP

**T**HE sheep are coming home in Greece,  
Hark the bells on every hill !  
Flock by flock, and fleece by fleece,  
Wandering wide a little piece  
Thro' the evening red and still,  
Stopping where the pathways cease,  
Cropping with a hurried will.

Thro' the cotton-bushes low  
Merry boys with shouldered crooks  
Close them in a single row,  
Shout among them as they go  
With one bell-ring o'er the brooks.  
Such delight you never know  
Reading it from gilded books.

Before the early stars are bright  
Cormorants and sea-gulls call,  
And the moon comes large and white  
Filling with a lovely light  
The ferny curtained waterfall.  
Then sleep wraps every bell up tight  
And the climbing moon grows small.

*Francis Ledwidge.*

## 48. OUT IN THE DARK

OUT in the dark over the snow  
The fallow fawns invisible go  
With the fallow doe ;  
And the winds blow  
Fast as the stars are slow.

Stealthily the dark haunts round  
And, when a lamp goes, without sound  
At a swifter bound  
Than the swiftest hound,  
Arrives, and all else is drowned ;

And I and star and wind and deer  
Are in the dark together—near,  
Yet far,—and fear  
Drums in my ear  
In that sage company drear.

How weak and little is the light,  
All the universe of sight,  
Love and delight,  
Before the might,  
If you love it not, of night.

*Edward Thomas.*

## 49. DRIVING SHEEP

THE green east flows with the tides of the rose  
Between the bars of night, half-drawn.  
The moon shines cold and faint on the fold  
Where sheep glimmer, gray in the dawn.

Oh, thin like a dream their sad cries seem,  
Caught high above time and space ;  
And old as the world, from out fleece dew-pearled,  
Gazes each meek sheep-face.  
Dazed with sleep, and numb, the sheep-women come,  
And open the field gate wide.  
The sheep surge out in an idiot rout,  
Like gray foam swept on a tide.  
Keep steady, move slow, we've three miles to go  
To Grantchester from Chalk Field pen.  
Herd them up all the way, lest some go astray,  
Of our imbecile two score and ten.  
Unreasoning, blind, each poor unhinged mind  
Takes its thought from the sheep next ahead.  
Through each hedge gate (if you reach it too late)  
They charge, wild and pale, like the dead.  
Their lilting bleat, their sharp, scuttling feet,  
Are strange, strange as dreams before day,  
And . . . counting the sheep . . . we sway . . . into  
sleep . . .  
And trail along . . . foolish as they.

The wide tides of gold surge, quiet and cold ;  
The green west turns deep blue ;  
The moon's worn slip very soon will dip,  
Like a pale night-bird, from view.  
There seems no sound in the world all round  
But of horn feet and quavering cries  
In the young, cold hour . . . Like flame, like a flower,  
The sun springs, huge with surprise.

*Rose Macaulay.*

## 50. THE DOWNS

**O** BOLD majestic downs, smooth, fair and lonely ;  
O still solitude, only matched in the skies ;  
Perilous in steep places,  
Soft in the level races,  
Where sweeping in phantom silence the cloudland flies;  
With lovely undulation of fall and rise ;  
Entrenched with thickets thorned,  
By delicate miniature dainty flowers adorned !

I climb your crown, and lo ! a sight surprising  
Of sea in front uprising, steep and wide :  
And scattered ships ascending  
To heaven, lost in the blending  
Of distant blues, where water and sky divide,  
Urging their engines against wind and tide,  
And all so small and slow  
They seem to be wearily pointing the way they would  
go.

The accumulated murmur of soft plashing,  
Of waves on rocks dashing and searching the sands,  
Takes my ear, in the veering  
Baffled wind, as rearing  
Upright at the cliff, to the gullies and rifts he stands ;  
And his conquering surges scour out over the lands ;  
While again at the foot of the downs  
He masses his strength to recover the topmost crowns.

*Robert Bridges.*

## 51. THE DOWNS

O H ! the downs high to the cool sky ;  
And the feel of the sun-warmed moss ;  
And each cardoon, like a full moon,  
Fairy-spun of the thistle floss ;  
And the beech grove, and a wood dove,  
And the trail where the shepherds pass ;  
And the lark's song, and the wind song,  
And the scent of the parching grass !

*John Galsworthy.*

## 52. SHEPHERD APOLLO

C LIMB with me, Laomedon's white fleeces,  
Upward to the hilltops, up to Ida,  
To unshaded dews and earliest dawning.  
Young and lustrous, god and yet a servant,  
As a star past rock and tree I climb.  
Raise your heads erect, ye flocks, and listen  
To the note I strike from off my lyre !  
They have heard, they stand each head erected ;  
Thus they wait the Grazing-Tune that woos  
Slowly to the ridges and the sky.  
I have struck it : all submissive listen,  
Till they feed in mystery, advancing,  
Drawn to solemn paces by a spell ;  
Then to sharper strains one way they hurry,  
Fleece by fleece around me, till I strike  
Sweet, soft notes that lay them down to slumber,  
I beside them, where the sun no more  
Falls across us, but the chilling moonlight :

There we sleep, my flock and I together,  
I, a god, though servant of a king.

*Michael Field*

53. SONG OF POPLARS

**S**HEPHERD, to yon tall poplars tune your flute :  
Let them pierce keenly, subtly shrill,  
The slow blue rumour of the hill ;  
Let the grass cry with an anguish of evening gold,  
And the great sky be mute.

Then hearken how the poplar trees unfold  
Their buds, yet close and gummed and blind,  
In airy leafage of the mind,  
Rustling in silvery whispers the twin-hued scales  
That fade not nor grow old.

“ Poplars and fountains and you cypress spires  
Springing in dark and rusty flame,  
Seek you aught that hath a name ?  
Or say, say : Are you all an upward agony  
Of undefined desires ?

“ Say, are you happy in the golden march  
Of sunlight all across the day ?  
Or do you watch the uncertain way  
That leads the withering moon on cloudy stairs  
Over the heaven’s wide arch ?

“ Is it towards sorrow or towards joy you lift  
The sharpness of your trembling spears ?  
Or do you seek, through the grey tears  
That blur the sky, in the heart of the triumphing blue,  
A deeper, calmer rift ? ”

So ; I have tuned my music to the trees,  
And there were voices, dim below  
Their shrillness, voices swelling slow  
In the blue murmur of hills, and a golden cry  
And then vast silences.

*Aldous Huxley.*

54. OAK AND OLIVE

I

**T**HOUGH I was born a Londoner,  
And bred in Gloucestershire,  
I walked in Hellas years ago  
With friends in white attire :  
And I remember how my soul  
Drank wine as pure as fire.

And when I stand by Charing Cross  
I can forget to hear  
The crash of all those smoking wheels,  
When those cold flutes and clear  
Pipe with such fury down the street,  
My hands grow moist with fear.

And there's a hall in Bloomsbury  
No more I dare to tread,  
For all the stone men shout at me  
And swear they are not dead ;  
And once I touched a broken girl  
And knew that marble bled.

## II

But when I walk in Athens town  
That swims in dust and sun,  
Perverse, I think of London then,  
Where massive work is done,  
And with what sweep at Westminster  
The rayless waters run.

I ponder how from Attic seed  
There grew an English tree,  
How Byron like his heroes fell,  
Fighting a country free,  
And Swinburne took from Shelley's lips  
The kiss of Poetry.

And while our poets chanted Pan  
Back to his pipes and power,  
Great Verrall, bending at his desk,  
And searching hour on hour  
Found out old gardens, where the wise  
May pluck a Spartan flower.

## III

When I go down the Gloucester lanes  
My friends are deaf and blind :  
Fast as they turn their foolish eyes  
The Maenads leap behind,  
And when I hear the fire-winged feet,  
They only hear the wind.

Have I not chased the fluting Pan  
Through Cranham's sober trees ?  
Have I not sat on Painswick Hill  
With a nymph upon my knees,  
And she as rosy as the dawn,  
And naked as the breeze ?

## IV

But when I lie in Grecian fields,  
Smothered in asphodel,  
Or climb the blue and barren hills,  
Or sing in woods that smell  
With such hot spices of the South  
As mariners might sell—

Then my heart turns where no sun burns,  
To lands of glittering rain,  
To fields beneath low-clouded skies  
New-widowed of their grain,  
And Autumn leaves like blood and gold  
That strew a Gloucester lane.

## V

Oh, well I know sweet Hellas now,  
And well I knew it then,  
When I with starry lads walked out—  
But ah, for home again !  
Was I not bred in Gloucestershire,  
One of the Englishmen !

*J. E. Flecker.*

## 55. NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1913

OH, Cartmel bells ring soft to-night,  
And Cartmel bells ring clear,  
But I lie far away to-night,  
Listening with my dear ;

Listening in a frosty land  
Where all the bells are still  
And the small-windowed bell-towers stand  
Dark under heath and hill.

I thought that, with each dying year,  
As long as life should last,  
The bells of Cartmel I should hear  
Ring out an aged past :

The plunging, mingling sounds increase  
Darkness's depth and height,  
The hollow valley gains more peace  
And ancientness to-night :

The loveliness, the fruitfulness,  
The power of life lived there  
Return, revive, more closely press  
Upon that midnight air.

But many deaths have place in men  
Before they come to die ;  
Joys must be used and spent, and then  
Abandoned and passed by.

Earth is not ours ; no cherished space  
 Can hold us from life's flow,  
 That bears us thither and thence by ways  
 We knew not we should go.

Oh, Cartmel bells ring loud, ring clear,  
 Through midnight deep and hoar,  
 A year new-born, and I shall hear  
 The Cartmel bells no more.

*Gordon Bottomley.*

#### 56. BY AVON STREAM

**T**HE jonquils bloom round Samarcand.—  
 Maybe ; but lulled by Avon stream,  
 By hawthorn-scented breezes fanned,  
 'Twere mere perversity to dream  
 Of Samarcand.

A very heaven the Javan isle !—  
 Fond fancy, whither wilt thou stray ?  
 While bluest skies benignant smile  
 On Avon meads, why prate to-day  
 Of Javan isle ?

The bulbul 'plains by Omar's shrine.—  
 But still I hold, and ever must,  
 Lark's *tirra-lirra* more divine ;  
 And Stratford Church guards dearer dust  
 Than Omar's shrine.

*Arthur Henry Bullen.*

## 57. MARLBOROUGH

## I

CROUCHED where the open upland billows down  
Into the valley where the river flows,  
She is as any other country town,  
That little lives or marks or hears or knows.

And she can teach but little. She has not  
The wonder and the surging and the roar  
Of striving cities. Only things forgot  
That once were beautiful, but now no more,

Has she to give us. Yet to one or two  
She first brought knowledge, and it was for her  
To open first our eyes, until we knew  
How great, immeasurably great, we were.

I, who have walked along her downs in dreams,  
And known her tenderness and felt her might,  
And sometimes by her meadows and her streams  
Have drunk deep-storied secrets of delight,

Have had my moments there, when I have been  
Unwittingly aware of something more,  
Some beautiful aspect that I had seen  
With mute unspeculative eyes before ;

Have had my times, when, though the earth did wear  
Her self-same trees and grasses, I could see  
The revelation that is always there,  
But somehow is not always clear to me.

## II

So, long ago, one halted on his way  
And sent his company and cattle on ;  
His caravans trooped darkling far away  
Into the night, and he was left alone.

And he was left alone. And, lo, a man  
There wrestled with him till the break of day,  
The brook was silent and the night was wan.  
And when the dawn was come, he passed away.

The sinew of the hollow of his thigh  
Was shrunken, as he wrestled there alone.  
The brook was silent but the dawn was nigh.  
The stranger named him Israel and was gone.

And the sun rose on Jacob ; and he knew  
That he was no more Jacob, but had grown  
A more immortal vaster spirit, who  
Had seen God face to face, and still lived on.

The plain that seemed to stretch away to God,  
The brook that saw and heard and knew no fear,  
Were now the self-same soul as he who stood  
And waited for his brother to draw near.

For God had wrestled with him, and was gone.  
He looked around, and only God remained.  
The dawn, the desert, he and God were one.  
—And Esau came to meet him, travel-stained.

## III

So, there, when sunset made the downs look new  
And earth gave up her colours to the sky,  
And far away the little city grew  
Half into sight, new-visioned was my eye.

I, who have lived, and trod her lovely earth,  
Raced with her winds and listened to her birds,  
Have cared but little for their worldly worth,  
Nor sought to put my passion into words.

But now it's different ; and I have no rest  
Because my hand must search, dissect and spell  
The beauty that is better not expressed,  
The thing that all can feel, but none can tell.

*Charles Hamilton Sorley.*

## 58. THE BALLIOL ROOKS, 1885

**T**HE winter is dead, and the spring is a-dying,  
And summer is marching o'er mountain and  
plain,  
And tossing and tumbling and calling and crying  
The Balliol rooks are above us again ;  
And watching them wheel on unwearied wings,  
I question them softly of vanished things.

*Caw, caw, says every rook,  
To the dreamer his dream, to the scholar his book.  
Caw, caw, but the things for me  
Are the windy sky and the windy tree !*

O rooks, have you leant from your heights and  
harkened

From year to year to the whirl below ?

While the suns have flamed and the days have  
darkened,

Have you marked men ceaselessly come and go,  
Loiter a little while here and pass

As the ripple on water, the shadow on grass ?

*Caw, caw, says every rook,*

*To the dreamer his dream, to the scholar his book.*

*Caw, caw, but the things for me*

*Are the windy sky and the windy tree !*

The monk with his orisons heavenward rolling,

The friar of black, and the friar of grey ;

The schoolman stern, and the cavalier trolling

In court and in cloister his roundelay,

The singer sweet and the preacher pale—

O rooks, can you tell me their wondrous tale ?

*Caw, caw, says every rook,*

*To the dreamer his dream, to the scholar his book.*

*Caw, caw, but the things for me*

*Are the windy sky and the windy tree !*

And we that are heirs to their paths and places,

To the alleys dim and the sunlit towers,

With our hearts on fire, and our eager faces,

Still hasting along with the hasting hours ;

O rooks, I pray you, come, tell me true :  
Was it better the old ? is it better the new ?

*Caw, caw, says every rook,  
To the dreamer his dream, to the scholar his book.  
Caw, caw, but the things for me  
Are the windy sky and the windy tree !*

And they that shall follow upon us hereafter,  
The men unknown of the unborn years ;  
Will they move you at all with their grief and laughter,  
Will you reckon, O rooks, of their hopes and fears ;  
Or will you but circle scornfully,  
And mock at them as you mock at me ?

*Caw, caw, says every rook,  
To the dreamer his dream, to the scholar his book.  
Caw, caw, but the things for me  
Are the windy sky and the windy tree !*  
*Frederick S. Boas.*

#### 59. AT GRAFTON

GOD laughed when He made Grafton  
That's under Bredon Hill,  
A jewel in a jewelled plain.  
The seasons work their will  
On golden thatch and crumbling stone,  
And every soft-lipped breeze  
Makes music for the Grafton men  
In comfortable trees.

God's beauty over Grafton  
Stole into roof and wall,  
And hallowed every paved path  
And every lowly stall,  
And to a woven wonder  
Conspired with one accord  
The labour of the servant,  
The labour of the Lord.

And momentarily to Grafton  
Comes in from vale and wold  
The sound of sheep unshepherded,  
The sound of sheep in fold,  
And, blown along the bases  
Of lands that set their wide  
Frank brows to God, comes chanting  
The breath of Bristol tide.

*John Drinkwater.*

#### 60. OLTON POOLS

**N**ow June walks on the waters,  
And the cuckoo's last enchantment  
Passes from Olton pools.

Now dawn comes to my window  
Breathing midsummer roses,  
And scythes are wet with dew.

Is it not strange for ever  
That, bowered in this wonder,  
Man keeps a jealous heart ? . . .

That June and the June waters  
And birds and dawn-lit roses,  
Are gospels in the wind,

Fading upon the deserts,  
Poor pilgrim revelations ? . . .  
Hist . . . over Olton pools !

*John Drinkwater.*

#### 61. THE ALDE

**H**ow near I walked to Love,  
How long, I cannot tell.  
I was like the Alde that flows  
Quietly through green level lands,  
So quietly, it knows  
Their shape, their greenness and their shadows well ;  
And then undreamingly for miles it goes  
And silently, beside the sea.

Seamews circle over,  
The winter wildfowl wings,  
Long and green the grasses wave  
Between the river and the sea.  
The sea's cry, wild or grave,  
From bank to low bank of the river rings ;  
But the uncertain river, though it crave  
The sea, knows not the sea.

Was that indeed salt wind ?  
Came that noise from falling  
Wild waters on a stony shore ?  
Oh, what is this new troubling tide  
Of eager waves that pour  
Around and over, leaping, parting, recalling ? . . .  
How near I moved (as day to same day wore)  
And silently, beside the sea !

*John Freeman.*

62. THE LITTLE WAVES OF BREFFNY

**T**HE grand road from the mountain goes shining to  
the sea,

And there is traffic on it and many a horse and cart,  
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me,  
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through  
my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the  
hill,

And there is glory in it and terror on the wind,  
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,  
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my  
mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on  
their way,

Shining green and silver with the hidden herring  
shoal,

But the Little Waves of Breffny have drenched my  
heart in spray,  
And the Little Waves of Breffny go stumbling  
through my soul.

*Eva Gore-Booth.*

63. CARROWMORE

**I**T's a lonely road through bogland to the lake at  
Carrowmore,  
And a sleeper there lies dreaming where the water laps  
the shore ;  
Though the moth-wings of the twilight in their purples  
are unfurled,  
Yet his sleep is filled with music by the masters of the  
world.

There's a hand is white as silver that is fondling with  
his hair :  
There are glimmering feet of sunshine that are dancing  
by him there :  
And half-open lips of faery that were dyed a faery red  
In their revels where the Hazel Tree its holy clusters  
shed.

"Come away," the red lips whisper, "all the world is  
weary now ;  
'Tis the twilight of the ages and it's time to quit the  
plough.  
Oh, the very sunlight's weary ere it lightens up the  
dew,  
And its gold is changed and faded before it falls to you.

“ Though your colleen’s heart be tender, a tenderer heart is near.

What’s the starlight in her glances when the stars are shining clear ?

Who would kiss the fading shadow when the flower-face glows above ?

’Tis the beauty of all Beauty that is calling for your love.”

Oh, the great gates of the mountain have opened once again,

And the sound of song and dancing falls upon the ears of men,

And the Land of Youth lies gleaming, flushed with rainbow light and mirth,

And the old enchantment lingers in the honey-heart of earth.

A. E.

#### 64. CORRYMEELA

O VER here in England I’m helpin’ wi’ the hay,  
 An’ I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day ;  
 Weary on the English hay, an’ sorra take the wheat !  
*Och ! Corrymeela an’ the blue sky over it.*

There’ a deep dumb river flowin’ by beyont the heavy trees,

This livin’ air is moithered wi’ the bummin’ o’ the bees ;

I wisht I’d hear the Claddagh burn go runnin’ through the heat

*Past Corrymeela, wi’ the blue sky over it.*

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,  
There' not the smallest young gossoon but thravels  
in his shoes !

I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut  
child,

*Och ! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.*

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,  
By the luck o' love ! I'd still go light for all I did  
go bare.

"God save ye, *colleen dhas*," I said : the girl she  
thought me wild.

*Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.*

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortal hard  
to raise,

The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to  
plase ;

When one'st I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be back  
again—

*Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.*

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an'  
English town !

For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a silver  
crown,

For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in vain,

*Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.*

*Moirá O'Neill.*

## 65. MERRION SQUARE

GREY clouds on the tinted sky,  
A drifting moon, a quiet breeze  
Drooping mournfully to cry  
In the branches of the trees.

The crying wind, the sighing trees,  
The ruffled stars, the darkness falling  
Down the sky, and on the breeze  
A belated linnet calling.

*James Stephens.*

## 66. SONG OF THE LARKS AT DAWN

SHEPHERDS who pastures seek  
At dawn may see  
From Falterona's peak  
Above Camaldoli  
Gleam, beyond forests and wildernesses bleak,  
Both shores of Italy.  
Fallen apart are the terrible clouds of the morning  
And men lift up their eyes.

Heaven's troubled continents  
Are rifted, torn :  
Thunders, in their forest tents,  
Still seethe and sullenly mourn  
When aloft, from the gulfs and the sheer ascents,  
Is a music born.  
Hark to that music, laggard mists of the morning,  
And men, lift up your eyes !

For scarce can eye see light  
When the ear's aware  
That virginals exquisite  
Are raining from the air—  
With sun and pale moon mingling their delight—  
Adorations everywhere !  
Now listen and yield the vanquish'd stars of the  
morning  
And men lift up their eyes.  
Eddy of golden dust—  
Halo of rays—  
Thrilling up, up, as they must  
Die of the life they praise—  
The larks, the larks ! that to the earth entrust  
Only their sleeping-place.  
From rugged wolds and rock-bound valleys of morning  
The larks like mist arise.  
Earth sends them up from hills,  
Her wishes small,  
Her cloud of griefs, her wills  
To burst from her own thrall,  
And to burn away what chains the soul or chills  
In the God and fount of all.  
Open your gates, O ye cities faint for morning,  
And men, lift up your eyes !  
Open ! Night's blue Pantheon,  
Thy dark roof-ring  
For that escaping pæan  
Of tremblers on the wing

At the unknown threshold of the empyrean  
In myriads soft to sing.  
Give way before them, temple-veils of the morning,  
And men, lift up your eyes !

They ascend, ere the red beam  
On heaven grows strong,  
Into that amazing stream  
Of Dawn—and float along  
In the future, for the future is their dream  
Who roof the world with song.  
Open your flowers, O ye mountains spread for morning,  
And men, lift up your eyes !

Hark ! it grows less and less—  
But nothing mars  
That rapture beyond guess—  
Beyond our senses' bars—  
They drink the virgin Light, the measureless,  
And in it fade, like stars.  
They have gone past, the dew-like spirits of morning  
Beyond the uplifted eyes.

Between two lamps suspended,  
Of Life and Death,  
Sun-marshalled and moon-tended  
Man's swift soul journeyeth  
To be borne out of the life it hath transcended  
Still, still on a breath ! . . .  
To-day we too are the wingèd sons of the morning,  
To-day we will arise !

*Herbert Trench.*

## 67. THE DARKLING THRUSH

I LEANT upon a coppice gate  
When Frost was spectre-gray,  
And Winter's dregs made desolate  
The weakening eye of day.  
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky  
Like strings from broken lyres,  
And all mankind that haunted nigh  
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be  
The Century's corpse outleant,  
His crypt the cloudy canopy,  
The wind his death-lament.  
The ancient pulse of germ and birth  
Was shrunken hard and dry,  
And every spirit upon earth  
Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice burst forth among  
The bleak twigs overhead  
In a full-hearted evensong  
Of joy illimited ;  
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,  
In blast-beruffled plume,  
Had chosen thus to fling his soul  
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carollings  
Of such ecstatic sound  
Was written on terrestrial things  
Afar or nigh around,

That I could think there trembled through  
His happy good-night air  
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew  
And I was unaware.

*Thomas Hardy.*

68. BLACKBIRD

**H**<sup>E</sup> comes on chosen evenings,  
My blackbird bountiful, and sings  
Over the gardens of the town  
Just at the hour the sun goes down.  
His flight across the chimneys thick,  
By some divine arithmetic,  
Comes to his customary stack,  
And couches there his plumage black,  
And there he lifts his yellow bill,  
Kindled against the sunset, till  
These suburbs are like Dymock woods  
Where music has her solitudes,  
And while he mocks the winter's wrong  
Rapt on his pinnacle of song,  
Figured above our garden plots  
Those are celestial chimney-pots.

*John Drinkwater.*

69. THE BELLS OF HEAVEN

**'T**<sup>WOULD</sup> ring the bells of Heaven  
The wildest peal for years,  
If Parson lost his senses  
And people came to theirs,

And he and they together  
Knelt down with angry prayers  
For tamed and shabby tigers,  
And dancing dogs and bears,  
And wretched, blind pit-ponies,  
And little hunted hares.

*Ralph Hodgson.*

#### 70. THE SNARE

**I** HEAR a sudden cry of pain !  
There is a rabbit in a snare :  
Now I hear the cry again,  
But I cannot tell from where.

But I cannot tell from where  
He is calling out for aid ;  
Crying on the frightened air,  
Making everything afraid.

Making everything afraid,  
Wrinkling up his little face,  
As he cries again for aid ;  
And I cannot find the place !

And I cannot find the place  
Where his paw is in the snare :  
Little one ! Oh, little one !  
I am searching everywhere.  
*James Stephens.*

## 71. THE DONKEY

**W**HEN fishes flew and forests walked  
And figs grew upon thorn,  
Some moment when the moon was blood  
Then surely I was born ;

With monstrous head and sickening cry  
And ears like errant wings,  
The devil's walking parody  
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,  
Of ancient crooked will ;  
Starve, scourge, deride me : I am dumb,  
I keep my secret still.

Fools ! For I also had my hour ;  
One far fierce hour and sweet :  
There was a shout about my ears,  
And palms before my feet.

*Gilbert Keith Chesterton.*

## 72. MILK FOR THE CAT

**W**HEN the tea is brought at five o'clock,  
And all the neat curtains are drawn with care,  
The little black cat with bright green eyes  
Is suddenly purring there.

At first she pretends, having nothing to do,  
She has come in merely to blink by the grate,  
But, though tea may be late or the milk may be sour,  
She is never late.

And presently her agate eyes  
Take a soft large milky haze,  
And her independent casual glance  
Becomes a stiff hard gaze.

Then she stamps her claws or lifts her ears,  
Or twists her tail and begins to stir,  
Till suddenly all her lithe body becomes  
One breathing trembling purr.

The children eat and wriggle and laugh ;  
The two old ladies stroke their silk :  
But the cat is grown small and thin with desire,  
Transformed to a creeping lust for milk.

The white saucer like some full moon descends  
At last from the clouds of the table above ;  
She sighs and dreams and thrills and glows,  
Transfigured with love.

She nestles over the shining rim,  
Buries her chin in the creamy sea ;  
Her tail hangs loose ; each drowsy paw  
Is doubled under each bending knee.

A long dim ecstasy holds her life ;  
Her world is an infinite shapeless white,  
Till her tongue has curled the last holy drop,  
Then she sinks back into the night,

Draws and dips her body to heap  
Her sleepy nerves in the great arm-chair,  
Lies defeated and buried deep  
Three or four hours unconscious there.

*Harold Monro.*

73. TO A BLACK GREYHOUND

**S**HINING black in the shining light,  
Inky black in the golden sun,  
Graceful as the swallow's flight,  
Light as swallow, wingèd one,  
Swift as driven hurricane—  
Double-sinewed stretch and spring,  
Muffled thud of flying feet,  
See the black dog galloping,  
Hear his wild foot-beat.

See him lie when the day is dead,  
Black curves curled on the boarded floor.  
Sleepy eyes, my sleepy-head—  
Eyes that were aflame before.  
Gentle now, they burn no more ;  
Gentle now and softly warm,  
With the fire that made them bright  
Hidden—as when after storm  
Softly falls the night.

God of speed, who makes the fire—  
God of Peace, who lulls the same—  
God who gives the fierce desire,  
Lust for blood as fierce as flame—

God who stands in Pity's name—  
Many may ye be or less,  
Ye who rule the earth and sun :  
Gods of strength and gentleness,  
Ye are ever one.

*Julian Grenfell.*

74. TIM, AN IRISH TERRIER

**I**T's wonderful dogs they're breeding now :  
Small as a flea or large as a cow ;  
But my old lad Tim he'll never be bet  
By any dog that ever he met.  
" Come on," says he, " for I'm not kilt yet."

No matter the size of the dog he'll meet,  
Tim trails his coat the length o' the street.  
D'ye mind his scars an' his ragged ear,  
The like of a Dublin Fusilier ?  
He's a massacree dog that knows no fear.

But he'd stick to me till his latest breath ;  
An' he'd go with me to the gates of death.  
He'd wait for a thousand years, maybe,  
Scratching the door an' whining for me  
If myself were inside in Purgatory.

So I laugh when I hear thim make it plain  
That dogs and men never meet again.  
For all their talk who'd listen to thim,  
With the soul in the shining eyes of him ?  
Would God be wasting a dog like Tim ?

*W. M. Letts.*

## 75. THE TURKISH TRENCH DOG

**N**IGHT held me as I crawled and scrambled near  
The Turkish lines. Above, the mocking stars  
Silvered the curving parapet, and clear  
Cloud-latticed beams o'erflecked the land with bars ;  
I, crouching, lay between  
Tense-listening armies, peering through the night,  
Twin giants bound by tentacles unseen.  
Here in dim-shadowed light  
I saw him, as a sudden movement turned  
His eyes towards me, glowing eyes that burned  
A moment ere his snuffling muzzle found  
My trail ; and then as serpents mesmerise  
He chained me with those unrelenting eyes,  
That muscle-sliding rhythm, knit and bound  
In spare-limbed symmetry, those perfect jaws  
And soft-approaching pitter-patter paws.  
Nearer and nearer like a wolf he crept—  
That moment had my swift revolver leapt—  
But terror seized me, terror born of shame  
Brought flooding revelation. For he came  
As one who offers comradeship deserved,  
An open ally of the human race,  
And sniffing at my prostrate form unnerved  
He licked my face !

*Geoffrey Dearmer.*

## 76. SONG FROM CALLIRRHÖE

**I**DANCE and dance ! Another faun,  
A black one, dances on the lawn.  
He moves with me, and when I lift  
My heels his feet directly shift :

I can't outdance him though I try ;  
He dances nimblier than I.  
I toss my head, and so does he ;  
What tricks he dares to play with me !  
I touch the ivy in my hair ;  
Ivy he has and finger there.  
The spiteful thing to mock me so !  
I will outdance him ! Ho, ho, ho !

*Michael Field.*

#### 77. LULLABY

**S**TRIPPED thee when thou hast and girt  
Thy clean night-shirt,  
Leap into the soft snug bed ;  
Lay down thy head ;  
Sleep, and in thy white cot be  
A picture for the stars to see.

Cling not to the game that's dead ;  
Be glad instead,  
After all thy falls and frowns,  
That silence drowns  
All that any star might see  
To make such clear light sad for thee

Sleep, sleep ;  
Down, down,  
Through silence good and deep.  
Down, down ;

Sink as through a well, each trace  
Or of spite, of sulk or frown,  
Dying out from thy still face  
Till asleep thou dreaming lie,—  
A sight to charm the moon on high  
And hold her longer in the sky.

*T. Sturge Moore.*

78. EX ORE INFANTIUM

**L**ITTLE Jesus, wast Thou shy  
Once, and just so small as I ?  
And what did it feel like to be  
Out of Heaven, and just like me ?  
Didst Thou sometimes think of *there*,  
And ask where all the angels were ?  
I should think that I would cry  
For my house all made of sky ;  
I would look about the air,  
And wonder where my angels were ;  
And at waking 'twould distress me—  
Not an angel there to dress me !

Hadst Thou ever any toys,  
Like us little girls and boys ?  
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all  
The angels, that were not too tall,  
With stars for marbles ? Did the things  
Play *Can you see me ?* through their wings ?

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,  
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way ?  
And did they tire sometimes, being young,  
And make the prayer seem very long ?  
And dost Thou like it best, that we  
Should join our hands to pray to Thee ?  
I used to think, before I knew,  
The prayer not said unless we do.  
And did Thy Mother at the night  
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right ?  
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,  
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said ?

Thou canst not have forgotten all  
That it feels like to be small :  
And Thou know'st I cannot pray  
To Thee in my father's way—  
When Thou wast so little, say,  
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way ?—  
So, a little Child, come down  
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own ;  
Take me by the hand and walk,  
And listen to my baby-talk.  
To Thy Father show my prayer  
(He will look, Thou art so fair),  
And say : “ O Father, I, Thy Son,  
Bring the prayer of a little one.”

And He will smile, that children's tongue  
Has not changed since Thou wast young !

*Francis Thompson.*

## 79. SHAKESPEARE

**I**F many a daring spirit must discover  
The chartless world, why should they glory lack?  
Because athwart the skyline they sank over  
Few, few, the shipmen be that have come back.

Yet one, wrecked oft, hath by a giddy cord  
The rugged head of Destiny regain'd—  
One from the maelstrom's lap hath swum aboard—  
One from the polar sleep himself unchain'd.

And he, acquainted well with every tone  
Of madness whining in his shroudage slender,  
From storm and mutiny emerged alone  
Self-righted from the dreadful self-surrender :

Rich from the isles where sojourn long is death,  
Won back to cool Thames and Elizabeth,  
Sea-weary, yes, but human still, and whole,—  
A circumnavigator of the soul.

*Herbert Trench.*

## 80. I LIKE TO THINK OF SHAKESPEARE

**I** LIKE to think of Shakespeare, not as when  
In our old London of the spacious time  
He took all amorous hearts with honeyed rhyme ;  
Or flung his jest at Burbage and at Ben ;  
Or speared the flying follies with his pen ;  
Or, in deep hour, made Juliet's love sublime ;  
Or from Lear's kindness and Iago's crime  
Caught tragic hint of heaven's dark way with men.

These were great memories, but he laid them down.  
 And when, with brow composed and friendly tread,  
 He sought the little streets of Stratford town,  
 That knew his dreams and soon must hold him dead,  
 I like to think how Shakespeare pruned his rose,  
 And ate his pippin in his orchard close.

*E. K. Chambers.*

#### 81. FRIENDS BEYOND

**W**ILLIAM DEWY, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Led-  
 low late at plough,  
 Robert's kin, and John's and Ned's,  
 And the Squire, and Lady Susan, lie in Mellstock  
 churchyard now !

"Gone," I call them, gone for good, that group of  
 local hearts and heads ;

Yet at mothy curfew-tide,  
 And at midnight when the noon-heat breathes it back  
 from walls and leads,

They've a way of whispering to me—fellow-wight  
 who yet abide—

In the muted, measured note  
 Of a ripple under archways, or a lone cave's  
 stillicide :

"We have triumphed : this achievement turns the  
 bane to antidote,

Unsuccesses to success,  
 Many thought-worn eves and morrows to a morrow  
 free of thought.

“ No more need we corn and clothing, feel of old terrestrial stress ;

Chill detraction stirs no sigh ;

Fear of death has even bygone us : death gave all that we possess.”

*W. D.* : “ Ye mid burn the old bass-viol that I set such value by.”

*Squire* : “ You may hold the manse in fee,  
You may wed my spouse, may let my children’s memory of me die.”

*Lady* : “ You may have my rich brocades, my laces ;  
take each household key ;  
Ransack coffer, desk, bureau ;  
Quiz the few poor treasures hid there, con the letters kept by me.”

*Far.* : “ Ye mid zell my favourite heifer, ye mid let the charlock grow,  
Foul the grinterns, give up thrift.”

*Wife* : “ If ye break my best blue china, children, I shan’t care or ho.”

*All* : “ We’ve no wish to hear the tidings how the people’s fortunes shift ;  
What your daily doings are ;  
Who are wedded, born, divided ; if your lives beat slow or swift.

“Curious not the least are we if our intents you  
make or mar,

If you quire to our old tune,  
If the City stage still passes, if the weirs still roar  
afar.”

Thus, with very gods’ composure, freed those crosses  
late and soon

Which, in life, the Trine allow  
(Why, none witteth), and ignoring all that haps  
beneath the moon,

William Dewy, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Ledlow late  
at plough,

Robert’s kin, and John’s and Ned’s,  
And the Squire, and Lady Susan, murmur mildly  
to me now.

*Thomas Hardy.*

## 82. THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY

**W**HEN I play on my fiddle in Dooney,  
Folk dance like a wave of the sea ;  
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,  
My brother in Moharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin :  
They read in their books of prayer ;  
I read in my book of songs  
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time,  
To Peter sitting in state,  
He will smile on the three old spirits,  
But call me first through the gate ;

For the good are always the merry,  
Save by an evil chance,  
And the merry love the fiddle,  
And the merry love to dance :

And when the folk there spy me,  
They will all come up to me,  
With " Here is the fiddler of Dooney ! "  
And dance like a wave of the sea.

*William Butler Yeats.*

### 83. THE PLOUGHER

SUNSET and silence ; a man ; around him earth  
savage, earth broken :  
Beside him two horses, a plough !

Earth savage, earth broken, the brutes, the dawn-man  
there in the sunset !  
And the plough that is twin to the sword, that is  
founder of cities !

" Brute-tamer, plough-maker, earth-breaker, canst  
hear ? There are ages between us !  
Is it praying you are as you stand there, alone in the  
sunset ? "

“Surely our sky-born gods can be nought to you,  
Earth-child and Earth-master !

Surely your thoughts are of Pan, or of Wotan or  
Dana !

“Yet why give thought to the gods ? Has Pan led  
your brutes where they stumble ?

Has Wotan put hands to your plough or Dana  
numbed pain of the childbed ?

“What matter your foolish reply, O man, standing  
lone and bowed earthward.

Your task is a day near its close. Give thanks to  
the night-giving God.”

Slowly the darkness falls, the broken lands blend with  
the savage,

The brute-tamer stands by the brutes, by a head's  
breadth only above them !

A head's breadth, ay, but therein is Hell's depth and  
the height up to Heaven,

And the thrones of the gods, and their halls and their  
chariots, purples and splendours.

*Padraic Colum.*

#### 84. THE PENNY WHISTLE

**T**HE new moon hangs like an ivory bugle  
In the naked frosty blue ;  
And the ghylls of the forest, already blackened  
By Winter, are blackened anew.

The brooks that cut up and increase the forest,  
As if they had never known  
The sun, are roaring with black hollow voices  
Betwixt rage and a moan.

But still the caravan-hut by the hollies  
Like a kingfisher gleams between :  
Round the mossed old hearths of the charcoal-burners  
First primroses ask to be seen.

The charcoal-burners are black, but their linen  
Blows white on the line ;  
And white the letter the girl is reading  
Under that crescent fine :

And her brother who hides apart in a thicket,  
Slowly and surely playing  
On a whistle an olden nursery melody,  
Says far more than I am saying.

*Edward Thomas.*

#### 85. THE MARKET

A MAN came to me at the fair  
And said, " If you've a poet's tongue,  
Tumble up and chant the air  
That the stars of morning sung.

" I'll pay you, if you sing it nice,  
A penny piece."—I answered flat,  
" Sixpence is the proper price  
For a ballad such as that."

But he stared and wagged his head,  
Growling as he passed along,  
"Sixpence ! well, I'll see you dead  
Before I pay that for a song."

I saw him buy three pints of stout  
With the sixpence—dirty lout !

*James Stephens.*

#### 86. SEUMAS BEG

A MAN was sitting underneath a tree  
Outside a village, and he asked me what  
Name was upon this place, and said that he  
Was never here before. He told a lot  
Of stories to me too. His nose was flat.  
I asked him how it happened, and he said  
The first mate of the *Mary Anne* done that  
With a marling spike one day, but he was dead,  
And jolly good job too ; and he'd have gone  
A long way to have killed him, and he had  
A gold ring in one ear ; the other one  
" Was bit off by a crocodile, bedad."  
That's what he said. He taught me how to chew.  
He was a real nice man. He liked me too.

*James Stephens.*

#### 87. TAM I' THE KIRK

O JEAN, my Jean, when the bell ca's the congrega-  
tion  
Owre valley an' hill wi' the ding frae its iron mou',  
When a'bod's thochts is set on his ain salvation,  
Mine's set on you,

There's a reid rose lies on the Buik o' the Word afore  
ye

That was growin' braw on its bush at the keek o' day,  
But the lad that pu'd yon flower i' the mornin's glory,  
He canna pray.

He canna pray ; but there's nane i' the kirk will heed  
him

Whaur he sits sae still his lane at the side o' the wa',  
For nane but the reid rose kens what my lassie gie'd  
him—

It an' us twa !

He canna sing for the sang that his ain he'rt raises,  
He canna see for the mist that's afore his een,  
And a voice drouns the hale o' the psalms an' the  
paraphrases,

Cryin' " Jean, Jean, Jean ! "

*Violet Jacob.*

### 88. THE GOWK

I see the Gowk an' the Gowk sees me  
Beside a berry-bush by the apple-tree.

*Old Scots Rhyme.*

**T**IB, my auntie's a deil to wark,

Has me risin' afore the sun ;

Aince her heid is abune her sark

Then the clash o' her tongue's begun !

Warslin', steerin' wi' hens an' swine,

Naucht kens she o' a freend o' mine—

But the Gowk that bides i' the woods o' Dun

He kens him fine !

Past the yaird an' ahint the stye,  
 O the aipples grow bonnilie !  
 Tib, my auntie, she canna' spy  
 Wha comes creepin' to kep wi' me.  
 Aye ! she'd sort him, for, dod, she's fell !  
 Whisht now, Jimmie, an' hide yersel'  
 An' the wise-like bird i' the aipple-tree  
 He winna' tell !

Aprile-month, or the aipples flower,  
 Tib, my auntie, will rage an' ca' ;  
 Jimmie lad, she may rin an' glower—  
 What care I ? We'll be far awa' !  
 Let her seek me the leelang day,  
 Wha's to tell her the road we'll gae ?  
 For the cannie Gowk, tho' he kens it a',  
 He winna' say !

*Violet Jacob.*

#### 89. THE TWO LAMPLIGHTERS

**I** NEVER thowt when I grew owd  
 I'd tak to leetin' lamps ;  
 I sud have said, I'd rayther pad  
 My hoof on t' road wi' tramps.  
 But sin I gate that skelp<sup>1</sup> i' t' mine,  
 I'm wankle<sup>2</sup> i' my heead ;  
 So gaffer said, I'd give ower wark  
 An' leet town lamps atsteead.

<sup>1</sup> Blow.

<sup>2</sup> Unsteady.

At first, when I were liggin' snug  
I' bed, warm as a bee,  
'T were hard to rise and get agate  
As sooin as t' clock strake three.  
An' I were flaid to hear my steps  
Echoin' on ivery wall ;  
An' flaidier yet when down by t' church  
Ullets would skreek and call.

But now I'm flaid o' nowt ; I love  
All unkerd <sup>1</sup> sounds o' t' neet,  
Frae childer talkin' i' their dreams  
To t' tramp o' p'licemen' feet.  
But most of all I love to hark  
To t' song o' t' birds at dawn ;  
They wakken up afore it gloams,  
When t' dew ligs thick on t' lawn.

If I feel lonesome, up I look  
To t' sky aboon my heead ;  
An' theer's yon stars all glestrin' breet,  
Like daisies in a meead.  
But sometimes, when I'm glowerin' up,  
I see the Lord hissen ;  
He's doutin' all yon lamps o' Heaven  
That shines on mortal men.

He lowps alang frae star to star,  
As cobby <sup>2</sup> as can be ;  
Mebbe He reckons fowk's asleep,  
Wi' niver an eye to see.

<sup>1</sup> Strange, eerie.

<sup>2</sup> Active.

But I hae caught Him at his wark,  
For all He maks no din ;  
He leaves a track o' powder'd gowd<sup>1</sup>  
To show where He has bin.

He's got big lamps an' laatile lamps,  
An' lamps that twinkles red ;  
I'm capped to see Him dout 'em all  
Afore I'm back i' bed.  
But He don't laik about His wark,  
Or stop to hark to t' birds ;  
He minds His business, does the Lord,  
An' wastes no gaumless words.

I grow more like Him ivery day,  
For all I walk so lame ;  
An', happen, there will coom a time  
I'll beat Him at His game.  
Thrang as Throp's wife, I'll dout my lamps  
Afore He's gotten so far ;  
An' then I'll shout—" I've won my race,  
I've bet Him by a star."

*F. W. Moorman.*

90. A BALLAD-MAKER

ONCE I loved a maiden fair,  
*Over the hills and far away,*  
Lands she had and lovers to spare,  
*Over the hills and far away.*

<sup>1</sup> The Milky Way.

And I was stooped and troubled sore,  
And my face was pale, and the coat I wore  
Was thin as my supper the night before.

*Over the hills and far away.*

Once I passed in the autumn late,

*Over the hills and far away,*

Her bawn and byre and painted gate,

*Over the hills and far away.*

She was leaning there in the twilight space,

Sweet sorrow was on her fair young face,

And her wistful eyes were away from the place—

*Over the hills and far away.*

Maybe she thought as she watched me come,

*Over the hills and far away,*

With my awkward stride, and my face so glum,

*Over the hills and far away,*

“Spite of his stoop, he still is young ;

They say he goes the Shee among,

Ballads he makes, I’ve heard them sung

*Over the hills and far away.”*

She gave me good night in gentle wise,

*Over the hills and far away,*

Shyly lifting to mine, dark eyes,

*Over the hills and far away.*

What could I do but stop and speak,

And she no longer proud but meek ?

She plucked me a rose like her wild-rose cheek—

*Over the hills and far away.*

To-morrow, Mavourneen a sleeveen weds,  
    *Over the hills and far away,*  
With corn in haggard and cattle in sheds,  
    *Over the hills and far away.*  
And I who have lost her—the dear, the rare—  
Well, I got me this ballad to sing at the fair,  
'Twill bring enough money to drown my care,  
    *Over the hills and far away.*

*Padraic Colum.*

#### 91. THE PENALTY OF LOVE

**I**F love should count you worthy, and should deign  
    One day to seek your door and be your guest,  
    Pause ! ere you draw the bolt and bid him rest,  
If in your old content you would remain,  
For not alone he enters ; in his train  
    Are angels of the mist, the lonely guest  
    Dreams of the unfulfilled and unpossessed,  
And sorrow, and Life's immemorial pain.

He wakes desires you never may forget,  
    He shows you stars you never saw before,  
    He makes you share with him, for evermore  
The burden of the world's divine regret.  
How wise you were to open not ! and yet,  
    How poor if you should turn him from the door !  
                    *Sidney Royse Lysaght.*

## 92. I WENT INTO THE FIELDS

I WENT into the fields, but you were there  
Waiting for me, so all the summer flowers  
Were only glimpses of your starry powers ;  
Beautiful and inspired dust they were.

I went down by the waters, and a bird  
Sang with your voice in all the unknown tones  
Of all that self of you I have not heard,  
So that my being felt you to the bones.

I went into the house, and shut the door  
To be alone, but you were there with me ;  
All beauty in a little room may be,  
Though the roof lean, and muddy be the floor.

Then in my bed I bound my tired eyes  
To make a darkness for my weary brain ;  
But like a presence you were there again,  
Being and real, beautiful and wise,

So that I could not sleep, and cried aloud,  
“ You strange grave thing, what is it you  
would say ? ”

The redness of your dear lips dimmed to grey,  
The waters ebbd, the moon hid in a cloud.

*John Masefield.*

## 93. RENOUNCEMENT

I MUST not think of thee ; and, tired yet strong,  
I shun the love that lurks in all delight—  
The love of thee—and in the blue heaven's height,  
And in the dearest passage of a song.  
Oh, just beyond the sweetest thoughts that throng  
This breast, the thought of thee waits hidden yet  
bright ;  
But it must never, never come in sight ;  
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.  
But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,  
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,  
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,  
Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—  
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep,  
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

*Alice Meynell.*

## 94. DAWN SHALL OVER LETHE BREAK

LADY, when your lovely head  
Sinks to lie among the Dead,  
And the quiet Places keep  
You that so divinely sleep :  
Then the Dead shall blessèd be  
With a New Solemnity.  
For such beauty so descending  
Pledges them that death is ending.  
Sleep your fill :—But when you wake  
Dawn shall over Lethe break.

*Hilaire Belloc.*

## 95. LELANT

*(In Memory of Thomasine Trenoweth, aged 23)*

THE little meadow by the sand,  
Where Tamsin lies, is ringed about  
With acres of the scented thyme.  
The salt wind blows in all that land ;  
The great clouds pace across the skies ;  
Rare wanderers from the ferry climb.  
One might sleep well enough, no doubt,  
Where Tamsin lies.

Tamsin has sunshine now and wind,  
And all in life she might not have,  
The silence and the utter peace  
That tempest-winnowed spirits find  
On slopes that front the western wave.  
The white gulls circle without cease  
O'er Tamsin's grave.

*E. K. Chambers.*

## 96. THE GREAT LOVER

I HAVE been so great a lover : filled my days  
So proudly with the splendour of Love's praise,  
The pain, the calm, and the astonishment,  
Desire illimitable, and still content,  
And all dear names men use, to cheat despair,  
For the perplexed and viewless streams that bear  
Our hearts at random down the dark of life.  
Now, ere the unthinking silence on that strife

Steals down, I would cheat drowsy Death so far,  
My night shall be remembered for a star  
That outshone all the suns of all men's days.  
Shall I not crown them with immortal praise  
Whom I have loved, who have given me, dared with me  
High secrets, and in darkness knelt to see  
The inenarrable godhead of delight ?  
Love is a flame ;—we have beacons the world's night.  
A city :—and we have built it, these and I.  
An emperor :—we have taught the world to die.  
So, for their sakes I loved, ere I go hence,  
And the high cause of Love's magnificence,  
And to keep loyalties young, I'll write those names  
Golden for ever, eagles, crying flames,  
And set them as a banner, that men may know,  
To dare the generations, burn, and blow  
Out on the wind of Time, shining and streaming . . .

These I have loved :

White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,  
Ringed with blue lines ; and feathery, faery dust ;  
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light ; the strong crust  
Of friendly bread ; and many-tasting food ;  
Rainbows ; and the blue bitter smoke of wood ;  
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers ;  
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny  
hours,

Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon ;  
Then, the cool kindliness of sheets, that soon  
Smooth away trouble ; and the rough male kiss  
Of blankets ; grainy wood ; live hair that is

Shining and free ; blue-massing clouds ; the keen  
Unpassioned beauty of a great machine ;  
The benison of hot water ; furs to touch ;  
The good smell of old clothes ; and other such—  
The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,  
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers  
About dead leaves and last year's ferns . . .

Dear names,

And thousand other throng to me ! Royal flames ;  
Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring ;  
Holes in the ground ; and voices that do sing ;  
Voices in laughter, too ; and body's pain,  
Soon turned to peace ; and the deep-panting train ;  
Firm sands ; the little dulling edge of foam  
That browns and dwindles as the wave goes home ;  
And washen stones, gay for an hour ; the cold  
Graveness of iron ; moist black earthen mould ;  
Sleep ; and high places ; footprints in the dew ;  
And oaks ; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-new ;  
And new-peeled sticks ; and shining pools on grass ;—  
All these have been my loves. And these shall  
pass,

Whatever passes not, in the great hour,  
Nor all my passion, all my prayers, have power  
To hold them with me through the gate of Death.  
They'll play deserter, turn with the traitor breath,  
Break the high bond we made, and sell Love's trust  
And sacramented covenant to the dust.  
—Oh, never a doubt but, somewhere, I shall wake,  
And give what's left of love again, and make  
New friends, now strangers . . .

But the best I've known,  
Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows old, is blown  
About the winds of the world, and fades from brains  
Of living men, and dies.

Nothing remains.

O dear my loves, O faithless, once again  
This one last gift I give : that after men  
Shall know, and later lovers, far-removed,  
Praise you, "All these were lovely"; say, "He  
loved."

*Rupert Brooke.*

97. CLIFTON

I'm here at Clifton, grinding at the mill  
My feet for thrice nine barren years have trod ;  
But there are rocks and waves at Scarlett still,  
And gorse runs riot in Glen Chass—thank God !

Alert, I seek exactitude of rule,  
I step, and square my shoulders with the squad ;  
But there are blaeberries on old Barrule,  
And Langness has its heather still—thank God !

There is no silence here : the truculent quack  
Insists with acrid shriek my ears to prod,  
And, if I stop them, fumes ; but there's no lack  
Of silence still on Carraghyn—thank God !

Pragmatic fibs surround my soul, and bate it  
With measured phrase, that asks the assenting nod ;  
I rise, and say the bitter thing, and hate it—  
But Wordsworth's castle's still at Peel—thank God !

O broken life ! O wretched bits of being,  
Unrhythmic, patched, the even and the odd !  
But Bradda still has lichens worth the seeing,  
And thunder in her caves—thank God ! thank God !  
*T. E. Brown.*

## 98. A CIDER SONG

To J. S. M.

Extract from a Romance which is not yet written and probably never will be.

THE wine they drink in Paradise  
They make in Haute Lorraine ;  
God brought it burning from the sod  
To be a sign and signal rod  
That they that drink the blood of God  
Shall never thirst again.

The wine they praise in Paradise  
They make in Ponterey,  
The purple wine of Paradise,  
But we have better at the price ;  
It's wine they praise in Paradise,  
It's cider that they pray.

The wine they want in Paradise  
They find in Plodder's End,  
The apple wine of Hereford,  
Of Hafod Hill and Hereford,  
Where woods went down to Hereford,  
And there I had a friend.

The soft feet of the blessed go  
In the soft western vales,  
The road the silent saints accord,  
The road from Heaven to Hereford,  
Where the apple wood of Hereford  
Goes all the way to Wales.

*Gilbert Keith Chesterton.*

99. FORTUNATUS NIMIUM

I HAVE lain in the sun,  
I have toiled as I might,  
I have thought as I would,  
And now it is night.

My bed full of sleep,  
My heart of content,  
For friends that I met  
The way that I went.

I welcome fatigue,  
While frenzy and care  
Like thin summer clouds  
Go melting in air.

To dream as I may  
And awake when I will  
With the song of the birds  
And the sun on the hill.

Or death—were it death—  
To what should I wake  
Who loved in my home  
All life for its sake ?

What good have I wrought ?  
I laugh to have learned  
That joy cannot come  
Unless it is earned.

For a happier lot  
Than God giveth me  
It never hath been  
Nor ever shall be.

*Robert Bridges.*

100. SOLITUDE

**W**HEN you have tidied all things for the night,  
And while your thoughts are fading to their  
sleep,  
You'll pause a moment in the late firelight,  
Too sorrowful to weep.

The large and gentle furniture has stood  
In sympathetic silence all the day  
With that old kindness of domestic wood ;  
Nevertheless the haunted room will say :  
" Some one must be away."

The little dog rolls over half awake,  
Stretches his paws, yawns, looking up at you,  
Wags his tail very slightly for your sake,  
That you may feel he is unhappy too.

A distant engine whistles, or the floor  
Creaks, or the wandering night-wind bangs a door.

Silence is scattered like a broken glass.  
The minutes prick their ears and run about,  
Then one by one subside again and pass  
Sedately in, monotonously out.

You bend your head and wipe away a tear.  
Solitude walks one heavy step more near.

*Harold Monro.*

#### 101. HEAVY WITH THOUGHT

**H**EAVERY with thought, and burdened with desire,  
O sturdy pilgrim, is it thus you go ?  
And is it thus accoutred, is it so,  
They start upon the path who dare aspire  
To climb the bastion where the peaks of fire,  
Home of the thunder burn against the blue ?  
And some have reached the goal—but not as you,  
Heavy with thought and burdened with desire.

And I, poor cripple, neither faint nor tire ;  
My armour is the plumage of the dove,  
My thoughts are feathers and my wings are love ;  
Higher I soar, and higher yet, and higher,  
The dust, the noise, the darkness far above,  
Upborne by thought and wingèd with desire.

*Cecil Spring-Rice.*

#### 102. THE NIGHT

**M**OST Holy Night, that still dost keep  
Thy keys of all the doors of sleep,  
To me when my tired eyelids close  
Give thou repose.

And let the fair lament of them  
That chant the day's dead requiem  
    Make in my ears, who wakeful lie,  
    Sweet Lullaby.

Let them that guard the hornèd Moon  
By my bedside their memories croon,  
    So shall I have new dreams and blest  
    In my brief rest.

Fold thy great wings about my face,  
Hide day-dawn from my resting-place,  
    And cheat me into false delight,  
    Most Holy Night.

*Hilaire Belloc.*

### 103. LIGHT

**T**HE night has a thousand eyes,  
    And the day but one ;  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
    With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,  
    And the heart but one ;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
    When love is done.

*F. W. Bourdillon.*

## 104. SNUG IN MY EASY CHAIR

**S**NUG in my easy chair,  
I stirred the fire to flame,  
Fantastically fair,  
The flickering fancies came,  
Born of heart's desire :  
Amber woodland streaming ;  
Topaz islands dreaming ;  
Sunset-cities gleaming,  
Spire on burning spire ;  
Ruddy-windowed taverns ;  
Sunshine-spilling wines ;  
Crystal-lighted caverns  
Of Golconda's mines ;  
Summers, unreturning ;  
Passion's crater yearning ;  
Troy, the ever-burning ;  
Shelley's lustral pyre ;  
Dragon-eyes, unsleeping ;  
Witches' caldrons leaping ;  
Golden galleys sweeping  
Out from sea-walled Tyre :  
Fancies, fugitive and fair,  
Flashed with singing through the air ;  
Till, dazzled by the drowsy glare,  
I shut my eyes to heat and light ;  
And saw, in sudden night,  
Crouched in the dripping dark,  
With steaming shoulders stark,  
The man who hews the coal to feed my fire.

*Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.*

## 105. MID-MAY, 1918

## I

**I**t shall not me dismay  
That I've grown old and grey ;  
Nor tell-tale glass I chide  
That will not wrinkles hide :  
The visionary gold  
That in my heart I hold,  
Doth far in worth outshine  
All metal from the mine.

## II

Of folios I've a store :—  
Angelic Henry More,  
Lov'd Fuller (wittiest sage)  
And Burton's magic page :  
There Pliny, Plutarch stand,  
Here's Hakewill to my hand,  
And thy once far-famed screed,  
Apocalyptic Mede.

## III

But till the winter eves  
Bide there, old printed leaves !  
Here's Field o' th' Cloth of Gold  
With buttercups untold :  
Tall chestnut-candles flare,  
Hawthorn makes rich the air,  
And tireless cuckoo—hark !—  
Calleth from dawn to dark. . . .

*Arthur Henry Bullen.*

## 106. IN MERCER STREET

## I

## A PIPER

A PIPER in the streets to-day  
Set up, and tuned, and started to play,  
And away, away, away on the tide  
Of his music we started ; on every side  
Doors and windows were opened wide,  
And men left down their work and came,  
And women with petticoats coloured like flame  
And little bare feet that were blue with cold,  
Went dancing back to the age of gold,  
And all the world went gay, went gay,  
For half an hour in the street to-day.

## II

## RAGS AND BONES

Gather 'em, gather 'em, gather 'em O,  
He shouts monotonous, jolting slow  
His little truck of rags and bones  
Over the uneven cobble stones.  
Ever about him clink and crowd  
The waifs, a many-coloured cloud  
All shrilly clamouring, mad with joy,  
For sticky sweet, or painted toy.  
Hardly a breath is in the air,  
Yet every little windmill there  
Goes whirling wildly, as though it knew  
With every turn what rapture flew

Through all the heavy street, and stirred  
The stagnant air, till the sad bird,  
High on the wall, takes heart to sing  
And hails the simulated Spring.

## III

## LARK'S SONG

In Mercer Street the light slants down,  
And straightway an enchanted town  
Is round him, pinnacle and spire  
Flash back, elate, the sudden fire ;  
And clear above the silent street  
Falls suddenly and strangely sweet  
The lark's song. Bubbling, note on note  
Rise fountain-like, o'erflow and float  
Tide upon tide, and make more fair  
The magic of the sunlit air.  
No more the cage can do him wrong,  
All is forgotten save his song :  
He has forgot the ways of men,  
Wide heaven is over him again,  
And round him the wide fields of dew  
That his first infant mornings knew,  
E'er yet the dolorous years had brought  
The hours of captive anguish, fraught  
With the vile clamour of the street,  
The insult of the passing feet,  
The torture of the daily round,  
The organ's blasphemy of sound.  
Sudden some old swift memory brings  
The knowledge of forgotten wings,

He springs elate and panting falls  
At the rude touch of prison walls.  
Silence. Again the street is grey ;  
Shut down the windows. Work-a-day.  
*Seumas O'Sullivan.*

## 107. THE SHELL

AND then I pressed the shell  
Close to my ear  
And listened well,  
And straightway like a bell  
Came low and clear  
The slow, sad murmur of far distant seas,  
Whipped by an icy breeze  
Upon a shore  
Wind-swept and desolate.  
It was a sunless strand that never bore  
The footprint of a man,  
Nor felt the weight  
Since time began  
Of any human quality or stir  
Save what the dreary winds and waves incur.  
And in the hush of waters was the sound  
Of pebbles rolling round,  
For ever rolling with a hollow sound.  
And bubbling sea-weeds as the waters go  
Swish to and fro  
Their long, cold tentacles of shiny grey.  
There was no day,  
Nor ever came a night  
Setting the stars alight

To wonder at the moon :  
Was twilight only and the frightened croon,  
Smitten to whimpers, of the dreary wind  
And waves that journeyed blind—  
And then I loosed my ear—O, it was sweet  
To hear a cart go jolting down the street.

*James Stephens.*

#### 108. ROMANCE

COME, come to me !  
I am the Sea,  
I am all that can never be ;  
The whirling wave, the steady light  
Of ships slow sailing out into the night ;  
Wind, wave and leaping spray,  
And the lands which are very far away ;  
Every rainbow-circled shore,  
Where you may stay  
A night and a day,  
No more !  
I kiss your eyes and leave them blind ;  
I am around you and above ;  
I am the road that lies before,  
And behind ;  
I am Morning—I am Love !  
I shake my gleaming  
My sun-splashed wings,  
Whilst you lie dreaming  
Of other things.  
The sun shakes your grating,  
The wind's at the door ;

Oh ! ride forth, for all the world is waiting,  
And come back no more !

Am I not fair  
With my wishing cap on my gold hair ?  
Am I not fleet  
Who have feathered shoulders and wingèd feet ?  
Listen ! listen ! have you heard  
Such a song ever,  
As now beneath the wandering moon I sing ?  
Each wild-winged bird  
Whose throat is mad with Spring  
Has sought to learn it and might never !  
Listen ! whereso'er I pass  
Laughter stirs among the grass,  
And the withered tree  
Breaks into leaf,  
And Grief  
Smiles through heavy eyes, tear-laden,  
And becomes my waiting-maiden,  
Serving me !

I am the sheath, I am the sword,  
And I am flame : I set alight  
Cities that men may make  
Songs of that burning for my sake,  
And yield their souls up at a word.  
It may be I shall turn my head  
And with my eyes' flash strike you dead,  
What matters it ?  
You will have lived as only they  
Who do my bidding may.

Of what avail to sit  
In comfort, ease, and slow decay,  
Watching the grey ash, bit by bit,  
Crumble away ?  
What care though I destroy,  
Who have re-christened Death and called him Joy,  
And have taught Laughter  
To the sharp-visaged, horny-fingered Fates.—  
Oh ! if I lead you dancing through Hell's gates  
What matter what comes after ?

Come, come to me !  
I am the moon, I am the sea ;  
I am every ship that sails  
Trackless waters, knowing not  
Where she steers.  
I am the light which never fails ;  
I am a golden knot  
Binding together the loose years.  
I sparkle and run  
Like ice in the moonlight, like frost in the sun,  
And when you have found me, then life has begun.  
Therefore be bold,  
Of my hand take hold,  
And swing in the track of my garment's fold !  
Cling to me, follow me, set your heart free ;  
I am all that can never be,  
A song, a spell, a key of gold,  
Which can unlock the earth and the sea :—  
Come, come, oh ! come with me !

*Lady Margaret Sackville.*

## 109. THE SCHOONER

JUST mark that schooner westward far at sea—  
    'Tis but an hour ago  
When she was lying hoggish at the quay,  
    And men ran to and fro,  
And tugged, and stamped, and shoved, and pushed,  
    and swore,  
And ever and anon, with crapulous glee,  
Grinned homage to viragoes on the shore.

So to the jetty gradual she was hauled :  
    Then one the tiller took,  
And chewed, and spat upon his hand, and bawled ;  
    And one the canvas shook  
Forth like a mouldy bat ; and one, with nods  
And smiles, lay on the bowsprit-end, and called  
And cursed the Harbour-master by his gods.

And, rotten from the gunwale to the keel,  
    Rat-riddled, bilge-bestank,  
Slime-slobbered, horrible, I saw her reel,  
    And drag her oozy flank,  
And sprawl among the deft young waves, that laughed,  
And leapt, and turned in many a sportive wheel,  
As she thumped onward with her lumbering draught.

And now, behold ! a shadow of repose  
    Upon a line of gray,  
She sleeps, that transverse cuts the evening rose—  
    She sleeps, and dreams away,  
Soft-blended in a unity of rest  
All jars, and strifes obscene, and turbulent throes  
'Neath the broad benediction of the West—

Sleeps ; and methinks she changes as she sleeps,  
    And dies, and is a spirit pure.  
Lo ! on her deck an angel pilot keeps  
    His lonely watch secure ;  
And at the entrance of Heaven's dockyard waits,  
Till from Night's leash the fine-breath'd morning leaps,  
And that strong hand within unbars the gates.  
                                    *T. E. Brown.*

## 110. A PASSER-BY

**W**HITHER, O splendidship, thy white sails crowding,  
    Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,  
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,  
    Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest ?  
Ah ! soon, when Winter has all our vales oppress,  
When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,  
    Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest  
In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country that well thou  
    knowest,  
    Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air :  
I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,  
    And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,  
    Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare ;  
Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-capped,  
    grandest  
    Peak, that is over the feathery palms more fair  
Than thou, so upright, so stately, and still thou  
    standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhailed and nameless,  
I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine  
That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless,  
Thy port assured in a happier land than mine.  
But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is thine,  
As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,  
From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line  
In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails crowding.

*Robert Bridges.*

### 111. THE OLD SHIPS

I HAVE seen old ships sail like swans asleep  
Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,  
With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep  
For Famagusta and the hidden sun  
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire ;  
And all those ships were certainly so old—  
Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun,  
Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,  
The pirate Genoese  
Hell-raked them till they rolled  
Blood, water, fruit and corpses up the hold.  
But now through friendly seas they softly run,  
Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,  
Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold.

But I have seen,  
Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn  
An image tumbled on a rose-swept bay,  
A drowsy ship of some yet older day ;

And, wonder's breath indrawn,  
Thought I—who knows—who knows—but in that  
    same  
(Fished up beyond Aëæa, patched up new  
—Stern painted brighter blue—)  
That talkative, bald-headed seaman came  
(Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)  
From Troy's doom-crimson shore,  
And with great lies about his wooden horse  
Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course.  
It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows ?  
—And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain  
To see the mast burst open with a rose,  
And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

*J. E. Flecker.*

## 112. CARGOES

**Q**UINQUIREME of Nineveh from distant Ophir  
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,  
With a cargo of ivory,  
And apes and peacocks,  
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,  
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,  
With a cargo of diamonds,  
Emeralds, amethysts,  
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke-stack  
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,  
With a cargo of Tyne coal,  
Road-rails, pig-lead,  
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

*John Masefield.*

### 113. MESSMATES

**H**E gave us all a good-bye cheerily  
At the first dawn of day ;  
We dropped him down the side full drearily  
When the light died away.  
It's a dead dark watch that he's a-keeping there,  
And a long, long night that lags a-creeping there,  
Where the Trades and the tides roll over him  
And the great ships go by.

He's there alone with green seas rocking him  
For a thousand miles round ;  
He's there alone with dumb things mocking him,  
And we're homeward bound.  
It's a long, lone watch that he's a-keeping there,  
And a dead cold night that lags a-creeping there,  
While the months and the years roll over him  
And the great ships go by.

I wonder if the tramps come near enough  
As they thrash to and fro,  
And the battle-ships' bells ring clear enough  
To be heard down below ;

If through all the lone watch that he's a-keeping there,  
And the long, cold night that lags a-creeping there,  
The voices of the sailor-men shall comfort him

When the great ships go by.

*Henry Newbolt.*

#### 114. SEA FEVER

**I** MUST go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea  
and the sky,

And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by ;  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white  
sail's shaking,

And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn  
breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the  
running tide

Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied ;  
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds  
flying,

And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the  
sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy  
life,

To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's  
like a whetted knife ;

And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-  
rover,

And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long  
trick's over.

*John Masefield.*

## 115. CHORUS FROM HIPPOLYTUS

**C**OULD I take me to some cavern for mine hiding,  
In the hill-tops where the Sun scarce hath trod ;  
Or a cloud make the home of mine abiding,  
As a bird among the bird-droves of God !  
Could I wing me to my rest amid the roar  
Of the deep Adriatic on the shore,  
Where the water of Eridanus is clear,  
And Phaëthon's sad sisters by his grave  
Weep into the river, and each tear  
Gleams, a drop of amber, in the wave !

To the strand of the Daughters of the Sunset,  
The Apple-tree, the singing and the gold ;  
Where the mariner must stay him from his onset,  
And the red wave is tranquil as of old ;  
Yea, beyond that Pillar of the End  
That Atlas guardeth, would I wend ;  
Where a voice of living waters never ceaseth  
In God's quiet garden by the sea,  
And Earth, the ancient life-giver, increaseth  
Joy among the meadows, like a tree.

*Gilbert Murray.*

## 116. THE SONG OF THE UNGIRT RUNNERS

**W**E swing ungirded hips,  
And lightened are our eyes,  
The rain is on our lips,  
We do not run for prize,

We know not whom we trust  
Nor whitherward we fare,  
But we run because we must  
Through the great wide air.

The waters of the seas  
Are troubled as by storm.  
The tempest strips the trees  
And does not leave them warm.  
Does the tearing tempest pause ?  
Do the tree tops ask it why ?  
So we run without a cause  
'Neath the big bare sky.

The rain is on our lips,  
We do not run for prize.  
But the storm the water whips  
And the wave howls to the skies.  
The winds arise and strike it  
And scatter it like sand,  
And we run because we like it  
Through the broad bright land.  
*Charles Hamilton Sorley.*

#### 117. THE CAVES OF AUVERGNE

**H**E carved the red deer and the bull  
Upon the smooth cave rock,  
Returned from war with belly full,  
And scarred with many a knock,  
He carved the red deer and the bull  
Upon the smooth cave rock.

The stars flew by the cave's wide door,  
The clouds wild trumpets blew,  
Trees rose in wild dreams from the floor,  
Flowers with dream faces grew  
Up to the sky, and softly hung  
Golden and white and blue.

The woman ground her heap of corn,  
Her heart a guarded fire ;  
The wind played in his trembling soul  
Like a hand upon a lyre,  
The wind drew faintly on the stone  
Symbols of his desire :

The red deer of the forest dark,  
Whose antlers cut the sky,  
That vanishes into the mirk  
And like a dream flits by,  
And by an arrow slain at last  
Is but the wind's dark body.

The bull that stands in marshy lakes  
As motionless and still  
As a dark rock jutting from a plain  
Without a tree or hill ;  
The bull that is the sign of life,  
Its sombre, phallic will.

And from the dead, white eyes of them  
The wind springs up anew,  
It blows upon the trembling heart,  
And bull and deer renew  
Their flitting life in the dim past  
When that dead Hunter drew.

I sit beside him in the night,  
And, fingering his red stone,  
I chase through endless forests dark  
Seeking that thing unknown,  
That which is not red deer or bull,  
But which by them was shown :

By those stiff shapes in which he drew  
His soul's exalted cry,  
When flying down the forest dark  
He slew and knew not why,  
When he was filled with song, and strength  
Flowed to him from the sky.

The wind blows from red deer and bull,  
The clouds wild trumpets blare,  
Trees rise in wild dreams from the earth,  
Flowers with dream-faces stare,  
*O Hunter, your own shadow stands  
Within your forest lair !*

*Walter J. Turner.*

#### 118. ECSTASY

**I** SAW a frieze on whitest marble drawn  
Of boys who sought for shells along the shore,  
Their white feet shedding pallor in the sea,  
The shallow sea, the spring-time sea of green  
That faintly creamed against the cold, smooth pebbles.

The air was thin, their limbs were delicate,  
The wind had graven their small eager hands  
To feel the forests and the dark nights of Asia  
Behind the purple bloom of the horizon,  
Where sails would float and slowly melt away.

Their naked, pure, and grave unbroken silence  
Filled the soft air as gleaming, limpid water  
Fills a spring sky those days when rain is lying  
In shattered bright pools on the wind-dried roads,  
And their sweet bodies were wind-purified.

One held a shell unto his shell-like ear  
And there was music carved in his face,  
His eyes half-closed, his lips just breaking open  
To catch the lulling, mazy, coralline roar  
Of numberless caverns filled with singing seas.

And all of them were hearkening as to singing  
Of far-off voices thin and delicate,  
Voices too fine for any mortal wind  
To blow into the whorls of mortal ears—  
And yet those sounds flowed from their grave, sweet  
faces.

And as I looked I heard that delicate music,  
And I became as grave, as calm, as still  
As those carved boys. I stood upon that shore,  
I felt the cool sea dream around my feet,  
My eyes were staring at the far horizon :

And the wind came and purified my limbs,  
And the stars came and set within my eyes,  
And snowy clouds rested upon my shoulders,  
And the blue sky shimmered deep within me,  
And I sang like a carven pipe of music.

*W. J. Turner.*

#### 119. THE WAR SONG OF THE SARACENS

**W**E are they who come faster than fate : we are  
they who ride early or late :

We storm at your ivory gate : Pale Kings of the  
Sunset, beware !

Not on silk nor in samet we lie, not in curtained  
solemnity die

Among women who chatter and cry, and children who  
mumble a prayer.

But we sleep by the ropes of the camp, and we rise  
with a shout, and we tramp

With the sun or the moon for a lamp, and the spray  
of the wind in our hair.

From the lands, where the elephants are, to the forts  
of Merou and Balghar,

Our steel we have brought and our star to shine on  
the ruins of Rum.

We have marched from the Indus to Spain, and by God  
we will go there again ;

We have stood on the shore of the plain where the  
Waters of Destiny boom.

A mart of destruction we made at Jalula where men  
were afraid,

For death was a difficult trade, and the sword was a  
broker of doom ;

And the Spear was a Desert Physician who cured not  
a few of ambition,

And drave not a few to perdition with medicine bitter  
and strong ;

And the shield was a grief to the fool and as bright  
as a desolate pool,

And as straight as the rock of Stamboul when their  
cavalry thundered along :

For the coward was drowned with the brave when our  
battle sheered up like a wave,

And the dead to the desert we gave, and the glory  
to God in our song.

*J. E. Flecker.*

#### 120. THE WIFE OF LLEW

AND Gwydion said to Math, when it was Spring :  
“ Come now and let us make a wife for Llew,”  
And so they broke broad boughs yet moist with dew,  
And in a shadow made a magic ring :  
They took the violet and the meadow-sweet  
To form her pretty face, and for her feet  
They built a mound of daisies on a wing,  
And for her voice they made a linnet sing  
In the wide poppy blowing for her mouth.  
And over all they chanted twenty hours.  
And Llew came singing from the azure south  
And bore away his wife of birds and flowers.

*Francis Ledwidge.*

## 121. THE OXEN

CHRISTMAS Eve, and twelve of the clock.  
“ Now they are all on their knees,”  
An elder said as we sat in a flock  
By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where  
They dwelt in their strawy pen,  
Nor did it occur to one of us there  
To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few would weave  
In these years ! Yet, I feel,  
If someone said on Christmas Eve,  
“ Come ; see the oxen kneel

“ In the lonely barton by yonder coomb  
Our childhood used to know,”  
I should go with him in the gloom,  
Hoping it might be so.

*Thomas Hardy.*

## 122. THE LISTENERS

“ Is there anybody there ? ” said the Traveller,  
Knocking on the moonlit door ;  
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses  
Of the forest’s ferny floor :  
And a bird flew up out of the turret,  
Above the Traveller’s head :  
And he smote upon the door again a second time ;  
“ Is there anybody there ? ” he said.

But no one descended to the Traveller ;  
No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,  
Where he stood perplexed and still.  
But only a host of phantom listeners  
That dwelt in the lone house then  
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight  
To that voice from the world of men :  
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark  
stair,  
That goes down to the empty hall,  
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken  
By the lonely Traveller's call.  
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,  
Their stillness answering his cry,  
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,  
'Neath the starred and leafy sky ;  
For he suddenly smote on the door, even  
Louder, and lifted his head :—  
“ Tell them I came, and no one answered,  
That I kept my word,” he said.  
Never the least stir made the listeners,  
Though every word he spake  
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house  
From the one man left awake :  
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,  
And the sound of iron on stone,  
And how the silence surged softly backward,  
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

*Walter de la Mare.*

## 123. THE CHANGELING

**T**OLL no bell for me, dear Father, dear Mother,  
Waste no sighs ;  
There are my sisters, there is my little brother  
Who plays in the place called Paradise,  
Your children all, your children for ever ;  
But I, so wild,  
Your disgrace, with the queer brown face, was never,  
Never, I know, but half your child !

In the garden at play, all day, last summer,  
Far and away I heard  
The sweet " tweet-tweet " of a strange new-comer,  
The dearest, clearest call of a bird.  
It lived down there in the deep green hollow,  
My own old home, and the fairies say  
The word of a bird is a thing to follow,  
So I was away a night and a day.

One evening, too, by the nursery fire,  
We snuggled close and sat round so still,  
When suddenly as the wind blew higher,  
Something scratched on the window-sill.  
A pinched brown face peered in—I shivered ;  
No one listened or seemed to see ;  
The arms of it waved and the wings of it quivered,  
Whoo—I knew it had come for me ;  
Some are as bad as bad can be !  
All night long they danced in the rain,  
Round and round in a dripping chain,

Threw their caps at the window-pane,  
Tried to make me scream and shout  
And fling the bedclothes all about :  
I meant to stay in bed that night,  
And if only you had left a light  
They would never have got me out.

Sometimes I wouldn't speak, you see,  
Or answer when you spoke to me,  
Because in the long, still dusks of Spring  
You can hear the whole world whispering ;  
The shy green grasses making love,  
The feathers grow on the dear, grey dove,  
The tiny heart of the redstart beat,  
The patter of the squirrel's feet,  
The pebbles pushing in the silver streams,  
The rushes talking in their dreams,  
The swish-swish of the bat's black wings,  
The wild-wood bluebell's sweet ting-tings,  
Humming and hammering at your ear,  
Everything there is to hear  
In the heart of hidden things,  
But not in the midst of the nursery riot,  
That's why I wanted to be quiet,  
Couldn't do my sums, or sing,  
Or settle down to anything.  
And when, for that, I was sent upstairs  
I *did* kneel down to say my prayers ;  
But the King who sits on your high church steeple  
Has nothing to do with us fairy people !

'Times I pleased you, dear Father, dear Mother,  
Learned all my lessons and liked to play,  
And dearly I loved the little pale brother  
Whom some other bird must have called away.  
Why did They bring me here to make me  
Not quite bad and not quite good,  
Why, unless They're wicked, do They want, in spite,  
to take me  
Back to their wet, wild wood ?  
Now, every night I shall see the windows shining,  
The gold lamp's glow, and the fire's red gleam,  
While the best of us are twining twigs and the rest of  
us are whining  
In the hollow by the stream.  
Black and chill are Their nights on the wold ;  
And They live so long and They feel no pain :  
I shall grow up, but never grow old,  
I shall always, always be very cold,  
I shall never come back again !

*Charlotte Mew.*

124. A FAERY SONG

**W**HEN through a thousand eyes  
Heaven is gleaming,  
Troop there folk wee and wise,  
Laden with dreaming ;  
Packs full of finest gold  
Culled from the river,  
Where sunbeams manifold  
Shimmer and shiver ;

Packs full of diamonds they  
Gathered at morning,  
Down by the meadow-way,  
Grasses adorning ;  
Packs full of lovesongs more  
Sweet than a lover's,  
Filched from a troubadour  
Feathered pelt covers.

Come away !  
Come and play  
Life with the faeries,  
Lest you grow old and grey  
Dwelling where care is.

Down from the hillsides green,  
Up from the valleys,  
Round her Queen Mab, I ween,  
All her host rallies ;  
For him who wakes to see  
—Gladdest of mortals—  
Faeryland verily  
Opens her portals ;  
Every elf on the ground,  
Lo, his pack flinging,  
See them dance round and round,  
Hark to their singing !

Come away !  
Come and play  
Life with the faeries,  
Lest you grow old and grey  
Dwelling where care is.

Work-a-day ! Work-a-day !  
Counting your sorrow ;  
Night is the hour of play  
Ere dawns the morrow.  
Here there be gold and stones,  
Love in full measure ;  
He who sleeps lightly owns  
Princeliest treasure.  
Gather then while ye may  
Dreams full of gladness,  
Though with the turn of day  
Care come and sadness.

Come away !  
Come and play  
Life with the faeries,  
Lest you grow old and grey  
Dwelling where care is.

*Madeleine Nightingale.*

#### 125. PISKIES

*(Writ in Devon)*

**T**HERE's piskies up to Dartymoor,  
An' tidden gude yew zay there bain't.  
I've felt 'em grawpin' at my heart,  
I've heard their voices callin' faint,  
I've knawed a man be cruel down—  
His soul fair stogged an' heavy-like—  
Climb up to brawken Zaddle Tor  
An' bare his head vor winds to strike.

An' all the gert black mawky griefs,  
An' all the pain an' vog an' grime,  
Have blawed away and left en clear  
Like vuzz-bush vires in swalin' time.  
An' what med do so brave a thing  
As thic' white spells to tak an' weave,  
But li'l piskies' vitty hands,  
Or God Himself as give 'em leave ?  
But tidden Him would stop an' spy  
From Widdicombe to Cranmer Pule,  
To maze the schemin' li'l heart  
Of every Jacky-Lantern fule !  
For mebbe 'tis a lonesome rod  
Or heather blooth, or peaty ling,  
Or nobbut just a rainy combe—  
The spell that meks 'ee tek an' sing.  
An' this I knaw, the li'l tods  
Be ever callin' silver faint.  
There's piskies up to Dartymoor,  
An' tidden gude yew zay there bain't.

*T. P. Cameron Wilson.*

#### 126. THE STOLEN CHILD

**W**HERE dips the rocky highland  
Of Sleuth Wood in the lake,  
There lies a leafy island  
Where flapping herons wake  
The drowsy water-rats ;  
There we've hid our faery vats,

Full of berries,  
And of reddest stolen cherries.  
*Come away, O human child !  
To the waters and the wild  
With a faery, hand in hand,  
For the world's more full of weeping than you  
can understand.*

Where the wave of moonlight glosses  
The dim gray sands with light,  
Far off by furthest Rosses  
We foot it all the night,  
Weaving olden dances,  
Mingling hands and mingling glances  
Till the moon has taken flight ;  
To and fro we leap  
And chase the frothy bubbles,  
While the world is full of troubles  
And is anxious in its sleep.  
*Come away, O human child !  
To the waters and the wild  
With a faery, hand in hand,  
For the world's more full of weeping than you  
can understand.*

Where the wandering water gushes  
From the hills above Glen-Car,  
In pools among the rushes  
That scarce could bathe a star,  
We seek for slumbering trout,  
And whispering in their ears

Give them unquiet dreams ;  
Leaning softly out  
From ferns that drop their tears  
Over the young streams.  
*Come away, O human child !  
To the waters and the wild  
With a faery, hand in hand,  
For the world's more full of weeping than you  
can understand.*

Away with us he's going,  
The solemn-eyed :  
He'll hear no more the lowing  
Of the calves on the warm hillside ;  
Or the kettle on the hob  
Sing peace into his breast,  
Or see the brown mice bob  
Round and round the oatmeal-chest.  
*For he comes, the human child,  
To the waters and the wild  
With a faery, hand in hand,  
From a world more full of weeping than he  
can understand.*

*William Butler Yeats.*

#### 127. THE VOICE

**T**HE wind blows out of the gates of the day,  
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,  
And the lonely of heart is withered away,  
While the faeries dance in a place apart,

Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,  
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air ;  
For they hear the wind laugh, and murmur and sing  
Of a land where even the old are fair,  
And even the wise are merry of tongue ;  
But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,  
“ When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,  
The lonely of heart is withered away ! ”

*William Butler Yeats.*

128. THE THREE STRANGERS

**F**AR are those tranquil hills,  
Dyed with fair evening's rose ;  
On urgent, secret errand bent,  
A traveller goes.

Approach him strangers three,  
Barefooted, cowed ; their eyes  
Scan the lone, hastening solitary  
With dumb surmise.

One instant in close speech  
With them he doth confer :  
God-spced, he hasteneth on,  
That anxious traveller . . .

I was that man—in a dream :  
And each world's night in vain  
I patient wait on sleep to unveil  
Those vivid hills again.

Would that they three could know  
How yet burns on in me  
Love—from one lost in Paradise—  
For their grave courtesy.

*Walter de la Mare.*

129. UXBRIDGE ROAD

**T**HE Western Road goes streaming out to seek the  
cleanly wild,  
It pours the city's dim desires towards the undefiled,  
It sweeps betwixt the huddled homes about its eddies  
grown  
To smear the little space between the city and the  
sown :  
The torments of that seething tide who is there that  
can see ?  
There's one who walked with starry feet the western  
road by me !

He is the Drover of the soul ; he leads the flock of men  
All wistful on that weary track, and brings them back  
again.  
The dreaming few, the slaving crew, the motley caste  
of life—  
The wastrel and artificer, the harlot and the wife—  
They may not rest, for ever pressed by one they  
cannot see :  
The one who walked with starry feet the western road  
by me.

He drives them east, he drives them west, between the  
dark and light ;

He pastures them in city pens, he leads them home at  
night.

The towery trams, the threaded trains, like shuttles  
to and fro

To weave the web of working days in ceaseless travel  
go.

How harsh the woof, how long the weft ! who shall  
the fabric see ?

The one who walked with starry feet the western road  
by me !

Throughout the living joyful year at lifeless tasks to  
strive,

And scarcely at the end to save gentility alive ;

The villa plot to sow and reap, to act the villa lie,

Beset by villa fears to live, midst villa dreams to die ;

Ah, who can know the dreary woe ? and who the  
splendour see ?

The one who walked with starry feet the western road  
by me.

Behold ! he lent me as we went the vision of the seer ;

Behold ! I saw the life of men, the life of God shine  
clear.

I saw the hidden Spirit's thrust ; I saw the race fulfil

The spiral of its steep ascent, predestined of the Will.

Yet not unled, but shepherded by one they may not  
see—

The one who walked with starry feet the western road  
by me !

*Evelyn Underhill.*

## 130. IMMANENCE

**I** 'COME in the little things,  
Saith the Lord :  
Not borne on morning wings  
Of majesty, but I have set My Feet  
Amidst the delicate and bladed wheat  
That springs triumphant in the furrowed sod.  
There do I dwell, in weakness and in power ;  
Not broken or divided, saith our God !  
In your strait garden plot I come to flower :  
About your porch My Vine  
Meek, fruitful, doth entwine ;  
Waits, at the threshold, Love's appointed hour.

I come in the little things,  
Saith the Lord :  
Yea ! on the glancing wings  
Of eager birds, the softly pattering feet  
Of furred and gentle beasts, I come to meet  
Your hard and wayward heart. In brown bright eyes  
That peep from out the brake, I stand confest.  
On every nest  
Where feathery Patience is content to brood  
And leaves her pleasure for the high emprise  
Of motherhood—  
There doth My Godhead rest.

I come in the little things,  
Saith the Lord :  
My starry wings

I do forsake,  
Love's highway of humility to take :  
Meekly I fit my stature to your need.  
In beggar's part  
About your gates I shall not cease to plead—  
As man, to speak with man—  
Till by such art  
I shall achieve My Immemorial Plan,  
Pass the low lintel of the human heart.

*Evelyn Underhill.*

### 131. THE BUGLER

**G**OD dreamed a man ;  
Then, having firmly shut  
Life like a precious metal in his fist,  
Withdrew, His labour done. Thus did begin  
Our various divinity and sin.  
For some to ploughshares did the metal twist,  
And others—dreaming empires—straightway cut  
Crowns for their aching foreheads. Others beat  
Long nails and heavy hammers for the feet  
Of their forgotten Lord. (Who dare to boast  
That he is guiltless ?) Others coined it : most  
Did with it—simply nothing. (Here, again,  
Who cries his innocence ?) Yet doth remain  
Metal unmarred, to each man more or less,  
Whereof to fashion perfect loveliness.

For me, I do but bear within my hand  
(For sake of Him our Lord, now long forsaken)  
A simple bugle such as may awaken

With one high morning note a drowsing man :  
That wheresoe'er within my motherland  
The sound may come, 'twill echo far and wide  
Like pipes of battle calling up a clan,  
Trumpeting men through beauty to God's side.

*F. W. Harvey.*

### 132. THE TWILIGHT OF EARTH

**T**HE wonder of the world is o'er :  
The magic from the sea is gone :  
There is no unimagined shore,  
No islet yet to venture on.  
The Sacred Hazels' blooms are shed,  
The Nuts of Knowledge harvested.

Oh, what is worth this lore of age  
If time shall never bring us back  
Our battle with the gods to wage  
Reeling along the starry track.  
The battle rapture here goes by  
In warring upon things that die.

Let be the tale of him whose love  
Was sighed between white Deirdre's breasts,  
It will not lift the heart above  
The sodden clay on which it rests.  
Love once had power the gods to bring  
All rapt on its wild wandering.

We shiver in the falling dew,  
And seek a shelter from the storm :  
When man these elder brothers knew  
He found the mother nature warm,  
A hearth fire blazing through it all,  
A home without a circling wall.

We dwindle down beneath the skies,  
And from ourselves we pass away ;  
The paradise of memories  
Grows ever fainter day by day.  
The shepherd stars have shrunk within,  
The world's great night will soon begin.

Will no one, ere it is too late,  
Ere fades the last memorial gleam,  
Recall for us our earlier state ?  
For nothing but so vast a dream  
That it would scale the steeps of air  
Could rouse us from so vast despair.

The power is ours to make or mar  
Our fate as on the earliest morn,  
The Darkness and the Radiance are  
Creatures within the spirit born.  
Yet, bathed in gloom too long, we might  
Forget how we imagined light.

Not yet are fixed the prison bars ;  
The hidden light the spirit owns  
If blown to flame would dim the stars  
And they who rule them from their thrones :

And the proud sceptred spirits thence  
Would bow to pay us reverence.

Oh, while the glory sinks within  
Let us not wait on earth behind,  
But follow where it flies, and win  
The glow again, and we may find  
Beyond the Gateways of the Day  
Dominion and ancestral sway.

*A. E.*

### 133. HOPE IN FAILURE

**T**HOUGH now thou hast failed and art fallen, despair  
not because of defeat,  
Though lost for a while be thy heaven and weary of  
earth be thy feet,  
For all will be beauty about thee hereafter through  
sorrowful years,  
And lovely the dews for thy chilling and ruby thy  
heart-drip of tears.

The eyes that had gazed from afar on a beauty that  
blinded the eyes  
Shall call forth its image for ever, its shadow in alien  
skies.  
The heart that had striven to beat in the heart of the  
Mighty too soon  
Shall still of that beating remember some errant and  
faltering tune.

For thou hast but fallen to gather the last of the secrets  
of power ;  
The beauty that breathes in thy spirit shall shape of  
thy sorrow a flower,  
The pale bud of pity shall open the bloom of its  
tenderest rays,  
The heart of whose shining is bright with the light of  
the Ancient of Days.

*A. E.*

134. THE MYSTERY

**H**E came and took me by the hand  
Up to a red rose tree,  
He kept His meaning to Himself  
But gave a rose to me.  
I did not pray Him to lay bare  
The mystery to me,  
Enough the rose was Heaven to smell,  
And His own face to see.

*Ralph Hodgson.*

135. I SEE HIS BLOOD UPON THE ROSE

**I** SEE His blood upon the rose  
And in the stars the glory of His eyes,  
His body gleams amid eternal snows,  
His tears fall from the skies.

I see His face in every flower ;  
The thunder and the singing of the birds  
Are but His voice—and carven by His power  
Rocks are His written words.

All pathways by His feet are worn,  
 His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,  
 His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,  
 His cross is every tree.

*Joseph Mary Plunkett.*

### 136. HE IS THE LONELY GREATNESS

**H**E is the lonely greatness of the world—  
 (His eyes are dim),  
 His power it is holds up the Cross  
 That holds up Him.

He takes the sorrow of the threefold hour—  
 (His eyelids close),  
 Round Him and round, the wind—His Spirit—where  
 It listeth blows.

And so the wounded greatness of the World  
 In silence lies—  
 And death is shattered by the light from out  
 Those darkened eyes.

*Madeleine Caron Rock.*

### 137. THE FINAL MYSTERY

(This myth, of Egyptian origin, formed part of the instruction given to those initiated in the Orphic mysteries, and written versions of it were buried with the dead.)

**H**EAR now, O Soul, the last command of all—  
 When thou hast left thine every mortal mark,  
 And by the road that lies beyond recall  
 Won through the desert of the Burning Dark,  
 Thou shalt behold within a garden bright  
 A well, beside a cypress ivory-white.

Still is that well, and in its waters cool  
White, white and windless, sleeps that cypress tree :  
Who drinks but once from out her shadowy pool  
Shall thirst no more to all eternity.  
Forgetting all, by all forgotten clean,  
His soul shall be with that which hath not been.

But thou, though thou be trembling with thy dread,  
And parched with thy desire more fierce than flame,  
Think on the stream wherefrom thy life was fed,  
And that diviner fountain whence it came.  
Turn thee and cry—behold, it is not far—  
Unto the hills where living waters are.

“ Lord, though I lived on earth, the child of earth,  
Yet was I fathered by the starry sky :  
Thou knowest I came not of the shadows’ birth,  
Let me not die the death that shadows die.  
Give me to drink of the sweet spring that leaps  
From Memory’s fount, wherein no cypress sleeps.”

Then shalt thou drink, O Soul, and therewith slake  
The immortal longing of thy mortal thirst ;  
So of thy Father’s life shalt thou partake,  
And be for ever that thou wert at first.  
Lost in remembered loves, yet thou more thou  
With them shalt reign in never-ending *Now*.

*Henry Newbolt.*

## 138. THE LAUNCH

FORTH, to the alien gravity,  
Forth, to the laws of ocean, we  
Builders on earth by laws of land  
Entrust this creature of our hand  
Upon the calculated sea.

Fast bound to shore we cling, we creep,  
And make our ship ready to leap  
Light to the flood, equipped to ride  
The strange conditions of the tide—  
New weight, new force, new world : the Deep.

Ah thus—not thus—the Dying, kissed,  
Cherished, exhorted, shriven, dismissed ;  
By all the eager means we hold  
We, warm, prepare him for the cold,  
To keep the incalculable tryst.

*Alice Meynell.*

## 139. EPILOGUE TO "A JUDGEMENT IN HEAVEN"

VIRTUE may unlock hell, or even  
A sin turn in the wards of Heaven,  
(As ethics of the text-book go,)  
So little men their own deeds know,  
Or through the intricate *mêlée*  
Guess whitherward draws the battle-sway ;

So little, if they know the deed,  
Discern what therefrom shall succeed.  
To wisest moralists 'tis but given  
To work rough border-law of Heaven,  
Within this narrow life of ours,  
These marches 'twixt delimitless Powers.  
Is it, if Heaven the future showed,  
Is it the all-severest mode  
To see ourselves with the eyes of God ?  
God rather grant, at His assize,  
He see us not with our own eyes !

Heaven, which man's generations draws,  
Nor deviates into replicas,  
Must of as deep diversity  
In judgement as creation be.  
There is no expeditious road  
To pack and label men for God,  
And save them by the barrel-load.  
Some may perchance, with strange surprise,  
Have blundered into Paradise.  
In vasty dusk of life abroad,  
They fondly thought to err from God,  
Nor knew the circle that they trod ;  
And, wandering all the night about,  
Found them at morn where they set out.  
Death dawned ; Heaven lay in prospect wide :—  
Lo ! they were standing by His side !

*Francis Thompson.*

## 140. ENVOY

Go, songs, for ended is our brief, sweet play ;  
Go, children of swift joy and tardy sorrow :  
And some are sung, and that was yesterday,  
And some unsung, and that may be to-morrow.

Go forth ; and if it be o'er stony way,  
Old joy can lend what newer grief must borrow :  
And it was sweet, and that was yesterday,  
And sweet is sweet, though purchasèd with sorrow.

Go, songs, and come not back from your far way :  
And if men ask you why ye smile and sorrow,  
Tell them ye grieve, for your hearts know To-day,  
Tell them ye smile, for your eyes know To-morrow.  
*Francis Thompson.*



## INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot ( <i>T. E. Brown</i> ) . . . . .	229
A kiss, a word of thanks, away ( <i>H. C. Beeching</i> ) . . . . .	142
A leaf on the grey sand-path ( <i>L. Binyon</i> ) . . . . .	194
A leaping wind from England ( <i>W. N. Hodgson</i> ) . . . . .	189
A man came to me at the fair ( <i>J. Stephens</i> ) . . . . .	278
A man was sitting underneath a tree ( <i>J. Stephens</i> ) . . . . .	279
A naked house, a naked moor ( <i>R. L. Stevenson</i> ) . . . . .	65
A piper in the streets to-day ( <i>S. O'Sullivan</i> ) . . . . .	299
A ship, an isle, a sickle moon ( <i>J. E. Flecker</i> ) . . . . .	76
All that he came to give ( <i>L. Johnson</i> ) . . . . .	136
All the heavy days are over ( <i>W. B. Yeats</i> ) . . . . .	167
All winter through I bow my head ( <i>W. de la Mare</i> ) . . . . .	82
Along the graceless grass of town ( <i>A. Meynell</i> ) . . . . .	90
Among a race high-handed, strong of heart ( <i>H. Newbolt</i> ) . . . . .	192
And Gwydion said to Math, when it was Spring ( <i>F. Ledwidge</i> ) . . . . .	317
And then I pressed the shell ( <i>J. Stephens</i> ) . . . . .	301
As I went down to Dymchurch wall ( <i>J. Davidson</i> ) . . . . .	45
Assemble, all ye maidens, at the door ( <i>R. Bridges</i> ) . . . . .	164
At the top of the house the apples are laid in rows ( <i>J. Drinkwater</i> ) . . . . .	223
Athwart the sky a lowly sigh ( <i>J. Davidson</i> ) . . . . .	96
Awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake ! ( <i>R. Bridges</i> ) . . . . .	155
Below the down the stranded town ( <i>J. Davidson</i> ) . . . . .	47
Between two russet tufts of summer grass ( <i>E. Gosse</i> ) . . . . .	102
Beyond my window in the night ( <i>J. Drinkwater</i> ) . . . . .	49
Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying ( <i>R. L. Stevenson</i> ). . . . .	36
Brief, on a flying night ( <i>A. Meynell</i> ) . . . . .	78
But to have lain upon the grass ( <i>A. Symons</i> ) . . . . .	101
Buy my English posies ! ( <i>R. Kipling</i> ) . . . . .	62
By all the glories of the day ( <i>W. N. Hodgson</i> ) . . . . .	175
Cambridge town is a beleaguered city ( <i>R. Macaulay</i> ) . . . . .	54

	PAGE
Can I forget the sweet days that have been ( <i>W. H. Davies</i> ) . . .	60
Can you tell me where has hid her ( <i>F. Thompson</i> ) . . .	213
Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock ( <i>T. Hardy</i> ) . . .	318
Climb with me, Laomedon's white fleeces ( <i>M. Field</i> ) . . .	240
Come, come to me ( <i>Lady Margaret Sackville</i> ) . . .	302
Come, no more of grief and dying ! ( <i>M. L. Woods</i> ) . . .	108
Could I take me to some cavern for my hiding ( <i>G. Murray</i> ) . .	311
Country roads are yellow and brown ( <i>M. E. Coleridge</i> ) . . .	95
Crouched where the open upland billows down ( <i>C. H. Sorley</i> )	247
Day breaks on England down the Kentish hills ( <i>J. E. Flecker</i> )	203
Daylight was down, and up the cool ( <i>L. Housman</i> ) . . .	99
Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet ( <i>W. B. Yeats</i> ) . . . . .	105
Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away ( <i>H. Newbolt</i> ) . . . . .	13
Everyone suddenly burst out singing ( <i>S. Sassoon</i> ) . . .	222
Far are those tranquil hills ( <i>W. de la Mare</i> ) . . .	328
Farewell to one now silenced quite ( <i>A. Meynell</i> ) . . .	163
Fear ? Yes . . . I heard you saying ( <i>H. Trench</i> ) . . .	16
For the last time, maybe, upon the knoll ( <i>R. Nichols</i> ) . . .	173
Forth, to the alien gravity ( <i>A. Meynell</i> ) . . .	339
From troubles of the world ( <i>F. W. Harvey</i> ) . . .	219
Give to me the life I love ( <i>R. L. Stevenson</i> ) . . .	83
Go, songs, for ended is our brief, sweet play ( <i>F. Thompson</i> ) .	341
God dreamed a man ( <i>F. W. Harvey</i> ) . . .	332
God gave all men all earth to love ( <i>R. Kipling</i> ) . . .	39
God, if this were enough ( <i>R. L. Stevenson</i> ) . . .	114
God laughed when He made Grafton ( <i>J. Drinkwater</i> ) . . .	251
God who created me ( <i>H. C. Beeching</i> ) . . .	133
Good-bye ; no tears nor cries ( <i>J. W. Mackail</i> ) . . .	139
Green gardens in Laventie ( <i>E. W. Tennant</i> ) . . .	187
Grey clouds on the tinted sky ( <i>J. Stephens</i> ) . . .	258
Grow old and die, rich Day ( <i>A. S. Cripps</i> ) . . .	32
Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths ( <i>W. B. Yeats</i> ) . . .	156
He came and took me by the hand ( <i>R. Hodgson</i> ) . . .	336
He carved the red deer and the bull ( <i>W. J. Turner</i> ) . . .	312
He comes on chosen evenings ( <i>J. Drinkwater</i> ) . . .	262
He gave us all a good-bye cheerily ( <i>H. Newbolt</i> ) . . .	309
He is the lonely greatness of the world ( <i>M. C. Rock</i> ) . . .	337
He leapt to arms unbidden ( <i>H. Newbolt</i> ) . . .	22
He rises and begins to round ( <i>G. Meredith</i> ) . . .	119

	PAGE
He rode at furious speed to Broken Edge ( <i>V. L. Edminson</i> ) . . . . .	217
He walked in glory on the hills ( <i>W. Canton</i> ) . . . . .	34
Hear now, O Soul, the last command of all ( <i>H. Newbolt</i> ) . . . . .	337
Heavy with thought, and burdened with desire ( <i>C. Spring-Rice</i> ) . . . . .	295
Here in the marshland, past the battered bridge ( <i>Lord Crewe</i> ) . . . . .	195
Here lies a most beautiful lady ( <i>W. de la Mare</i> ) . . . . .	167
Here lies the clerk who half his life had spent ( <i>H. Asquith</i> ) . . . . .	193
Here where the fields lie lonely and untended ( <i>S. R. Lysaght</i> ) . . . . .	231
His wage of rest at nightfall still ( <i>J. Drinkwater</i> ) . . . . .	24
Home, home from the horizon far and clear ( <i>A. Meynell</i> ) . . . . .	170
How near I walked to Love ( <i>J. Freeman</i> ) . . . . .	253
How solitary gleams the lamplit street ( <i>L. Binyon</i> ) . . . . .	93
I came to Oxford in the light ( <i>G. Gould</i> ) . . . . .	51
I come in the little things ( <i>E. Underhill</i> ) . . . . .	331
I dance and dance ! Another faun ( <i>M. Field</i> ) . . . . .	268
I do not need the skies ( <i>F. Thompson</i> ) . . . . .	125
I dreamed that one had died in a strange place ( <i>W. B. Yeats</i> ) . . . . .	167
I gathered with a careless hand ( <i>G. Gould</i> ) . . . . .	6
I go through the fields of blue water ( <i>A. S. Cripps</i> ) . . . . .	48
I have been so great a lover : filled my days ( <i>R. Brooke</i> ) . . . . .	288
I have lain in the sun ( <i>R. Bridges</i> ) . . . . .	293
I have seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills ( <i>J. Masefield</i> ) . . . . .	157
I have seen old ships sail like swans asleep ( <i>J. E. Flecker</i> ) . . . . .	307
I hear a sudden cry of pain ( <i>J. Stephens</i> ) . . . . .	263
I know you : solitary griefs ( <i>L. Johnson</i> ) . . . . .	113
I laid me down upon the shore ( <i>F. Cornford</i> ) . . . . .	2
I leant upon a coppice gate ( <i>T. Hardy</i> ) . . . . .	261
I like to think of Shakespeare, not as when ( <i>E. K. Chambers</i> ) . . . . .	272
I love all beauteous things ( <i>R. Bridges</i> ) . . . . .	125
I love roads ( <i>E. Thomas</i> ) . . . . .	233
I love this garden, for you used to play ( <i>A. A. MacGregor</i> ) . . . . .	230
I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky ( <i>J. Masefield</i> ) . . . . .	310
I must not think of thee ; and, tired yet strong ( <i>A. Meynell</i> ) . . . . .	287
I never see the newsboys run ( <i>S. Leslie</i> ) . . . . .	100
I never shall love the snow again ( <i>R. Bridges</i> ) . . . . .	148
I never thowt when I grew owd ( <i>F. W. Moorman</i> ) . . . . .	281
I never went to Mamble ( <i>J. Drinkwater</i> ) . . . . .	49
I saw a frieze on whitest marble drawn ( <i>W. J. Turner</i> ) . . . . .	314

	PAGE
I see His blood upon the rose ( <i>J. M. Plunkett</i> ) . . . . .	336
I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things above ( <i>C. Spring-Rice</i> ) . . . . .	207
I went into the fields, but you were there ( <i>J. Masefield</i> ) . . . . .	286
I will arise and go now, and go to Inisfree ( <i>W. B. Yeats</i> ) . . . . .	61
I will make you brooches and toys for your delight ( <i>R. L. Stevenson</i> ) . . . . .	85
I will not let thee go ( <i>R. Bridges</i> ) . . . . .	161
I will not try the reach again ( <i>H. Belloc</i> ) . . . . .	54
If I have faltered more or less ( <i>R. L. Stevenson</i> ) . . . . .	129
If I should die, think only this of me ( <i>R. Brooke</i> ) . . . . .	25
If love should count you worthy, and should deign ( <i>S. R. Lysaght</i> ) . . . . .	285
If many a daring spirit must discover ( <i>H. Trench</i> ) . . . . .	272
I'm here at Clifton, grinding at the mill ( <i>T. E. Brown</i> ) . . . . .	291
In misty blue the lark is heard ( <i>L. Binyon</i> ) . . . . .	152
In silence and in darkness memory wakes ( <i>E. Shanks</i> ) . . . . .	224
In the highlands, in the country places ( <i>R. L. Stevenson</i> ) . . . . .	34
In the time of wild roses ( <i>L. Binyon</i> ) . . . . .	73
In this red havoc of the patient earth ( <i>H. Asquith</i> ) . . . . .	182
"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller ( <i>W. de la Mare</i> ) . . . . .	318
It is good to be out on the road, and going one knows not where ( <i>J. Masefield</i> ) . . . . .	84
It's a lonely road through bogland to the lake at Carrowmore ( <i>A. E.</i> ) . . . . .	255
It's wonderful dogs they're breeding now ( <i>W. M. Letts</i> ) . . . . .	267
It shall not me dismay ( <i>A. H. Bullen</i> ) . . . . .	298
It was early last September, nigh to Framlin'am-on-Sea ( <i>P. R. Chalmers</i> ) . . . . .	117
Just mark that schooner westward far at sea ( <i>T. E. Brown</i> ) . . . . .	305
Just now the lilac is in bloom ( <i>R. Brooke</i> ) . . . . .	55
Kate rose up early as fresh as a lark ( <i>T. Sturge Moore</i> ) . . . . .	211
Know you her secret none can utter? ( <i>A. Quiller-Couch</i> ) . . . . .	52
Lady, when your lovely head ( <i>H. Belloc</i> ) . . . . .	287
Laugh and be merry: remember, better the world with a song ( <i>J. Masefield</i> ) . . . . .	116
Let me go forth and share ( <i>W. Watson</i> ) . . . . .	80
Little Jesus, wast Thou shy ( <i>F. Thompson</i> ) . . . . .	270
Lonely, save for a few faint stars, the sky ( <i>L. Binyon</i> ) . . . . .	91
Many a flower have I seen blossom ( <i>M. E. Coleridge</i> ) . . . . .	135
Most Holy Night, that still dost keep ( <i>H. Belloc</i> ) . . . . .	295

	PAGE
Night held me as I crawled and scrambled near ( <i>G. Dearmer</i> ) .	268
Not soon shall I forget—a sheet ( <i>K. Tynan</i> ) . . . .	75
Not within a granite pass ( <i>E. Gosse</i> ) . . . . .	98
Now June walks on the waters ( <i>J. Drinkwater</i> ) . . . .	252
Now that I am ta'en away ( <i>R. Nichols</i> ) . . . . .	185
O, a gallant set were they ( <i>M. E. Coleridge</i> ) . . . .	8
O bold majestic downs, smooth, fair and lonely ( <i>R. Bridges</i> ) .	239
Oh, Cartmel bells ring soft to-night ( <i>G. Bottomley</i> ) . . . .	245
O dreamy, gloomy, friendly Trees ( <i>H. Trench</i> ) . . . .	111
O happy soul, forget thy self ( <i>T. Sturge Moore</i> ) . . . .	106
O heavenly colour, London town ( <i>A. Meynell</i> ) . . . .	97
O Idleness, too fond of me ( <i>T. Sturge Moore</i> ) . . . .	111
O Jean, my Jean, when the bell ca's the congregation ( <i>V. Jacob</i> ) . . . . .	279
O living pictures of the dead ( <i>H. Newbolt</i> ) . . . . .	193
O, men from the fields ( <i>P. Colum</i> ) . . . . .	146
Oh, not more subtly silence strays ( <i>A. Meynell</i> ) . . . .	160
O pastoral heart of England! like a psalm ( <i>A. Quiller-Couch</i> ) .	9
Oh shall I never never be home again ( <i>J. E. Flecker</i> ) . . . .	30
O summer sun, O moving trees! ( <i>L. Binyon</i> ) . . . . .	96
Oh! the downs high to the cool sky ( <i>J. Galsworthy</i> ) . . . .	240
O what know they of harbours ( <i>E. Radford</i> ) . . . . .	50
O why do you walk through the fields in gloves ( <i>F. Cornford</i> )	85
O world invisible, we view thee ( <i>F. Thompson</i> ) . . . .	130
Of Courtesy it is much less ( <i>H. Belloc</i> ) . . . . .	131
On alien ground, breathing an alien air ( <i>M. E. Coleridge</i> ) . .	33
On a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose ( <i>G. Meredith</i> ) . . .	128
Once I loved a maiden fair ( <i>P. Colum</i> ) . . . . .	283
Once . . . once upon a time ( <i>W. de la Mare</i> ) . . . . .	135
One that is ever kind said yesterday ( <i>W. B. Yeats</i> ) . . . .	169
Out in the dark over the snow ( <i>E. Thomas</i> ) . . . . .	237
Out of my door I step into ( <i>K. Tynan</i> ) . . . . .	66
Out-worn heart, in a time out-worn ( <i>W. B. Yeats</i> ) . . . .	123
Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay ( <i>M. O'Neill</i> ) . .	256
Peace waits among the hills ( <i>A. Symons</i> ) . . . . .	132
Perfect little body, without fault or stain on thee ( <i>R. Bridges</i> )	146
Pitch here the tent, while the old horse grazes ( <i>G. Meredith</i> ) .	86
Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir ( <i>J. Masfield</i> ) . .	308
Rain-sunken roof, grown green and thin ( <i>E. Blunden</i> ) . . . .	232
Row till the land dip 'neath ( <i>T. Sturge Moore</i> ) . . . . .	75
Say what you will, there is not in the world ( <i>W. Blunt</i> ). . .	45

	PAGE
Shall we but turn from braggart pride ( <i>L. Binyon</i> ) . . .	20
She walks—the lady of my delight ( <i>A. Meynell</i> ) . . .	134
Shepherd, to yon tall poplars tune your flute ( <i>A. Huxley</i> ) . . .	241
Shepherds who pastures seek ( <i>H. Trench</i> ) . . .	258
Shining black in the shining light ( <i>J. Grenfell</i> ) . . .	266
Shy as the squirrel and wayward as the swallow ( <i>G. Meredith</i> ) . . .	158
Sitting at times over a hearth that burns ( <i>H. Newbolt</i> ) . . .	15
Slight as thou art, thou art enough to hide ( <i>A. Meynell</i> ) . . .	128
Snug in my easy chair ( <i>W. W. Gibson</i> ) . . .	297
So, without overt breach, we fall apart ( <i>W. Watson</i> ) . . .	142
Softly along the road of evening ( <i>W. de la Mare</i> ) . . .	77
Sombre and rich the skies ( <i>L. Johnson</i> ) . . .	10
Speak not, whisper not ( <i>W. de la Mare</i> ) . . .	228
Spring goeth all in white ( <i>R. Bridges</i> ) . . .	78
Spring is past and over these many days ( <i>A. Huxley</i> ) . . .	216
Stripped thee when thou hast and girt ( <i>T. Sturge Moore</i> ) . . .	269
Sunset and silence ; a man ; around him earth savage, earth broken ( <i>P. Colum</i> ) . . .	276
Tell the tune his feet beat ( <i>A. S. Cripps</i> ) . . .	32
The beating of the guns grows louder ( <i>R. Nichols</i> ) . . .	178
The champion white ( <i>M. C. Furse</i> ) . . .	212
The deathless mother, grey and battle-scarred ( <i>W. N. Hodgson</i> ) . . .	209
The dove did lend me wings. I fled away ( <i>W. Blunt</i> ) . . .	79
The fountain murmuring of sleep ( <i>A. Symons</i> ) . . .	154
The grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea ( <i>E. Gore-Booth</i> ) . . .	254
The green east flows with the tides of the rose ( <i>R. Macaulay</i> ) . . .	237
The hill pines were sighing ( <i>R. Bridges</i> ) . . .	68
The jonquils bloom round Samarcand ( <i>A. H. Bullen</i> ) . . .	246
The Lady Poverty was fair ( <i>A. Meynell</i> ) . . .	131
The little meadow by the sand ( <i>E. K. Chambers</i> ) . . .	288
The moon is up : the stars are bright ( <i>A. Noyes</i> ) . . .	14
The naked earth is warm with spring ( <i>J. Grenfell</i> ) . . .	176
The new moon hangs like an ivory bugle ( <i>E. Thomas</i> ) . . .	277
The night has a thousand eyes ( <i>F. W. Bourdillon</i> ) . . .	296
The old gilt vane and spire receive ( <i>R. Hodgson</i> ) . . .	228
The old waggon drudges through the miry lane ( <i>E. Blunden</i> ) . . .	223
The pipes in the streets were playing bravely ( <i>E. A. Mackintosh</i> ) . . .	174
The sheep are coming home in Greece ( <i>F. Ledwidge</i> ) . . .	236

	PAGE
The Western Road goes streaming out to seek the cleanly wild ( <i>E. Underhill</i> ) . . . . .	329
The wind blows out of the gates of the day ( <i>W. B. Yeats</i> ) . . . . .	327
The wind had blown away the rain ( <i>M. Baring</i> ) . . . . .	195
The wine they drink in Paradise ( <i>G. K. Chesterton</i> ) . . . . .	292
The winter is dead, and the spring is a-dying ( <i>F. S. Boas</i> ) . . . . .	249
The wonder of the world is o'er ( <i>A. E.</i> ) . . . . .	333
There is a hill beside the silver Thames ( <i>R. Bridges</i> ) . . . . .	70
There is not anything more wonderful ( <i>J. Freeman</i> ) . . . . .	208
There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night ( <i>H. Newbolt</i> ) . . . . .	115
There's piskies up to Dartmoor ( <i>T. P. Cameron Wilson</i> ) . . . . .	324
These hearts were woven of human joys and cares ( <i>R. Brooke</i> ) . . . . .	24
These, in the day when Heaven was falling ( <i>A. E. Housman</i> ) . . . . .	192
They call us aliens, we are told ( <i>A. E.</i> ) . . . . .	206
This is a sacred city built of marvellous earth ( <i>J. Masefield</i> ) . . . . .	123
This labouring, vast, Tellurian galleon ( <i>F. Thompson</i> ) . . . . .	149
This was her table, these her trim outspread ( <i>J. B. B. Nichols</i> ) . . . . .	9
Though I was born a Londoner ( <i>J. E. Flecker</i> ) . . . . .	242
Though now thou hast failed and art fallen, despair not because of defeat ( <i>A. E.</i> ) . . . . .	335
Through the sunny garden ( <i>M. E. Coleridge</i> ) . . . . .	37
Tib, my auntie's a deil to wark ( <i>V. Jacob</i> ) . . . . .	280
Time, you old gipsy man ( <i>R. Hodgson</i> ) . . . . .	7
'Tis but a week since down the glen ( <i>G. Gould</i> ) . . . . .	124
To-day, all day, I rode upon the down ( <i>W. Blunt</i> ) . . . . .	79
Toll no bell for me, dear Father, dear Mother ( <i>C. Mew</i> ) . . . . .	320
To the forgotten dead ( <i>M. L. Woods</i> ) . . . . .	12
To the heart of youth the world is a highwyside ( <i>R. L. Stevenson</i> ) . . . . .	113
Too soothe and mild your lowland airs ( <i>L. Abercrombie</i> ) . . . . .	36
Troy Town is covered up with weeds ( <i>J. Masefield</i> ) . . . . .	3
Trusty, dusky, vivid, true ( <i>R. L. Stevenson</i> ) . . . . .	157
Twilight it is, and the far woods are dim, and the rooks cry and call ( <i>J. Masefield</i> ) . . . . .	138
'Twould ring the bells of Heaven ( <i>R. Hodgson</i> ) . . . . .	262
Under the wide and starry sky ( <i>R. L. Stevenson</i> ) . . . . .	90
Very old are the woods ( <i>W. de la Mare</i> ) . . . . .	1
Virtue may unlock hell, or even ( <i>F. Thompson</i> ) . . . . .	339
Was there love once? I have forgotten her ( <i>R. Nichols</i> ) . . . . .	182
Watch ( <i>B. Mayor</i> ) . . . . .	227

	PAGE
We are they who come faster than fate : we are they who ride early or late ( <i>J. E. Flecker</i> ) . . . . .	316
We had forgotten You, or very nearly ( <i>L. Whitmell</i> ) . . . . .	183
We swing ungirded hips ( <i>C. H. Sorley</i> ) . . . . .	311
We who are left, how shall we look again ( <i>W. W. Gibson</i> ) . . . . .	203
What alters you, familiar lawn and tower ( <i>L. Binyon</i> ) . . . . .	190
What gods have met in battle to arouse ( <i>A. E.</i> ) . . . . .	27
What heart could have thought you ? ( <i>F. Thompson</i> ) . . . . .	127
What is this life, if, full of care ( <i>W. H. Davies</i> ) . . . . .	101
What lovely things ( <i>W. de la Mare</i> ) . . . . .	210
What of the faith and fire within us ( <i>T. Hardy</i> ) . . . . .	204
What of vile dust ? the preacher said ( <i>G. K. Chesterton</i> ) . . . . .	154
What shall I your true-love tell ( <i>F. Thompson</i> ) . . . . .	168
When fishes flew and forests walked ( <i>G. K. Chesterton</i> ) . . . . .	264
When I am living in the Midlands ( <i>H. Belloc</i> ) . . . . .	43
When I did wake this morn from sleep ( <i>W. H. Davies</i> ) . . . . .	67
When I play on my fiddle in Dooney ( <i>W. B. Yeats</i> ) . . . . .	275
When June is come, then all the day ( <i>R. Bridges</i> ) . . . . .	152
When men were all asleep the snow came flying ( <i>R. Bridges</i> ) . . . . .	91
When skies are blue and days are bright ( <i>K. Tynan</i> ) . . . . .	69
When the tea is brought at five o'clock ( <i>H. Monro</i> ) . . . . .	264
When through a thousand eyes ( <i>M. Nightingale</i> ) . . . . .	322
When we fought campaigns (in the long Christmas rains) ( <i>R. Macaulay</i> ) . . . . .	23
When you are old and gray and full of sleep ( <i>W. B. Yeats</i> ) . . . . .	161
When you destroy a blade of grass ( <i>G. Bottomley</i> ) . . . . .	218
When you have tidied all things for the night ( <i>H. Monro</i> ) . . . . .	294
Where dips the rocky highland ( <i>W. B. Yeats</i> ) . . . . .	325
Where the thistle lifts a purple crown ( <i>F. Thompson</i> ) . . . . .	143
Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding ( <i>R. Bridges</i> ) . . . . .	306
William Dewy, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Ledlow late at plough ( <i>T. Hardy</i> ) . . . . .	273
With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children ( <i>L. Binyon</i> ) . . . . .	26
Ye have robbed, said he, ye have slaughtered and made an end ( <i>H. Newbolt</i> ) . . . . .	17
Yonder in the heather there's a bed for sleeping ( <i>A. Smith</i> ) . . . . .	35
Youth now flees on feathered foot ( <i>R. L. Stevenson</i> ) . . . . .	107











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